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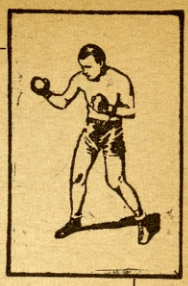

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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Vol. XVII NOVEMBER, 1938 No. 10

Published Monthly by The Ring, Inc.

Cable Address—"NATRING"—New York

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In Our Next Issue

The heavyweight elimination tournament to obtain four opponents for Joe Louis for 1939 got under way in Madison Garden with the Gunnar Barlund-Bob Pastor fight. A full report in action pictures and story will be found in the December number.

While the big shots are having it out among themselves in Mike Jacobs' heavyweight competition, the smaller fry throughout the country is engaged in The Ring's state championship tournament, sanctioned by the National Boxing Association. Who knows but what from among the three dozen or more heavyweights who are taking part in the State tourneys there may be one or more dark horses who eventually may reach the top rung of the fistic ladder. Already six States have accepted our offer. Follow this interesting competition in the December issue.

Oddities in Boxing, like those in any other branch of athletics, always arouse a keen interest. Bob Edgren tells you of a few.

Another page of thumb-nail sketches of famous fighters.

George T. Pardy, one of America's foremost boxing critics, A. D. Phillips, the octogenarian sports writer, Daniel M. Daniel, Bill Doherty, famous Australian author, and Nat Fleischer will add to the special articles in this number.

Heaps of pictures, action and still of boxers, and wrestlers.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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Our readers are earnestly requested to forward changes of address at least 30 days before publication of next issue. The price of this magazine in Europe is 30 cents. All subscriptions should be mailed to THE RING, Madison Square Garden 307 W. 49th Street, New York, N. Y.

The Ring, Inc., 29 Worthington Street, Springfield, Mass.
Subscription Editorial and Executive Offices—Madison Square Garden 307 W. 49th Street, New York City—Telephone Circle 7-3845
Send subscriptions to The Ring, Madison Square Garden, New York City.

Sole British Distributors of The Ring Magazine, Atlas Pub. and Distributing Co., Ltd., 18, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, London, E. C. 4, England.

Nathaniel Fleischer, President and Editor.
A. D. Phillips, Secretary. Advertising Manager, D. P. Riker, Madison Square Garden, New York City.

Price—25 cents per copy in United States and Canada. Subscription Price—$2.50 per year in United States and possessions; Canada, Cuba, Panama and Mexico, $3.25, and all other countries, $4.00 in U. S. currency.

Entered as second-class matter January 17, 1933, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at New York, N. Y.

Printed in the U. S. A. by PHELPS PUBLISHING CO., Springfield, Mass.

The Indoor Season Is On

By TED CARROLL

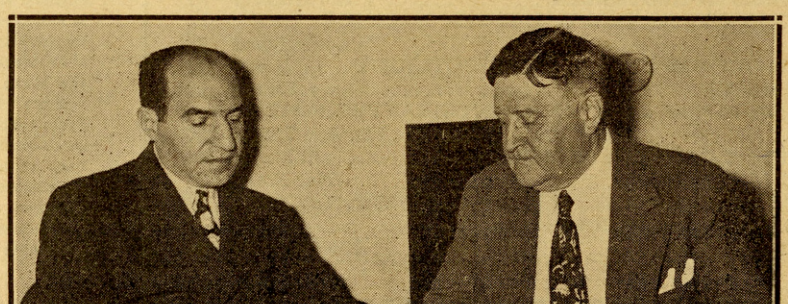
IN the springtime nature, released from winter's grip, stirs itself and prepares for its annual awakening, but in the game of pugilism the reverse is true. Minus the competition afforded by baseball and a million and one other outdoor sports, boxing flourishes in the good old wintertime, and when the days begin to shorten and the cool breezes of autumn begin to blow, the followers of fisticuffs are moved to hopeful activity by the prospect of happy days ahead.

Of course there are always one or two outdoor extravaganzas during the summer's run, but these are mainly sporadic. Most attempts at any sustained summertime activity in boxing are usually well taken care of by the weatherman and his sudden summer thunderstorms. Hence, the fall and not the spring is the season for boxing's buds to begin their blooming.

Although the recently completed summer season was not particularly distinguished by any undue activity, the season was marked by some significance. Notably Joseph Louis Barrow attained the full statue of a heavyweight champion of the world, when he destroyed Max Schmeling, his erstwhile conqueror, in two and a half throbbing minutes with a volcanic eruption of punches that removed the last lingering doubt of his detractors as to Louis' fitness to wear the regal robes.

Equally if not more startling was the unprecedented trick by Henry Armstrong of annexing and holding three prize ring titles at the same time, a feat never duplicated. Also among the summer's most noteworthy performers was young Al Hostak, slender Slav slugger of Seattle, Wash., who evoked memories of and comparisons with the legendary Stanley Ketchell when he knocked out the middleweight champion of the world, Freddy Steele, in one round.

Like a ponderous whale arising to the surface of the sea of obscurity, "Two Ton" Tony Galento, Jersey's heroic hippo, finally emerged as a boxing attraction of double-barrelled proportions, even though his bout with John Henry Lewis, which bid fair to set some kind of a record in Philadelphia, failed to materialize due to Tony taking a short count from Kid Pneumonia.



Nat Rogers, (left) and Tom McArdle, chief of staff. They are the ones who match the lads for Madison Square Garden and all other clubs handled by Mike Jacobs. They have been headliners in matchmaking for more than twenty years.

* * *

THE success or failure of the coming indoor season in boxing seems to rest upon the well-muscled shoulders of the prize ring's only triple champion, Henry Armstrong. At present, laid up for repairs, public interest and gate receipts, in the three classes in which he is the dominant figure, depend upon his speedy return to activity.

Although definitely removed from the superman status, by the flailing fists and iron constitution of Lou Ambers, there can be no doubt about Henry's status in boxing. As the title holder in the featherweight, lightweight and welterweight divisions, Armstrong is obviously the key man of the boxing business, viewed from any angle. While most observers look for him to relinquish his featherweight laurels after possibly one defense of the title, this move would still leave him the possessor of the 135 and 147 pound crowns and as such, the destiny of two of boxing's busiest divisions would be wrapped in his leather encased mitts.

When Henry will return to the wars is naturally contingent on the healing of his badly gashed lip, described by the attending medico as "the worst lip I have ever seen." Until that momentous occasion, the outstanding contenders in the various divisions swept by the sable cyclone, will have to carry the burden.

* * *

LOOMING large in any program this coming winter, is the recently deposed lightweight ruler, Lou Ambers, who gained far greater acclaim in defeat than he ever did in victory. Ambers had to lose his championship before the stigma of "cheese champion" could be removed from his genial person. He climbed from the ring after the Armstrong struggle minus his title, but plus an added amount of prestige as well as a greatly enhanced drawing power.

According to grapevine reports, Mike Jacobs, monarch of mayhem in New York's Madison Square Garden, capital of the fistic industry from September to May, had originally planned to present Garcia and Armstrong for his grand opener, in the spacious metropolitan arena on October 3. With Henry's wound as exhibit A, this obviously cannot come to pass, and the next best thing according to most of the ring students, appears to be an attraction capitalizing on Ambers' new born popularity.

Pedro Montanez shapes up as the most likely nominee for an Ambers bout at the moment. Even though the last encounter between these two proved to be a dull affair, their first get-together was a blazing battle almost equal to the Armstrong-Ambers embroglio for sustained suspense and excitement.

* * *

FINALLY rid of the somewhat mysterious affliction that has dogged him for the past year, the Puerto Rican seems to have regained much of the form that featured his early attempts in this country. Owner of one of the most impressive records in the business, he has been beaten only once in the United States in 35 bouts, and then by Ambers whom he had previously defeated. Montanez figures to play a leading role in this winter's fistic drama if his recovery has been complete. Of course, with a lucrative return match with Armstrong in view, there remains the troublesome problem of prevailing upon wily Al Weill, Ambers' manipulating mentor, to take the dangerous Puerto Rican as a foe for his breadwinner. But if this trick can be done, the bout shapes up as a sure fire attraction.

A second bout featuring the winner of a Montanez-Ambers struggle with the hard hitting Filipino, Ceferino Garcia, would result in a sellout, if such a match could be consummated. The menacing looking Oriental is another who is coming into his own after an up and down career. Always a puncher, but not always punch proof, himself, particularly earlier in his career, Garcia is hitting harder than ever before. He has seemingly reinforced his one-time fragile chin piece with some kind of concrete.

At this writing he has won his last 12 bouts, 11 of them by knockouts, with oaken-jawed Glen Lee, an extremely rugged middleweight, the only man to escape a lethal dose in his victory string. Generally credited with having shortened Barney Ross' career, the power-punching Filipino is one of the most difficult

LEADERS *in* SEVERAL DIVISIONS

Johnny Attell, Ridgewood Grove matchmaker. His pairing of boxers has helped develop excellent talent for the bigger clubs.

propositions in the ring today.

A match between him and the Montanez-Ambers survivor, would be a spectacle worth going miles to see. By this time Armstrong would be recovered and the winner of this small but select round robin, would be waiting to welcome Henry back to the roped arena with open arms.

* * *

THE featherweight division should be a most active one because of the retirement of Henry Armstrong who has given up his title. The New York Commission has sanctioned a fight between Mike Belloise and Joey Archibald for the crown, but that bout could be only for the New York title because such stars as Freddie Miller, Dave Castilloux, Johnny Hutchison, Jackie Wilson, Tony Dupre and the Australians Mickey Miller, the champion, and Joe Hall must be figured in the running. An elimination is being staged for the purpose of deciding the new crown wearer.

Garcia, is a standout in the welterweight class as Holman Williams, Andre Jessurun, Saverio Turiello, Milt Aron, etc., while willing, competent performers, seem to fall short of headline proportions in the big town Mansion of Maul.

The middleweight class is more conspicuously marked with headline indoor talent than any other division. Besides the hard punching, newly crowned champion, Hostak, whose dynamic possibilities should make him a sensation in the big indoor clubs, the coming indoor season finds the following highly capable 160 pounders ready and willing for action.

Fred Apostoli, "the uncrowned champion" who is given prior rights to the title in the important state of New York, because of his knockout of Freddy Steele last winter; 35-year-old Young Corbett, recent winner over Apostoli, whose left-handed skill and ring generalship make him a hard man to handle; hard hitting Solly Krieger, always dangerous Jewish boy from New York, with a big following and a wallop; Al Soose, clever college boxer, who is hailed as a coming champion around Pittsburgh; Teddy Yarosz, former champion, who showed he still has plenty left by whipping his home town rival, Billy Conn, who rates high among present day middles in his own right; and fast coming Walter Woods, another New York boy with a tremendous following. Woods has been performing sensationally around Buffalo the past summer. He defeated the highly touted Jimmy Clark, former ranking amateur recently.

Add to this formidable array such recognized title aspirants as tough Glen Lee, who win or lose, always gives a good account of himself; Attilio Sabatino, the classy Puerto Rican; Ken Overlin, cagy, hard to click, ex-Navy champion; and the dark menace of the division, T. N. T. punching Ossie Stewart, whom nobody wants to fight, and we have a middleweight class as full of potential dynamite as any in the history of the ring game.

Then, top the whole thing off with a young title holder, still short of his prime, winner of his last 16 bouts by knockouts and victor over the former champion in a single round—and the middleweight division stands out as a lifesaver to the coming indoor season.

* * *

WHILE many difficulties remain to be ironed out before it can be completed, a match between Tiger Jack Fox and Johny Henry Lewis for the light-heavyweight laurels shapes up as the outstanding 175 pound contribution to the season's schedule. While the New York State Boxing Commission's dethroning of Lewis and the champion's resultant law suit against the pugilistic padres, have muddled up things quite a bit in the cruiserweight class, it is hoped that affairs may be straightened out in time to permit this much discussed bout which has been hanging fire for two years, to take place.

The aversion to a Fox match by the Lewis board of strategy in the past rests on two points:

(A) John Henry flattened the Tiger back in '36.

(B) Both contestants being colored, the bout would be a bust at the box office.

Gaining a new lease on life, the 32-year-old Fox has mopped up all opposition since then and has definitely established himself as the leading contender, a fact that even Manager Gus Greenlee, Lewis' mentor, does not dispute. That should take care of objection Number 1. So far as objection Number 2 is concerned, the Fox forces point to John's setto with Al Gainer, in Pittsburgh, which proved a great success financially as refutation of the Lewis claim that two gentleman of color do not draw.

Furthermore, discussion anent the respective merits of John Henry and the Tiger have raged on Harlem street corners, bars and grills, ever since the Spokane sepian blew into the dusky metropolis. There is every reason to believe that the colored trade would turn out for this one the way they do for a Joe Louis showing.

The Jacobs matchmaking department is enthusiastic over a Fox-Lewis scramble, an opinion that is shared by many other astute boxing observers.

* * *

IN the event that Lewis continues to prove adamant as far as the Tiger is concerned, the next best thing in the 175 pound division looks like a match between Melio Bettina, the young hero of Hudson Valley in New York State, and Fox.

Sammy Richman (left) and Max Joss who handle the affairs of the Broadway Arena. Their club long has been looked upon as a nursery for boxing.

The youthful Italian has one of the largest and most enthusiastic followings that ever hailed any fighter, but whether the general public thinks enough of his chances against a fighter of the Tiger's experience and ability to make the bout a financial success, is doubtful. The rest of the class is almost barren of headlining indoor material, Al Gainer performs well throughout the country but invariably reserves his most boresome exhibitions for the Garden. As a consequence, his drawing power in the Big City is almost nil.

Gus Lesnevich is in Australia, *(Continued on page 32)*

Calling All Heavies!

RING TOURNAMENT IS ON!

Nat Fleischer Announces Plans for Most Ambitious Interstate Carnival, to Bring New Blood into Great Division

By
DANIEL M. DANIEL

IN cooperation with various state commissions and where there are no such governing bodies, outstanding promoters, THE RING magazine has organized a nation-wide hunt for heavyweight material.

This American-Canadian tournament is not a so-called White Hope carnival. It is not a tryout for amateurs and tyros. It is a definite effort to bolster the ranks of the class now dominated by Joe Louis and most decidedly is not a campaign to oust the Negro from his high pinnacle.

In no sense is this to be interpreted as a racial movement. THE RING's tournament is a concentrated effort to bring out the hidden qualities of fighters who may be themselves hidden away in distant corners of the United States and Canada.

Nat Fleischer, Editor and Publisher of THE RING, has the cooperation of Mike Jacobs of Madison Square Garden in New York. Uncle Mike will stage in the big New York arena the semi-finals of the tournament. And then he will put on the two finalists for the inter-state championship of the U. S. A.

"I am only too glad to jump into this movement and assist THE RING in getting out a lot of new faces and new competitors," said Jacobs to the writer.

"One of the troubles with the boxing game is that the public is tired of the old fighters. It wants new blood. That's why I have hesitated to bring Max Schmeling back to this country, to give Jim Braddock a comeback chance, to stage another fight for Tommy Farr.

"I believe that Fleischer's scheme will work out splendidly. All over the United States, and in Canada, there are young heavyweights who want the chance, but who do not quite measure up to New York or Chicago cards.

"Neither I nor any other promoter has the time nor the facilities to organize a tournament of national scope, to bring out all the fighters who, among them, may have another Jack Dempsey.

"Fleischer has the organization and the connections and he will have no trouble in enlisting the aid of state commissions, the N. B. A. and the best promoters from Maine to California, from Montreal to New Orleans.

"This is one of the finest things I have seen in the years I have been running boxing shows and I will follow it with greatest interest—as will every other promoter and every well-wisher of the sport.

"I am glad that THE RING is stressing the fact that it is not conducting a White Hope tournament. Fighters of all colors and *creeds* are eligible. Now, bring them on and I'll be glad to give them shots in the Garden."

* * *

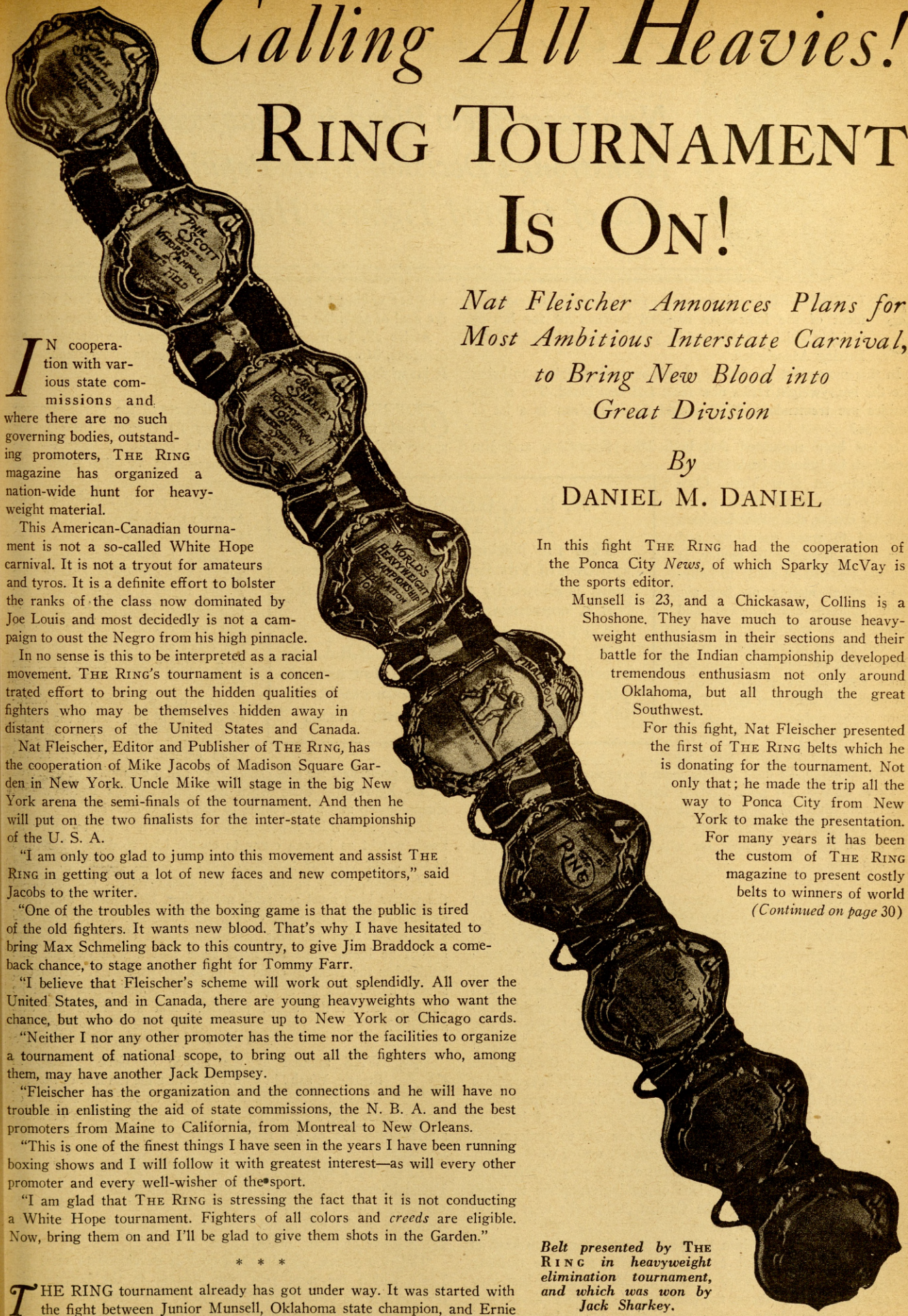
THE RING tournament already has got under way. It was started with the fight between Junior Munsell, Oklahoma state champion, and Ernie Collins, Nevada title holder, for the Indian laurels, at Ponca City, Okla.

In this fight THE RING had the cooperation of the Ponca City *News*, of which Sparky McVay is the sports editor.

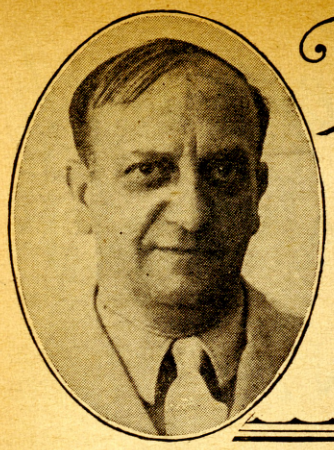
Munsell is 23, and a Chickasaw, Collins is a Shoshone. They have much to arouse heavyweight enthusiasm in their sections and their battle for the Indian championship developed tremendous enthusiasm not only around Oklahoma, but all through the great Southwest.

For this fight, Nat Fleischer presented the first of THE RING belts which he is donating for the tournament. Not only that; he made the trip all the way to Ponca City from New York to make the presentation. For many years it has been the custom of THE RING magazine to present costly belts to winners of world

(Continued on page 30)



Belt presented by THE RING in heavyweight elimination tournament, and which was won by Jack Sharkey.



Nat FLEISCHER says:

New Faces, New Blood in Heavyweight Ranks
Armstrong's Decision Meets Popular Approval
Rise of Colored Fighters Has Helped Boxing

ELSEWHERE in this magazine you will find an announcement of the inter-state national tournament for heavyweights which is sponsored by THE RING and The National Boxing Association.

In this movement the Editor of this magazine strives to bring into the heavyweight ranks new faces and new blood. The opportunities are tremendous. Why should they be given to a lot of hasbeens?

It has been suggested that both Max Schmeling and Jim Braddock be brought back into the big picture in New York. Conceivably they would draw pretty well. Of course, the public has been educated to want something and then a lot more for its money. It will not respond so easily to ballyhoo founded mainly on hot air. Both fighters are through and should remain retired.

I can see no great urge to bring either Max or Jim back into the major ring. Braddock and Schmeling have seen their best days. They were great fighters when at the height of their power but when a promoter seeks to foster them on the public again, he does so only from a mercenary standpoint.

There can be no good derived from bringing either out of retirement. Braddock is hog fat. It would take him a year to get back into fighting trim and even then I doubt that he could give the public the kind of fight for which they would be asked to pay $16 tops.

As for Schmeling, Mike Jacobs has announced that if and when Schmeling decides to return to the ring, he will fight only under the jurisdiction of the Garden promoter and that Joe Jacobs will not be Max's representative. My advice to Jacobs and Taylor, each of whom claims the right to stage fights for Schmeling if he comes back, is to let good enough alone. They should develop new talent. There are a number of boys in America and in Europe who are deserving of a chance in the heavyweight eliminations before Braddock or Schmeling is considered. Bob Pastor, Gunnar Barlund, John Henry Lewis, Tommy Farr, Maurice Strickland, Eddie Phillips, Jimmy Adamick, Tony Galento, Lou Nova, Alberto Lovell—these, with others who are still in the novice class, should draw the attention of America's Ace promoter—Mike Jacobs, before he assumes the responsibility of bringing back worn-out, torn-down fighters who are out to perform for no other reason than the "gold" they can get out of it.

Mike Jacobs holds the ace hand. He can, by proper pairing of his leading talent in all divisions of boxing, continue to make big money for himself and the Garden during the next twelve months. He has it in his power.

The public will offer him 100 percent support only so long as he continues to carry on as he has—giving them the thrilling shows—to which they were treated in 1937. And the best way he can do that is to forget the competition of Mugsy Taylor and other promoters, drop further negotiations for Schmeling, and to continue to build up his cards from among the good boys who are willing to perform for him in an effort to land what is the goal of ambition of every fighter—a chance at a championship.

Above all, he must not attempt to corner the market in all divisions. Monopoly in any branch of business is very unhealthy. It invariably leads to ruin.

* * *

CORRESPONDENTS from all parts of the world disagree with my statement that Henry Armstrong's titles in the upper divisions will not be at stake should he fight for the featherweight or the lightweight championship unless the articles of agreement permit Homicide Hank to scale the highest weight possible for the welter division.

Again I take issue with the writers who declare that every time Henry fights a lightweight at the lightweight limit, both his light and welter championships are on the block and then when he fights as a featherweight, three titles are at stake.

How can a welterweight championship be at stake when the holder is prevented by terms of a contract, from defending his crown at the weight prescribed for that class? How can a champion be deprived of his lightweight titles when he fights for the featherweight championship and must reduce to the lowest class?

If his other titles are at stake, he has a right to carry as much weight as he can carry to enable him to defend his titles in the upper brackets properly. That is sound reasoning.

And since, when fighting for the featherweight championship the welter king must not scale more than 126 pounds, and when defending his lightweight crown, he must not weigh over 135 pounds, how can you take his welterweight championship from him if he loses, when the rules state that a welterweight title holder has the right to come in up to 147 pounds. If Armstrong should figure that he is strongest at 147 pounds, how could he be deprived of the added poundage and still have his title at stake?

* * *

I WAS amused by the speech of Gene Tunney in Seattle, Wash., in which he bemoaned the fate of boxing. Gene declared that the sport is at low ebb because of Henry Armstrong's cornering the fistic market in three divisions and because five of the seven major championships were held by Negroes.

"Armstrong's monopoly on three titles has hurt the sport. Public interest in the game is low. William Muldoon was right when he refused to let a champion in one class challenge the champion of the one above without first relinquishing his title in the lower division," orated Gene.

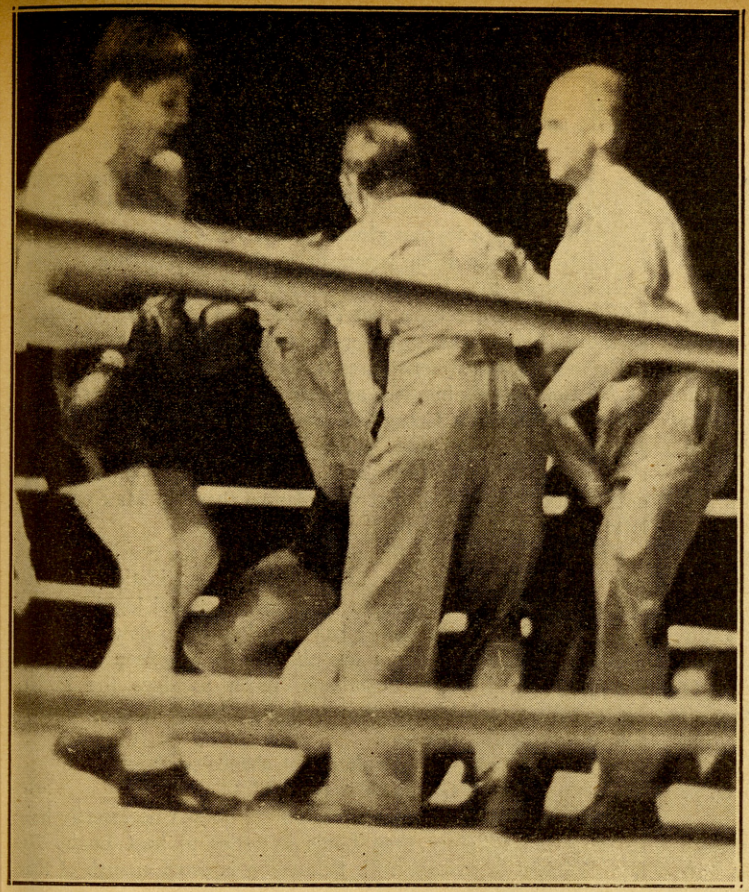
"Unless a young, upright challenger is developed to meet Joe Louis within the next year, the interest in the heavyweight division will be dead, also. With five of the seven major championships held by Negroes, the interest in boxing is at low ebb."

N. B. A. GETS BEHIND RING TOURNEY

That the National Boxing Association approves of THE RING heavyweight tournament is shown by this telegram from the N.B.A. convention in Montreal:—

Nat Fleischer, THE RING MAGAZINE,

We have recommended full N.B.A. cooperation on your sectional tournament plan and so stress in announcements to the press. ED. FOSTER, HEINIE MILLER.



Scene in Eastern Canada's first heavyweight championship elimination tournament in which the ultimate winner of the Canadian title will be honored with a RING *trophy. Oliver Shank is helping to raise Tommy Osborne after knocking Osborne out in 1.31 of the second round at the Montreal Forum. Lawson Bampton manages the winner. This was the first of* THE RING *State and Sectional championship bouts.*

Tunney should curb his fears. Not since 1930 has boxing enjoyed such widespread interest. I have before me a list of clubs operating in America, alone, and find that the number in the field is far beyond what it was in 1930. The number of boxers competing also shows a tremendous increase. There are close to 1000 boxers above the number when Gene held the title. And as for gate receipts, they far exceed what was taken in by promoters during the year when Gene fought Heeney and then hung up his gloves.

Why this added interest? Because the rise of the colored race in boxing, like the rise of those people in all other branches of sport, has added not only to the competitive spirit but to the number of fans who now enjoy watching the Negro race perform. Would Gene call it low ebb, when a sport brings into the coffers of the promoters in two fights alone, $1,200,000? Can Gene ignore the popularity of Joe Louis and Henry Armstrong, as indicated by the gate receipts?

No, Gene, you're all wet when you think that the colored athletes who have gained the uppermost rung of the ladder in pugilism, are responsible for a drop of interest in boxing. On the contrary, they have brought new life into the sport. They have brought new material to the front and better competition because to model oneself after the truly great, is the ambition of every lad who follows boxing. And Louis, Armstrong, and John Henry Lewis have furnished that incentive. They proved the popularity of the colored boys.

It is that deep interest in boxing and in the Negroes that urged my writing my latest book, "Black Dynamite," the Story of the Negro in the Prize Ring. I am in a far better position to gauge the trend than is Tunney. I assure him that boxing is enjoying its most prosperous year since 1929.

I AM deeply grateful to the members of the National Boxing Association for their quick action in responding to my suggestion that state heavyweight championship tournaments be staged under that organization's control. The members of the N.B.A. were quick to realize the advantage of the publicity that would be obtained through such tourneys and how much such competition would do to bolster boxing in states where these bouts will be staged.

I take my hat off to the N.B.A. for its attitude—especially to Ed. Foster and Major Miller, who sponsored the plan. The arrogant manner in which some Boxing Commissions act on any matters which do not emanate direct from their headquarters, is not part of the N.B.A. Its officials, though, like others, often wrong on matters of boxing legislation, at least are ever ready to lend a helping hand to the sport over which they rule. That's more than can be said of the leading State Boxing Commissions in the East.

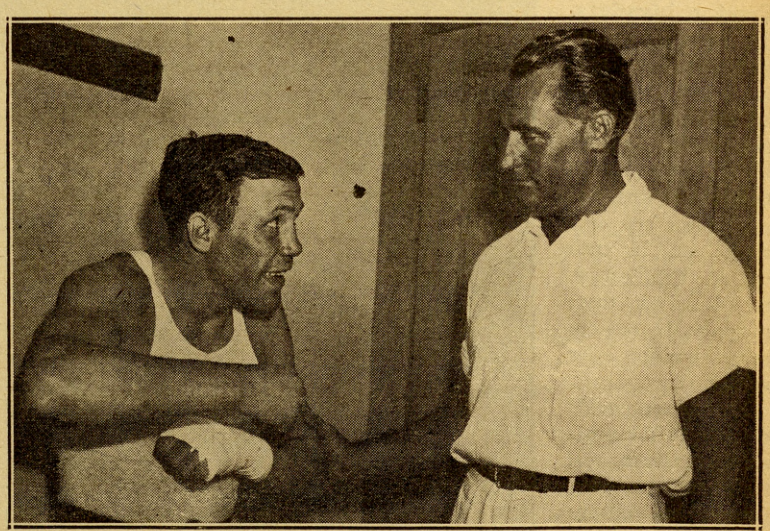
* * *

THE report that Kayo Morgan of Detroit found it necessary to go abroad to fight, shows to what extent high class talent in America is forced to go to get some action. Ever since Morgan whipped Sixto Escobar he has been dropped like a hot coal by America's best bantams. He followed the Escobar victory with one over Joe Santos in ten rounds, stopped Bert Ardt in five and won in ten over Jose Santos.

Morgan is a two-fisted fighter who is the leading challenger. He deserved a chance to fight Escobar in a championship bout. Most cities believe that Morgan would annex the crown. In England, a bout between Morgan and Benny Lynch, would show the relative merits of the British former title holder with our best boys. I cannot understand why Mike Jacobs, who is seeking new talent, didn't sign Escobar and Morgan for a titular mill.

* * *

THE retirement of Henry Armstrong as world featherweight champion was expected. When a fighter holds three titles simultaneously as did Homicide Hank, the constant worry proves too much of a handicap and the reaction is certain to effect his fighting qualities. Armstrong and his mentor, Eddie Mead realized that when they announced that henceforth Henry would devote his time to the lightweight and welterweight division where the weight requirements would not weaken him physically, Armstrong is growing. His normal weight is around 134 and to reduce to 126 to defend his featherweight *(Continued on page 30)*



Discouraged? Not Lou Ambers. The former lightweight king who was dethroned by Henry Armstrong has begun training again for an active campaign. He hopes to get a return engagement to which he is entitled. Here he is seen getting some advice from one of America's foremost physical culture instructors, Charles Atlas, the strong man.

Big Break for BARLUND

AMERICA, where the fistic stage is ever set for the performances of modern gladiators, once more finds the foreign menace at its doors in so far as the world's heavyweight title is concerned. It is no new threat, however.

Since that far-off day when Gene Tunney resigned his crown and retired from active service in the battle lines, foreign boxers have held the upper hand in the serious business of challenging for the right to wear the royal purple and dominate the blue ribbon class of the ring. Australian Tom Heeny's star went into eclipse after he had played the role of underdog in Tunney's final ring performance.

But there were plenty of foreign heavyweight challengers left to carry on the invasion tradition through the years, such as Otto Von Porat, Harry Persson, Phil Scott, and Max Schmeling, the latter being the only one of the lot who stood the acid test for a lengthy period in the struggle for the survival of the fittest.

Max is still included in the list of possible challengers for the heavyweight crown, despite his near-annihilation by champion Joe Louis in their second encounter. He ranks seventh in THE RING magazine ratings for October. But the prevailing opinion among fistic experts in this country swings toward the conviction that the Black Uhlan is definitely "washed up" and out of the running as a star fistic attraction, at any rate so far as the U. S. is concerned.

Rating number two is accorded Gunnar Barlund, Finland's representative among the foreign challengers, who is only outranked by the number one native challenger, Max Baer. Tommy Farr, of England, takes fifth place; with Alberto Lovell, the Argentine entry, listed as tenth.

Thus, out of the first ten challengers looming up as possible opponents for Joe Louis in the four or five battles tentatively planned for the champion by promoter Joe Jacobs during the coming indoor season, at least three foreign boxers may bid for the big stake.

* * *

THE influx of foreign talent into the stream of American fisticuffs increases steadily as the years go by. This is true, not only of the heavyweight division, but all other classes. It is a healthy sign, denoting as it does, that no discrimination exists in Uncle Sam's tolerant domain as regards the professional activities of slugging invaders. The standard of fair play flies its red, white and blue symbol over every boxing arena in the United States, a protective fact that visiting pugs are well aware of. If such wasn't the case, they'd shun these shores as the average person would a leper colony.

From bareknuckle days up to the present Queensberry era, the attention of ring patrons has always been concentrated on the wearer of the heavyweight crown, and the chances of prospective challengers for its possession. Every boxer seeks the crown.

And there is ever especial interest in the answer to the query whether there is a foreign glove artist in sight who is worth while considering as a possible successor to the reigning champ. That's quite natural, too. For it adds additional zest to witnessing a battle if there's a danger that the title may leave this country, a kind of patriotic sauce, so to speak, is served up with the fistic fare.

Under existing circumstances there seems to be as little danger of Joe Louis losing his title, as there is of some kidnapper putting the snatch on King George of England and copping his crown. Joe is as good as all that! When he kicked Schmeling down the skids that led to the dump-heap, the Brown Bomber erased the only blot on his record, that was planted there by Max when the latter first tangled up with the colored marvel.

Nevertheless—it's not the probabilities, but the possibilities that you must look out for, in considering future pugilistic issues. All human jaws are vulnerable to the properly-placed kayo jolt, and even a seemingly rank sucker has been known to down a champ. In the days when the grim war-shadow of Napoleon Bonaparte overhung the European continent, much as does the Hitler-Mussolini war cloud at the present time; a ballad sung by English soldiers suggested that

"Perhaps a recruit might chance to shoot
Great General Bonaparte!"

"It's a queer paradox, but a challenger doesn't necessarily have to be a better fighter than Louis in order to beat Louis. The latter's initial experience with Schmeling is proof enough of that.

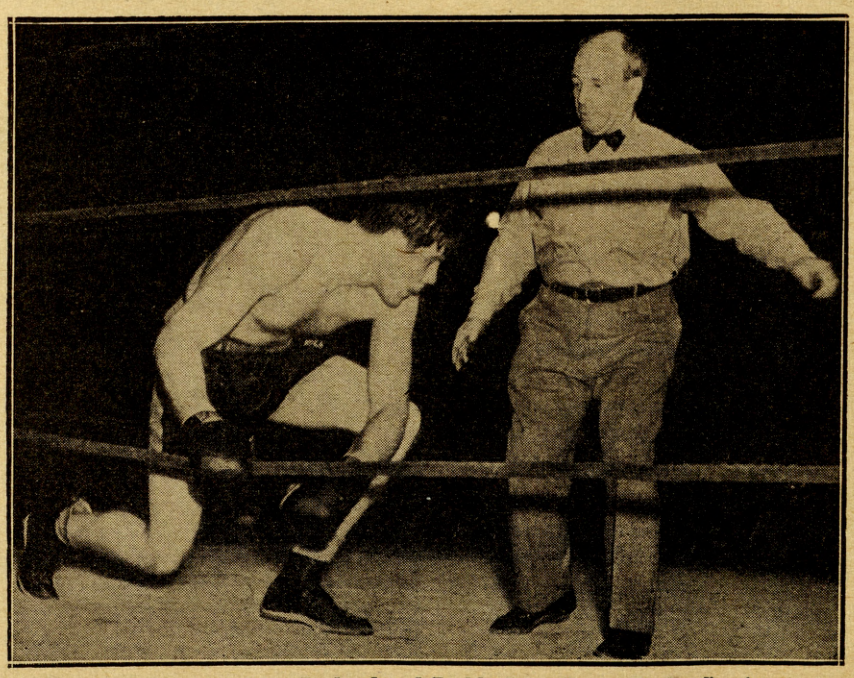
* * *

RATED as best of the foreign invading heavies, Gunnar Barlund naturally becomes an object for speculation by the fight fans. Physically, he fills the critical eye as being as perfectly developed a stuffed-mitt gladiator as one could wish to see.

He is six feet, one and a half inches tall, scales around 200 pounds, and his weight is evenly distributed over a massive, but unusually supple framework of big bones and elastic muscles. He was born of Swedish parents in Helsingfors, Finland, city of 60,000 lakes. An exceptionally powerful athlete, Barlund is not a gymnasium product. His parents were equally strong.

His strength is Nature's own gift, developed by clean living and strenuous work in the open air, for Gunnar was originally a sailor, and later drove a Government truck in his own country. His father was a streetcar motorman.

But don't be misled by the foregoing facts into registering Barlund as merely a ponderous roughneck. For this ambitious young Finn has undeniable claims to intellectual registry, far more so, indeed, than most of his professional contemporaries. A boxer whose mental makeup lacks the power to think quickly, to evolve



A scene in the fight between Barlund and Buddy Baer. It was Barlund's victory over Baer that put Buddy out of the heavyweight picture and placed the Finn close to the top as a leading contender for heavyweight honors and a crack at Joe Louis' title.

in Louis Challenge Lineup

By GEORGE TICKELL

swift plans for meeting unexpected emergencies in the ring, is a poor risk from the betting standpoint.

Barlund does not belong in that dismal category. That his brains are of the keen-edged, adaptable variety is confirmed by the fact that when he first arrived here, he did not know a word of our language, yet inside of six months, he could speak extremely good English.

Also, without trying to give him a high-brow status, it is significant that he is a member of the sports staff of Helsinkin Sanomat, largest daily paper in Finland, and grinds out a sports column for the leading weekly in Gottenburg, Sweden. And foreign correspondents stationed in New York city will tell you that he slings a smooth, breezy style in both languages.

* * *

GENE TUNNEY loved to pose as a member of the literati, when he reigned as monarch of the roped arena. The stunt never found favor with any of Gene's successors, nor, for that matter, with any of slugdom's rank-and-file. There is no intent here of endeavour to throw a literary halo around Barlund's brows.

On the other hand, it's only fair to give a fellow credit for what he has achieved in life, and surely Gunnar is none the worse a scrapper because he can "make the sport pages" by other means than swinging his fists. After all, the strong-arm lunkhead who can neither write nor read, is pretty much a thing of the dead and pathetic past in pugilistic circles.

Barlund is the first professional boxer entered from Finland in the game of hit-stop-and-getaway. It's also a matter of record that none of the Scandinavian countries has yet produced a fighting champion in any class. No wonder then, that there are thousands of sport enthusiasts in that section of the globe who watch eagerly for fresh and exciting developments in Gunnar's fistic career.

There are, however, plenty of other forms of sport, notably of the outdoor type in which the inhabitants of Barlund's native country excel. Finnish athletes are particularly partial to long-distance running, and Barlund, as a youngster, was devoted to that pastime. They rate the greatest in the world at distance running.

The exercise certainly did Barlund no harm. On the contrary, it assisted in developing his wind and lung power, strengthening his leg muscles, and testing his endurance stamina. But he wasn't the sort of person to remain content with becoming a fair-to-middling runner. Like the oldtime American pioneers it was a case of "Pike's Peak, or bust," with him.

He wanted to rank among the leaders, the same kind of ambition that has distinguished him in his efforts to attain topnotch honors as a pugilist. How long he would have kept on trying to shine as a long-distance crack, there's no telling. Men of the Barlund breed are hard to turn back.

But a chap may be determined, without being a bull-head, and when advice from a worthy source reached Gunnar, he was wise enough to profit by it. The tip came from the famous runner, Paavo Nurmi, who having sized up the youth's performances on the track, told him candidly that his athletic talents were being wasted.

"You aren't cut out for this game," said Nurmi. "Not that you're a poor performer, you could beat more fellows than could defeat you. But you'll never make the grade. Where you belong is in the ring. You've got strength, endurance and pluck, qualities that will take you a long way as a boxer."

Gunnar Barlund and his bride. They arrived recently from Finland where they were married. Here they are enjoying a feast tossed by Gunnar for the New York scribes.

* * *

THUS it came about that at the early age of fourteen Barlund took to the gloves. He was always a husky, sturdily built kid, and started as an amateur in the welterweight class. That was in 1932, and from the outset it was evident that he had found his true vocation. He was as much at home in the storm and stress of battle as a duck is in water.

Amateur boxing on the other side of the Atlantic is a pretty rough proposition that calls for vigorous and sustained fast action, rather than mere sparring for points. Barlund's aggressiveness and iron endurance fitted nicely into the scheme of things, and the newcomer made rapid strides to the front. A growing youth, he speedily developed into a strapping heavyweight, and after winning a dozen odd bouts, his superiority over other competitors was so manifest that he was chosen to represent his country at the Tenth Olympiad at Los Angeles in 1932.

Fate was against him, however, in this instance, as he lost on points to Alberto Lovell, of Argentina, who finally emerged as champion heavyweight from the tourney. But in points for track and field little Finland finished second to the United States, compiling a total of 72 points, more than Great Britain, Germany, Canada and Japan.

The setback didn't discourage Barlund. He was determined that some day he would win boxing fame for his native land. On returning home he resumed his *(Continued on page 33)*

FAT FIGHTERS FOUND

WHEN the New York Boxing Commission barred Tony Galento, rotund New Jersey heavyweight, from battling in New York State, the reason officially given for such a ruling was that the offender's actions were detrimental to the best interests of boxing. This somewhat cryptic statement was later clarified for the benefit of the press by the Commission's chief, General John J. Phelan, who explained that the ban was put on Tony because he failed to obey the board's edict to train properly for a prospective battle in Madison Square Garden.

Galento, naturally a stout and girthy person, has never been a disciple of the "slimming" cult. Dieting does not appeal to him, as one could easily guess by a glance at his ample waist-line. Even when in training, Tony finds moments of relaxation at the bar of the saloon he owns in Orange, when customers drink his good health and he responds by quaffing flagons of foamy beer.

It was this beer-absorbing stunt, duly chronicled by the sport press, and verified by Commission scouts, that put Tony into the bad graces of the Board. Galento himself has always claimed that he was born pudgy, continued to keep a thick, comfortable coat of fat on his framework as he grew up, and is at his fighting best when he eats and drinks whatever he likes, and carries plenty of poundage into the ring.

In this belief he has the support of thousands of loyal Jerseyites who have great faith in Tony's slugging abilities. They like his rough-house milling methods, which have served him well since he started fighting in 1929. His record lists nearly 100 battles. He dropped a few point decisions and was stopped once in three rounds by Marty Gallagher, but on the other hand he has thirty-eight clean knockouts to his credit.

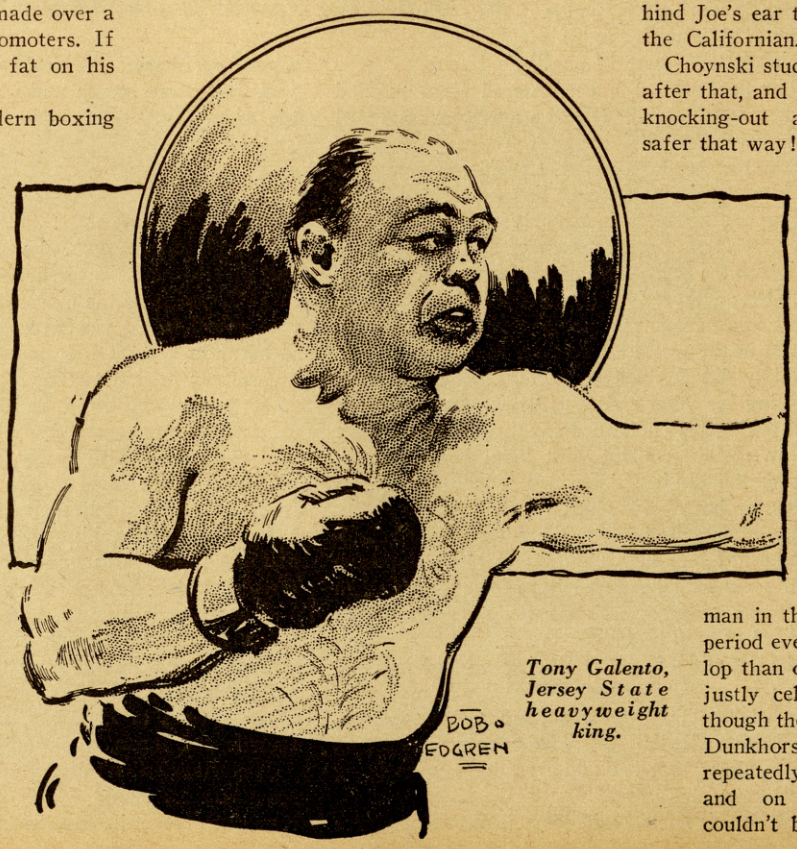
* * *

NOT so many years ago, as time flies, a scrapper of Galento's calibre and easy-going habits would not have encountered any difficulty in marketing his fistic wares around New York, or in any part of the country, for that matter. In the days before boxing commissions functioned, there was little or no fuss made over a fighter's physical condition by promoters. If a battler wanted to carry excess fat on his carcass, that was his own affair.

The powers-that-be of the modern boxing world are more critical and particular in these respects, and unquestionably the precautions they take are all for the good of the game.

It may be, however, that Galento might go along making satisfactory slugging history, if unhampered by official restrictions. Not that the writer wishes to decry the value of hard, earnest training in any branch of athletics. No doubt the obese Jersey boxer would be all the more efficient if he practiced self-denial as regards the consumption of rich food and malt liquors, and stuck closer to orthodox training methods.

Yet fistic history offers some odd examples of fat maulers who ought to have been "scant of breath" and an easy mark for any well-conditioned opponent, but who showed extraordinary endurance despite the handicap of superfluous tonnage. Their performances were amazing.



Tony Galento, Jersey State heavyweight king.

PROBABLY the most outstanding case is that of Ed Dunkhorst, known as "the Human Freight Car," who hailed from Philly and weighed over 300 pounds. Dunk was six feet tall, and was particularly well padded about the abdomen. This wide front extension looked like a regular gift for a stiff puncher.

Yet some of the toughest heavyweights of his day slammed away at the huge chap without seeming to hurt him much. It is worth noting that Dunkhorst, in spite of his size, was not an abnormal eater, nor did he drink to excess. That is, considering his bulk. But he wasn't the sort of party one would want to board cheaply, just the same!

Gus Ruhlin, whom Billy Madden was grooming with a view to getting a shot at heavyweight champion Jeffries' title, was matched with the big fellow. The Akron Giant, as Ruhlin was called, was not only a good boxer, but could hit hard with either hand, and Gus confidently expected to stop his opponent. They met at Coney Island in 1898.

Ruhlin got the decision in twenty rounds. Though he walloped Dunkhorst's tempting stomach with jarring hooks and jolts, time and again, the blows didn't appear to make much impression on the recipient.

The fact of the matter was that Dunkhorst, a "natural" fat subject, possessed unusually hard, steel-like abdominal muscles, under a covering cushion of flesh, and he could consequently stand up under punishment in that region which would have wrecked the average pug.

* * *

JOE CHOYNSKI was in his prime then, and Joe could punch with the best of 'em. Jeffries once said that Choynski hit him the hardest wallop he ever felt when Joe smashed a right to his jaw in the tenth session of their battle on the coast in 1896, which ended in a twenty-round draw.

Choynski took on Dunkhorst in Chicago a few months after the Ruhlin bout. They went six rounds, and Joe got the decision. But Joe had said prior to the contest that he would kayo the Eastern monster, and he tried his best. But in the second round Dunkhorst landed a right swing behind Joe's ear that nearly capsized the Californian.

Choynski stuck to jabbing tactics after that, and forgot all about his knocking-out ambitions. It was safer that way! What puzzled Joe, was what also had puzzled Ruhlin—the fact that though he sunk his right glove up to the wrist in Dunkhorst's stomach several times — the punches never disturbed Dunk in the least.

The following year Peter Maher won from Dunkhorst on a foul in seven rounds. No man in the ring during that period ever hit a harder wallop than did Maher with his justly celebrated right. But though the Irishman smashed Dunkhorst with that weapon repeatedly in the stomach and on the jaw, Peter couldn't bring him down.

FISTIC FAME

By GEORGE T. PARDY

In fact, the Celt was fast tiring from his own exertions, and Dunkhorst was forcing matters, when he accidentally hit Maher low, and the referee declared Peter the winner on a foul.

So Dunkhorst went along the scrapping trail, an enormous human target that was easy enough to hit, but apparently not to be eliminated by anything milder in impact than a six-inch shell. His services were much in demand, for the fans always flocked to see him in action, lured by the hope that some night they might see and hear that gigantic body crash upon the ring floor.

* * *

THEIR hopes were finally fulfilled. On April 30, 1900, Dunkhorst met Bob Fitzsimmons before a Brooklyn club. Bob had lost his heavyweight title to Jeffries the preceding year. In the course of a comeback campaign, he had knocked out Jim Daly and Jeff Thorne, each in one round.

Dunkhorst had never taken the count. Seeing that such sharply accurate and decisive punchers as Ruhlin, Choynski and Maher had failed to put him down, few of the experts expected Fitzsimmons, pounds lighter than any of the trio mentioned, would have any better luck.

But the wise guys erred. Fitzsimmons shuffled around the ring in his usual seemingly aimless fashion in the first round, jabbing an occasional left into Dunkhorst's face, but evading all attempts of the big fellow to crowd him closely.

The second round was barely two minutes old, when Fitz, backing away, suddenly stopped short, executed his famous shift, and buried his right glove deep in Dunk's protruding belly.

The giant folded up, all the breath driven from his huge body in a gasp of agony. He dropped with a crash that shook the ring, rolled over, and lay still. He was still out when dragged to his corner. Fitz walked over, and as Dunk's eyes opened slowly, Bob shook his limp right glove.

"What happened?" croaked Dunk feebly.

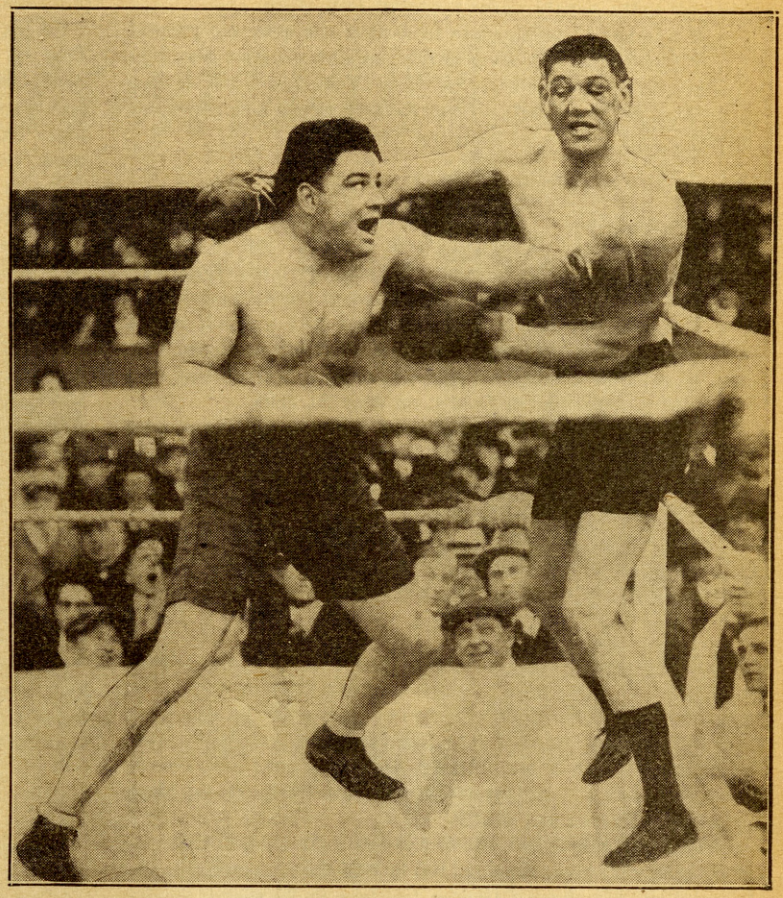
"H'it's all right, old 'orse," responded the ex-champ cheerfully. "A bally street car run h'over you, but Gawd blimme if you didn't throw h'it h'off th' track!"

* * *

INCIDENTALLY, this knockout of Dunkhorst put a stop to ambitious plans that middleweight champion Tommy Ryan had conceived regarding the 300-pounder. It will be remembered that Ryan was responsible for teaching Jeffries the "crouch" pose that was such an important factor in enabling the big Californian to stall off Fitzsimmons' attacks, and finally knock out the latter.

Ryan had a notion that Dunkhorst was, in a sense, immune to glove assaults, owing to his tremendous bulk, and the fact that such top-notch punchers among the heavies had been unable to jar him. Tommy believed he could take Dunk in hand, give him some useful pointers, and turn him into a world-beater. But Fitz's victory made Ryan change his mind. Shortly afterward, Dunkhorst retired from the ring.

He was, however, a lasting source of entertainment for the fans while the promoters were trying to dig up somebody who could knock him out. Judging by the present boxing commission's attitude toward Galento, a new Dunkhorst wouldn't fit into the boxing game today. He would probably be pronounced ineligible for glove competition, for no human power could ever trim him down to look like a genuine athlete. Yet it cannot be denied that Galento, fat as he is, can fight.



Pudgy Willie Meehan (left) snapped in his fight with Al Norton.

A STOUT athlete of a far different makeup from the giant Dunkhorst was Willy Meehan, who was only 5 feet, 9 inches tall. When Willy first began throwing leather in 1909, he scaled 185 pounds. When he retired in 1923 he was credited with having engaged in 185 battles. He had also put on weight to an extent that made him look nearly as wide as he was tall.

Meehan beat a lot of good men and was only stopped once—by Tom Gibbons at Cleveland in one round. That was in 1921 when Willy was far on the down grade. He was a round, chubby, roly-poly figure in 1917, when he first mingled with Jack Dempsey in a four-round bout on the Coast.

Dempsey was just forging to the front as a tough newcomer who toted an awful wallop and he went at Meehan with wildcat speed and ferocity. But, try as he might, Jack couldn't put over a finishing wallop on the fat boy. He had the better of the exchanges, but Willy was always there, ready to meet him halfway, and, as the Coast boy was a strong local favorite, it was something of a relief to Dempsey when the referee gave Jack the verdict.

* * *

BUT Willy was to prove a sort of thorn in Dempsey's side. They met four more times on the Coast in four-round bouts, fighting two draws, with Meehan winning two decisions. Honors, therefore, rested with the fat boy, although, according to all precedent, a lean, sinewy, fast and deadly puncher like the Manassa Mauler, ought apparently to have slammed his sausage-shaped opponent into breathless oblivion.

Some folks said Meehan had the Indian sign on Jack, something which has happened frequently in the case of star fighters who have met with setbacks at the hands of rather mediocre antagonists.

But Willy was far from being mediocre. He was a good general,

a stiff puncher, a wily boxer—and his powers of endurance were marvelous. Again, like Dunkhorst, it was natural for him to grow fat, he was just built that way, and when he was in his prime, the extra weight never bothered him at all.

Yet if a boxer of today were to assume the unheroic proportions of a butter tub, it is extremely unlikely that he would be permitted to fight. Not only the New York body, but boxing commissions in other parts of the country would be apt to rule him out of active service as a bad risk.

* * *

DICK O'BRIEN of Lewiston, Maine, was another crack performer who developed from a welter into a middleweight of rather portly presence. Nothing he could do in the training line could get Dick's stomach down to normal proportions.

Yet, his wind was excellent and he could take a punch around the belt region with perfect indifference. Dick was equipped with a bulging waist-line when he held the famous Kid McCoy to a twenty-five round draw at Boston on May 20, 1895.

He was still fatter when he crossed the Atlantic and kayoed Frank Craig, the "Harlem Coffee Cooler," in Birmingham, England, and in many subsequent battles he showed speed, hitting ability and endurance to an extent that fairly amazed the critics.

O'Brien liked his beer as much as Galento does. And one fancies that Dick would have found himself "on the outside, looking in," if fate had thrown him into the modern pugilistic lineup.

* * *

MIKE SCHRECK, the Cincinnati heavyweight, should not be overlooked when considering the exploits of fat members of the fistic brigade. Mike only scaled 150 pounds when he began fighting in 1900. By 1902, however, he was a full-fledged middleweight and beating such good men as Tommy Burns, who had not yet grown into the big-fellow class; Hugo Kelly, Andy Walsh and others.

Schreck was only 5 feet, 8¾ inches tall. Like Dick O'Brien, he put on flesh with great rapidity, and in 1905 the heavyweight class claimed him. He stopped George Gardner in 20 rounds in that year, and repeated the victory in shorter time in 1906, when Gardner was knocked out in two frames.

Later on Mike kayoed Marvin Hart and John Willie and was looked upon as a likely contender for the heavyweight title, then claimed by Tommy Burns. However, he was never to fight Burns again, although on the strength of having whipped Tommy as a middleweight, he made strenuous, but unavailing attempts to get a match with him.

Schreck retired in 1914. When he was fighting at a steady clip in his most active years, his rotundity of form was such that a Chicago sports writer humorously referred to him as "the bouncing blubber ball from Ohio." The critic got a sock in the eye from one of Mike's bosom friends, who didn't approve of his fistic idol being thus ridiculed.

But Mike himself was tolerant, and indeed rather proud of the fact that his plump wind-region never flinched under a hammering. When he kayoed Marvin Hart at Terre Haute, Ind., in 1909, in four rounds, Hart could not resist the lure of Mike's swelling belt-line, and swung repeatedly at the body with his left. He did this once too often, for as his guard came down in the fourth frame, Schreck cracked him with a right on the chin, and Hart was through for the evening.

* * *

HOWEVER, while giving full credit to the old-timers who toted overweight burdens to goals of glory—and there were many of them—candor compels the admission that in this respect things are much better managed today.

Drop into any New York gym where boxers are training, and see if you can find a fighter booked for an early ring date whose belt is buried in rolls of fat. "There ain't no sich animal!" A scrapper must sport the athletic shape nowadays, when he ducks under the ropes, and be able to pass the lynx-eyed observation of the medical examiner into the bargain.

Times sure have changed! Do you remember how, in 1934, when Max Baer was matched with the then heavyweight champ, Carnera, a visit by Bill Brown of the Boxing Commission to Baer's training quarters almost resulted in the battle being postponed.

To the average man's eye Baer looked okay that afternoon. That is to say, his figure was trim enough, and the muscles stood out in bold relief under his white skin. But Brown, who used to run training quarters himself and has forgotten more about handling scrappers than most of the so-called experts know, wasn't satisfied with the way Max worked out.

Brown went back to his colleagues and told them and the news reporters that Baer was not keyed up to proper concert pitch and needed several more weeks' faithful training before he would be fit to stand the brunt of battle.

This raised a fine row. The promoter shrieked frenzied objections to a proposed date-postponement which would probably put him in the red. The fight ballyhoo artists issued indignant statements to the effect that Brown was all wrong, and that Max was in the proverbial pink of condition.

Such pressure was brought to bear on the Commission that Brown was overruled, Baer was declared fit to fight for his life, and the contest went on as scheduled.

Baer stopped Carnera in eleven rounds. On the face of it, this put Brown and his prophecy in the discard, and the sport writers in general poked fun at Bill. But—Brown was right and they were wrong!

* * *

WHILE Baer won that fight, his condition was by no means what it should have been. He tired frequently, and on many occasions, when he slowed down in his attacks and seemed to be clowning, Max was really resting up, for the pace was telling on him.

Night life had played havoc with Baer, who looked okay outwardly, but he was not the perfectly trained gladiator who battered Schmeling down and out in the preceding year.

Nor was he in tip-top fighting form when Jim Braddock jabbed him silly and took his title away in the year following his defeat of Carnera. The vital spark was missing from his fistic makeup, and Bill Brown's earlier judgment was amply vindicated.

* * *

AS a study in contrasts between past and present, let us hark back to the first glove battle in which the heavyweight championship title was at stake under Marquis of Queensberry rules. The scene was New Orleans; the date, September 7, 1892; the principals, challenger James J. Corbett, and champion, John L. Sullivan.

Any veteran who witnessed the passing of the title from Sullivan to Corbett in the twenty-first round will tell you that the loser was hog-fat, short of breath and in no way fit to defend his crown. It is a matter of record that John L. was not knocked senseless, but dropped from sheer exhaustion, and the wonder is that he was able to keep going as long as he did.

Photographs of Sullivan published in the newspapers at that time show him as displaying a broad paunch, almost aldermanic in its proportions, especially when compared with the lithe, lean figure of Jim Corbett.

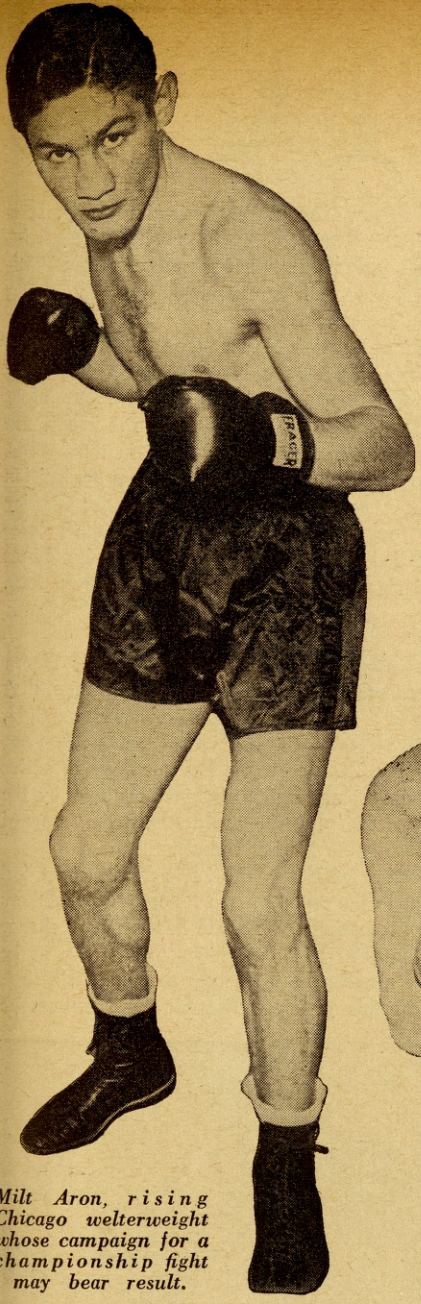
A champion, or any other scrapper for that matter, wouldn't have a Chinaman's chance of being okayed for active service today if his physical condition was on a par with that of John L. on that eventful occasion.

Sullivan was also in mediocre shape and overweight when he fought a thirty-nine-round, bare knuckles, draw under London Prize Ring rules with Charley Mitchell at Chantilly, France, on March 10, 1888.

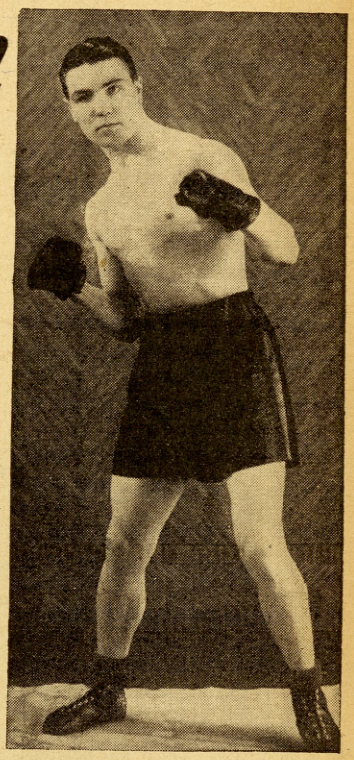
William Muldoon trained him for his battle with Jake Kilrain and with the assistance of Mike Cleary, got him into fighting form for that long, grinding battle of seventy-five rounds on the turf at Richburg, Miss., July 8, 1889. Sullivan was victor, but he was never again to come within even hailing distance of the peak of physical perfection. It was with the greatest of difficulty that Muldoon got the Boston strong boy in condition for this fight.

(Continued on page 42)

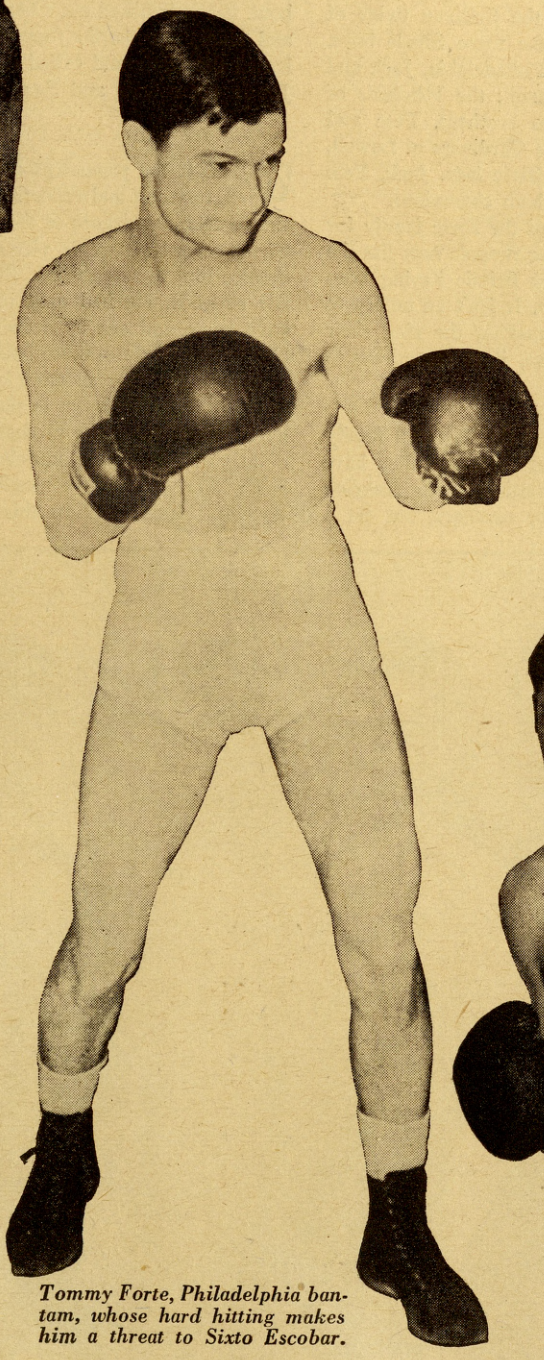
They Demand Attention



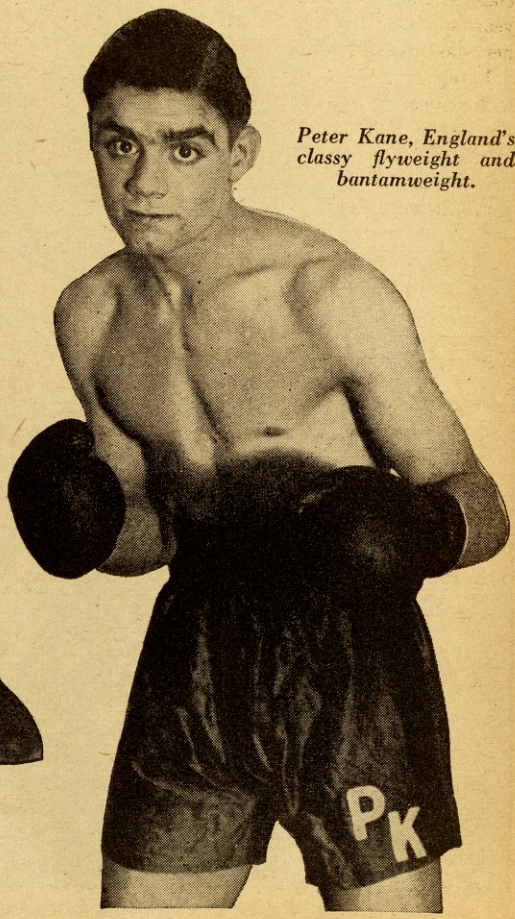
Milt Aron, rising Chicago welterweight whose campaign for a championship fight may bear result.



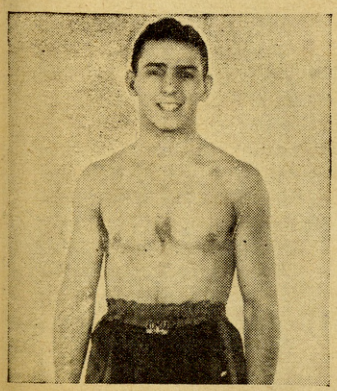
Jake Kilrain, who up to August 1 had five fights and won them all, two by knockouts. He is a Scotch welter.



Tommy Forte, Philadelphia bantam, whose hard hitting makes him a threat to Sixto Escobar.



Peter Kane, England's classy flyweight and bantamweight.



Nick Camarata, New Orleans featherweight, hot on trail of Armstrong.

The ZIVICS

THE "brother act" and family combinations of fistiana have often been reviewed but since there have been several additions to the list in recent months, it is timely to take up their cause again. In the past, several groups of brothers have been in the spotlight at one time, but at this writing there is only one that commands public attention—the Zivic boys.

There is an old saying that only one member of a family succeeds in gaining fame in pugilism and to a certain extent that holds true, but there have been cases where one or more held the spotlight. The most notable examples were those of the Gibbins boys, the Bezenak brothers of Cleveland; the Sullivan twins of Boston; Abe, Monte and Caesar Attell; the three Shade boys, Dave and Spike Sullivan; the O'Briens of Philadelphia, Jack and Young Jack; Jimmy, Alex and Johnny Darcy; the Mitchells of Milwaukee, Pinky and Ritchie; the Latzo brothers, Pete and Steve; the O'Gatty's, Packy and Jimmy; the Gardiners of Lowell, Mass., Jimmy, Billy and George; and the Zivic lads, Jack, Pete and Joe, and the Dundees, Joe and Vince, both champions.

There were only three fighting members of the Zivic family for a time, but like the old Bezenah clan, boxing records now list the names of five fighting brothers—Eddie and Fritzie having been added since the retirement of the other trio. It isn't an oddity to have two or three members of a family making the ring their vocation but when the number reaches five, it is something to arouse public interest.

* * *

UNTIL a few weeks ago, the Zivics and the Bezenah family held the record for brothers in fisticuffs, but now they have been supplanted by six young lads from Baltimore, *the Battling Finazzos,* who not only hold the mark for numbers, but set a record when they all appeared on the same card recently. It is expecting too much to think that all of the boys will make good—that would be a complete fistic upset, but if the reports from Baltimore are to be taken seriously, at least one member of the fighting family should become a top notcher.

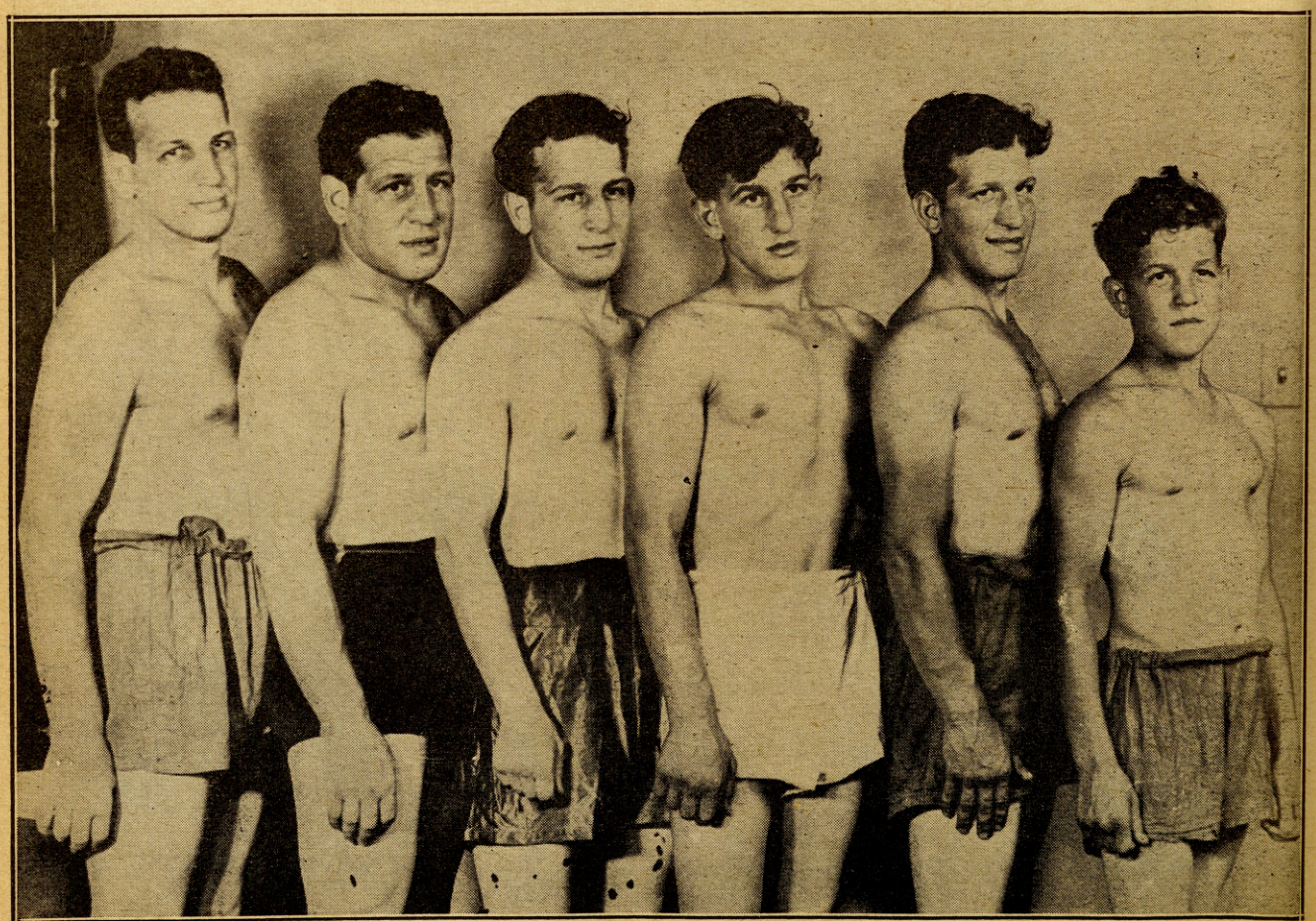
It was on August 15 at Carlin's Arena, that the six Finazzo brothers created American ring history. Never before had so many members of one family faced opponents in the ring the same night at the same club. Vic, age nineteen, is the star of the group. He tackled Bucky Taylor in the main event and won in ten rounds.

Johnny fought Johnny Longo for three rounds in a no-decision bout. Eddie knocked out Charley Hopkins in two rounds; Charley and Harry Lombardo fought for four rounds when the referee halted the affair and called it no-contest; Howard Landgraf beat Joe in six rounds and Sam knocked out Russell Baker in four.

* * *

WHILE the promoters are hunting for opposition for Henry Armstrong and reporting the field scarce of good men, they should take cognizance of the work of Fritzie Zivic, welterweight, whose record of twelve victories out of thirteen starts this year, entitles him to recognition. Brother Eddie has not been so active nor so good. He had only three fights and lost all, two by the kayo route and one by decision. Incidentally Armstrong stopped him in one of those three bouts in four rounds.

Despite the poor showing of Eddie, the Zivic family must feel proud of its achievement in the roped square. Though five brothers have donned the mitts professionally, Fritzie has the best chance of any to gain titular laurels. If he continues to improve as he has within the past six months, he is certain to get a title shot. Among Fritzie's victims this year are Frankie Blair, whom he



The six battling Finazzo brothers. Left to right—Sam, age 27; Joe, 26; Vic, 19; Eddie, 16; Jack, 21 and John, 14.

Lead the Way

By ALEX SULLIVAN

whipped in ten rounds; Harold Brown, Charley Burley, to whom he dropped a return engagement for his only loss this year after beating him in ten rounds; Phil Furr, over whom he has a three-round knockout, and Joe Lemieux, another kayo victim.

* * *

ALTHOUGH the Zivics have never won a professional title, they have annexed several amateur crowns, including an Olympic title. Luke Carney, a Pittsburgher, who handled the other Zivic boys, manages Eddie and Fritzie. He was the discoverer of Frank Moran of Mary-Ann fame.

Fritzie is the youngest in the Zivic family. Carney developed him and Eddie in California. Fritzie's first major mill was in Pittsburgh against Eddie Ran from whom he won the decision. Eddie made his start against Joey Costa in the Smoky City. He scored a knockout in ten rounds and five weeks later repeated in nine.

When Ambers was in top form just after losing the decision to Tony Canzoneri in a championship fight, Lou tackled Fritzie in a comeback battle aand instead of winning easily as had been expected, Ambers was sent to the hospital with a broken jaw. That bout cost Lou plenty of dough and a long rest!

Most fighters would have become discouraged and quit the ring had they suffered the illness that put Fritzie low in 1936. He was on his back for almost two months with pneumonia. Twice he was given blood transfusions and it took him a long time before he was sufficiently strong to resume his career. The illness cost him a shot at the winner of the Teddy Yarosz-Billy Conn battle in Pittsburgh for which Fritzie had been guaranteed $10,000. He also lost a shot at Barney Ross, a bout that had been signed by Jack Kearns.

* * *

FRITZIE was the first man to put away Tony Falco. He also stopped such stars as Harry Dublinsky, Billy Celebron and Chuck Woods. Woods at the time was fresh from a decision in an overweight match with Tony Canzoneri, then lightweight king. Johnny Jadick, once recognized as junior welter champion, was another of his victims.

Pete is the oldest of the five Zivics or the "Fighting Quintuplets" as Carney calls them. Jack is the second oldest and Joe comes third. Fritzie bought from his mother the house in which they were all born. Pete owns a saloon and dance-hall on property he purchased from his mother.

Pete and Jack won Olympic titles, the former beating Frankie Genaro, later world's flyweight champion, in the finals.

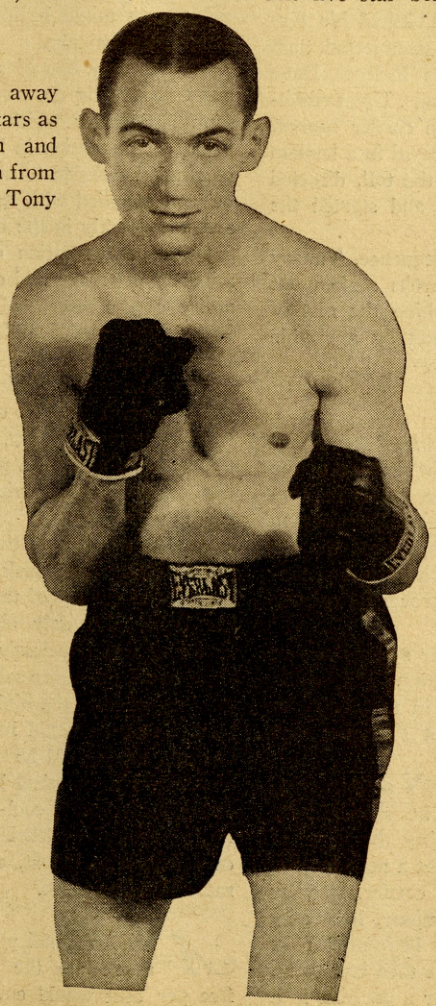
Jack retired in 1931 after ten years in the ring. He knocked out among others, Lew Tendler. He is now a deputy boxing commissioner in Pennsylvania and also in the state inheritance tax division.

Pete once defeated four bantam contenders in a row—Joe Burman; Jack Sharkey, Midget Smith and Abe Goldstein. Joe Lynch, the champion, refused to meet him.

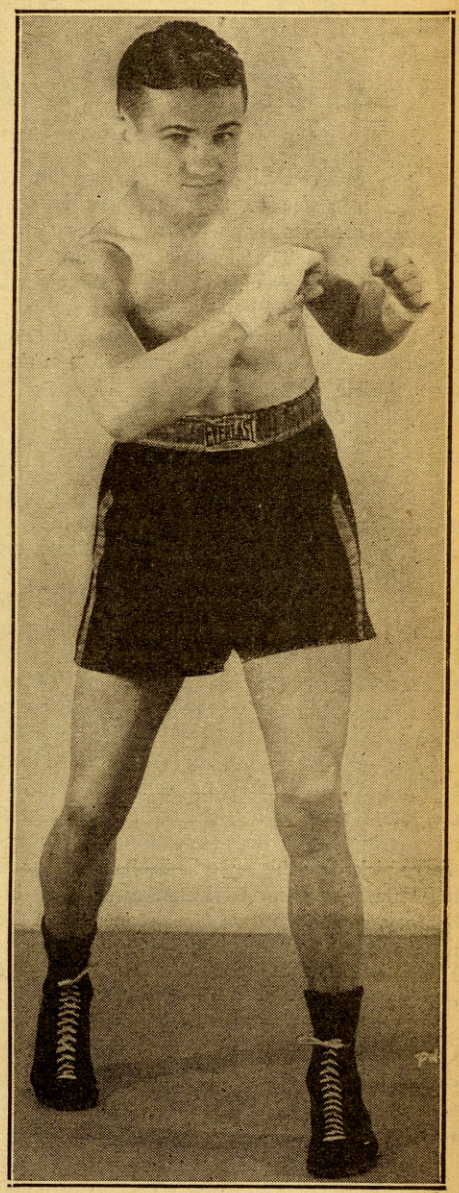
Joe was the biggest of the brothers, tipping the beam around 155 pounds. He boxed about four years, retiring largely because of a bad shoulder received while playing football. This injury also nipped a promising baseball career in the bud, for Joe played with Pie Traynor, now manager of the crack Pirates, at Petersburg, Va., which was a Pittsburgh farm. Traynor went from there to Birmingham and then to the Pirates with whom he has been for 17 years. Joe and Pie are great friends and Joe thinks he still would be playing alongside of Traynor had not the shoulder injury ruined his diamond career and handicapped his boxing.

Less than a handful of families has produced anything like five star boxers. The Moore clan from Philadelphia boasted of five fighting brothers, but not more than two of them became nationally known. The Gardners of Lowell had Jimmy, Billy and George, three stars, but the Zivics, with four out of five, lead the way in quality.

Starting with the Hyers, Jacob and Tom, way back in the past, fathers and sons have helped make boxing history. Arthur Donovan, now a New York referee, carried on after his illustrious dad, Professor Mike; Pedlar Palmer sent a son to the wars and old George Gardner, brother of Billy and Jimmy had a boy who hoped to perpetuate that grand old name but failed. Young Stribling's kid brother "Babe" also couldn't make the grade. Philadelphia Jack O'Brien was followed by a younger brother whose real name was John Thomas Augustine Hajan; and old Jimmy Britt was preceded by brother Billy.



Eddie Zivic, brother of Fritzie.



Fritzie Zivic, one of the fighting Pittsburghers who is making rapid strides as a welterweight.

The REFEREE, Target for Abuse

REGARDLESS of how long the sport of boxing shall continue to flourish, there is one date in pugilistic archives that will never be erased by the hand of time. That being the evening of September 22, 1927. A number of reasons contribute to making this one of Fistania's red letter days. For one thing, the greatest throng of humanity ever to witness a knuckle duel was on hand for the festivities. A grand total of some 104,943 persons were gathered about the ringside in Chicago's spacious Soldiers' Field. Furthermore, they dropped in the till the stupendous sum of $2,658,600 in payment for the privilege of sitting in on this swatfest.

But aside from the amazing statistical importance of this ring classic, old lady Fate herself tossed a monkey-wrench into the proceedings that will continue to make the bout a source of bitter argument even long after both attendance and financial records of the mill have passed into oblivion.

The ever popular ex-champion, Jack Dempsey, aging and past his fistic prime, fought an uphill and losing battle through six furious rounds, against his erstwhile conqueror and defending world's heavyweight champion, Gene Tunney. Then came the seventh, and Dempsey, battered and harried, suddenly flared back with a vivid display of his old ring viciousness.

Caught off guard, Tunney is stunned and hurt by that unexpected barrage. Pouring in rights and lefts, Dempsey smashed his tormentor to the floor. The crowd, stunned at the unexpected turn of events, sat in wide-mouthed astonishment as Referee Dave Barry picked up the count and tolled off four seconds. Upon reaching "four" he observed Dempsey standing in the corner nearest Tunney, rather than the farthest one. With the crowd in a bedlam now, and crying for a knockout, Barry stopped the toll, directed Dempsey to the proper corner, then came back and started the count all over again.

When Barry had reached "nine" of the new sequence, Tunney clambered to his feet, rested and with the cobwebs shaken out of his brain, proceded to give Dempsey a thrashing the rest of the way. At the end of ten rounds he had won by a sizable margin and retained his title.

* * *

IMMEDIATELY long and prolonged howls of "frameup" and "long count" reverberated to the four corners of the earth. Spectators and radio listeners alike, loudly insisted that Barry's act of stopping the count and shoving Dempsey to a neutral corner, then starting the count all over, robbed the old Manassa Mauler of a well deserved victory. It is a distinct probability, and the incident is still today the most controversial episode of all modern ring history.

Before that bout, Dave Barry was just another referee among the hundreds of ring officials throughout the country. But within a minute after the decision had been rendered in that bout, he had become famous as "Long Count" Barry, a sobriquet that he carried to a premature grave.

In the years that have come and gone, Barry's actions have been analyzed and it is generally agreed that he showed rare courage and judgment in forcing Dempsey to obey the letter of the law. Just or unjust, the rules plainly stated that a man scoring a knockdown must retire to the farthest neutral corner. In view of the fact that the crowd was rabidly pro-Dempsey, how easy it would have been for Barry to overlook this little-used rule, and in all probability let Dempsey regain the title then and there.

It takes nerve and courage for a man to render a decision in a clutch like Dave Barry was tossed into. Every referee utters a silent prayer as he climbs through the ropes, that he be spared the experience of having to render any such decision.

* * *

ARTHUR DONOVAN, recognized far and wide as the most fearless and capable referee in the business today, struck the nail squarely on the head when he said in a recent interview:

"With all due respect to the problems of arbiters in other lines of sport, I firmly believe that the task of officiating a ring contest is the most difficult of them all," he continued, "and it doesn't make any difference if the contest is between world champions or neighborhood palookas. Take football, for instance. The referee at all times has a premeditated idea of what will happen next. So it is with the baseball umpire. He has time to anticipate plays before they actually happen. He can see the pitcher wind up and toss the ball to the batter. He knows in advance that the batter will run to first base the moment he hits the ball. He is all set to follow the play before it actually occurs.

But a boxing referee has no inkling of what the next moment may bring forth. Maybe the bout will go along in a well defined groove for several rounds, then suddenly an unexpected blow lashes out. Perhaps it will land in forbidden territory. One of the contestants might be incapacitated. A world championship might hang in the balance.

This is only one of a hundred unexpected problems than can, and occasionally do, crop up. Here the referee is distinctly on the spot. No matter which way he decides, he knows there will be plenty of dissention in his choice. It not only takes an abundance of ring knowledge to make a successful ring official, but he must be well supplied with "guts" and that rare ability to think clearly and act quickly in the clutch.

With the exception of the fighters themselves and the small minority of scribes and experienced fight-goers, no one takes much notice of the referee after the bell starts the ball rolling. He is just a gray-clad individual who is swallowed up in the swift-moving tide of events.

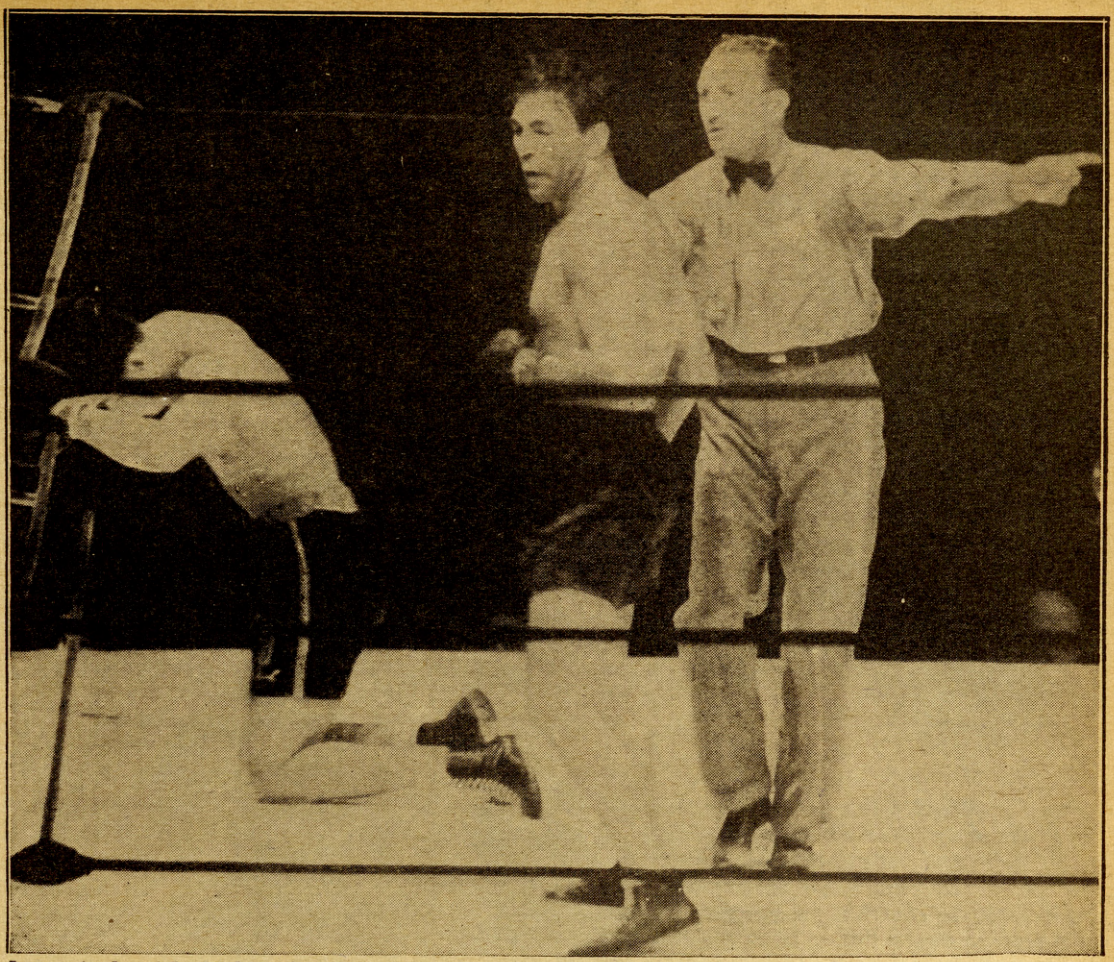
Few take notice of him until the time comes to render a difficult decision or, if he feels one of the contestants is in danger of possible permanent injury, stops a bout. This never fails to incite the anger of at least a portion of the crowd. There are those who are never satisfied with the amount of punishment some one else is taking.

A prize example of this was amply demonstrated in the Schmeling-Stribling bout back in 1931. In that bout, George Blake incurred the enmity of thousands of fans by his action of stopping the fight with only eight seconds of fighting time remaining. Stribling was hopelessly beaten, an open target for the German's right hand, one more solid smash might have resulted in a fatality, yet they cried to the high heavens when Blake stopped the unequal bout. True, he could have stood idly by, and perhaps the game Georgia boy would have been able to leave the ring without the blemish of a technical kayo written into his record. But George Blake, fearless and cool-headed, wasn't willing to risk Billy Stribling's physical well-being for the sake of saving him the stigma of a knockout defeat, even though thousands of ringsiders and radio listeners were.

* * *

A VERY small percentage of average fight followers really appreciate the importance of the referee. . . . I'd say five per cent would cover them all. This small minority knows that the referee, unless he is absolutely fearless and honest, can

By T. W. McNIEL



It required quick thinking for the referee when Joe Louis kneeled helpless against the ropes in his first fight with Max Schmeling. Referee Arthur Donovan was equal to the occasion.

be a very decisive factor in bringing about defeat or victory for the man he decided to aid or hinder. He can very easily let one of the men get away with little infractions of the rules such as clubbing, heeling, thumbing, etc. Infractions that the average spectator doesn't care about, or, likely as not, is ignorant of.

Take thumbing, for instance. Here one fighter keeps trying to jab his thumb in his opponent's eyes, though to ringsiders it looks for all the world like a legitimate jab. Clubbing consists of a fighter feigning a missed blow and rapping his forearm across his opponent's neck with nerve-deadening effect.

How many times have you seen one boxer launch an uppercut at his opponent with the palm of the glove facing forward? Well, chances are you have seen a neat bit of heeling. The blow itself isn't particularly dangerous, but rasping the glove laces across the other fellow's mug doesn't hurt . . . . the glove.

It is also very easy for a referee to favor one fighter's style to the disadvantage of another. If one boy specializes in long range warfare, he can easily see to it that there is no close quarter short-arm milling. And the next time you sit in on a fight program, take note of how little hauling and tugging the capable referee engages in. Watch how he breaks up a clinch by simply tapping the fighters on the back. Yet, if he so desired, he could rough up one in shoving him loose from the clinch or momentarily holding one arm while the other shot over a telling blow.

Today's supervised boxing prevents such action. Legalized boxing has gone a long ways in stamping out this form of vice on the referee's part.

* * *

YOU don't have to be a gray-haired fight fan to remember back to the days when barnstorming champions carried their own referee along with them to be sure they were "done right by" in their various bouts. Commission-supervised boxing came into being back in 1920, and modern fight methods date from that time. One of the major "musts" of modern boxing is that all referees see to it that there is no uncalled for brutality. When one fighter is hopelessly outclassed, it is the duty of the third man to halt the fight, regardless of whether John Fan likes it or not. This one feature of commission-supervised boxing has taken a long step forward in eliminating that eye-sore of pugilism . . . . punch-drunkenness.

I have a keen remembrance of a heavyweight contest staged in Fort Worth, Tex., back in 1920, between Carl Morris, huge relic of the original "white hope" days, and Sully Montgomery, a clean-cut youngster fresh from gridiron fame at little Centre College. Sully, young and strong and fired with ambition, fought his famous opponent to a standstill for half a dozen rounds, but in the seventh Morris hooked a vicious left to the eye that laid open a gash to the bone.

Blood spurted from the wound and in a minute both men were tinted with crimson. There was nothing to do but award the fight to Morris. It would have been suicidal to have permitted it to go on.

Sully pleaded tearfully to let the bout go on and the crowd howled long and loud its displeasure at the referee halting the evening's entertainment. But the referee stood pat, and Sully Montgomery had tasted the first of what was to eventually be many defeats.

In his dressing room, Sully was crying his heart out. He thought his ring career was blasted for good. It never occurred to him that the best of 'em taste just this sort of thing sooner or later.

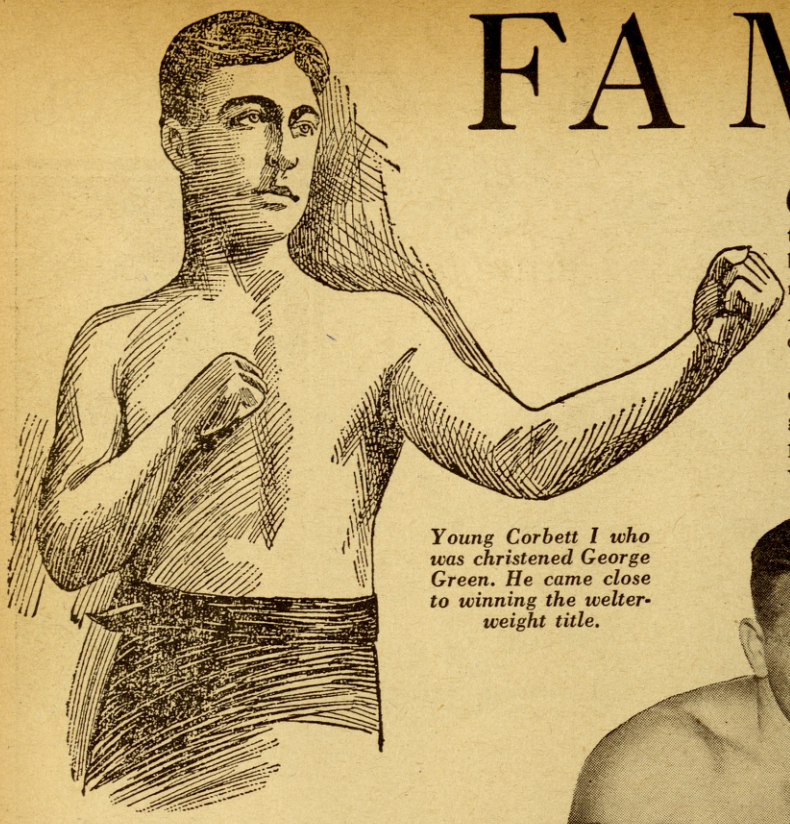
Later the referee strolled into the room and told the crestfallen youngster, "Nobody wins all of 'em, Sully, and I was helping you tonight instead of hindering you. Tomorrow's another day, kid, and you'll go places yet."

Sully Montgomery didn't go as far as he gave promise of doing in those days, but that one setback didn't ruin him. Had not the referee stopped that bout with Morris, though, it is conceivable that the youngster might never have fought again.

* * *

AND don't get the idea that refereeing is a shortcut to financial independence. Two hundred dollars is the fee for a championship bout. For a fight grossing $20,000 or better the fee is an even hundred bucks. Twenty-five dollars is the fee for a fight drawing less than $1,500. And this includes handling the entire card. In championship tilts, two or three men handle the preliminary work, and Mr. Referee *(Continued on page 33)*

FAMOUS



Young Corbett I who was christened George Green. He came close to winning the welterweight title.

"WHAT'S in a name?" demanded the esteemed Bard of Avon. Our old pal, Bill Shakespeare, not being around at the present time to supply an answer to his query, it isn't out of order to suggest that, so far as pugilism is concerned, the thus slighted moniker possesses a helluva lot of box office importance. Also, ring traditions handed down to us shine in the reflected glory of names borne by the great masters of fisticuffs whose fame is a matter of historical record.

It has long been a custom with ambitious young boxers to adopt the cognomens of former celebrated fighters whom they had either seen in action, or read, or heard about, and conceived admiration for. Any veteran ring patron can look back through the years and recollect witnessing the debuts of numerous "Young Walcotts," "McGoverns," "McCoys," and so on, ad lib; the said debuts usually being followed by downfalls on the part of the wearers of those proud nom-de-plumes.

The writer remembers the imposing ring entry of a ponderous heavyweight announced as "Young John L. Sullivan." The original John L. was noted for swift battle-finishes. The imitation lived up to the speed-legend of his great prototype, with a reverse English angle tacked on to the performance. Young John took one awful soak on the muzzle and went out like a wind-doused candle. Time, forty seconds!

But as a general thing boxers have steered clear of a John L. alias, maybe because they figured it a bit too strenuous to live up to. There have been other members of the Sullivan clan who proved themselves topnotch scrappers, notably Spike and Dave Sullivan, the Sullivan twins, Jack and Mike, and "Brooklyn" Tommy Sullivan, but these won recognition solely through individual merit, without finding it needful to invoke the magic of the family name. They were fighters whose ability kept them in the spotlight.

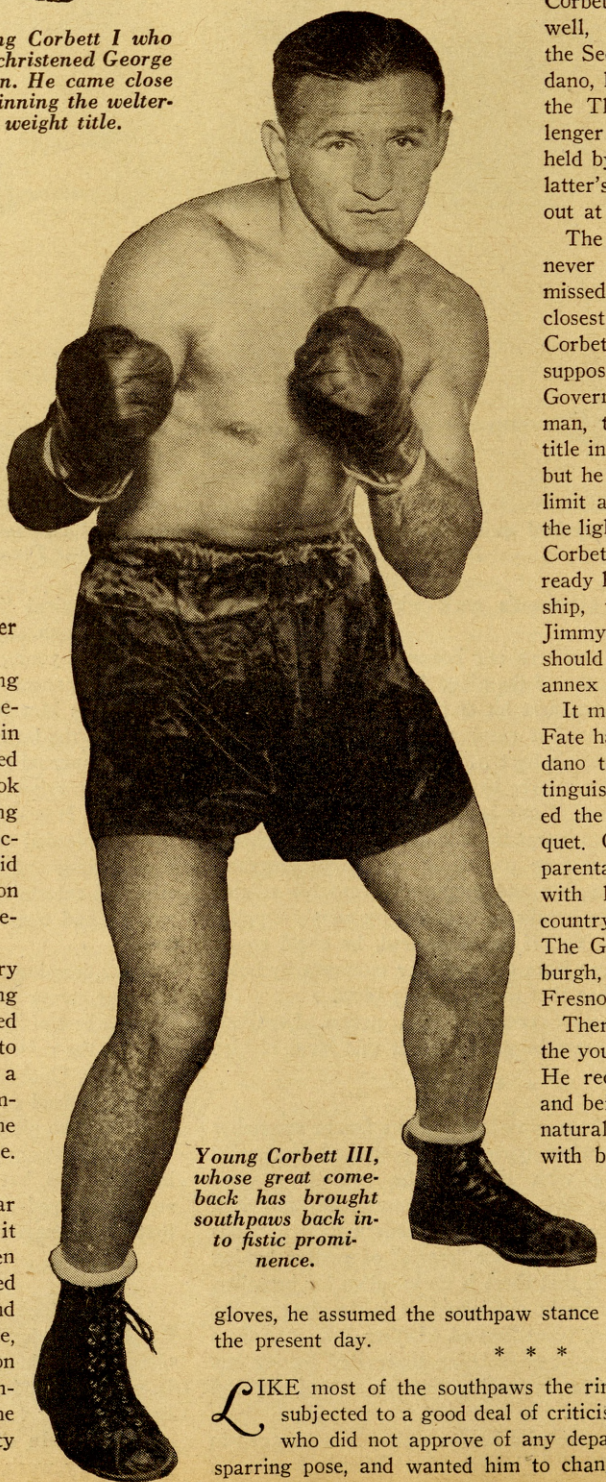
OLDTIMER Tom Sharkey only just missed being a champ, but in later years the world's heavyweight title went to Jack Sharkey, another ex-gob, whose baptismal handle was John Coccoskey, something he might well be excused for not carrying into ring circles. And, of course, there were "Jack" and "Jackie" Sharkey, each of whom attained prominence in the bantam division.

To the late James J. Corbett belongs the distinction of having his name selected for ring use by a trio of gladiators, each of whom cut a wide swathe in the pugilistic harvest during his time and generation. These were respectively, George Green, known as "Young Corbett, the First"; Billy Rothwell, tabbed "Young Corbett, the Second"; and Raffaele Giordano, hailed as "Young Corbett, the Third"; now leading challenger for the middleweight title held by Freddy Steele, until the latter's recent one round knockout at the hands of Al Hostak.

The first "Young Corbett" never won a title, but he only missed being welter king by the closest kind of a shave. "Young Corbett II" knocked out the supposedly invincible Terry McGovern, and many another good man, to win the featherweight title in 1901 at Hartford, Conn., but he soon outgrew the feather limit and he and Terry entered the lightweight division. "Young Corbett III, however, has already held the welter championship, which he later lost to Jimmy McLarnin, and if he should whip Al Hostak, will annex the middleweight crown.

It may well be, therefore, that Fate has selected Raffaele Giordano to shine as the most distinguished of the trio that adopted the "Young Corbett" sobriquet. Corbett III is of Italian parentage and birth. He came with his progenitors to this country when an infant in arms. The Giordanos settled in Pittsburgh, Pa., but later moved to Fresno, California.

There, in the grape country, the youngster grew to manhood. He received a good education, and being a muscular, agile kid, naturally turned to athletics, with boxing as a favorite pastime. He was a crackerjack amateur, packing an ugly kayo wallop, and from the first time he donned the gloves, he assumed the southpaw stance which he has retained to the present day.



Young Corbett III, whose great comeback has brought southpaws back into fistic prominence.

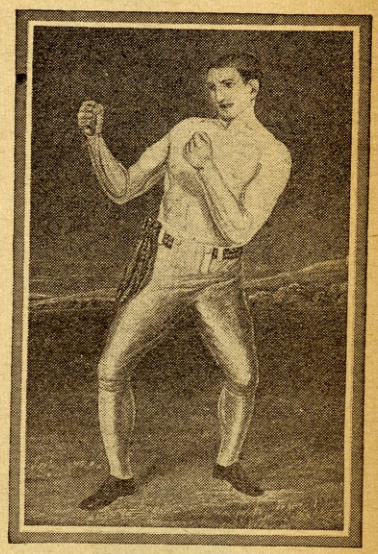
* * *

LIKE most of the southpaws the ring has produced, he was subjected to a good deal of criticism by experienced boxers who did not approve of any departure from the orthodox sparring pose, and wanted him to change his methods. But the

SOUTHPAWS

Young Corbett III Among Those Who Have Achieved Fame in Pugilism—Bendigo First to Depart From Orthodox Style—Brouillard and Al McCoy, World Champions

By A. D. PHILLIPS



"Bold" Bendigo the first southpaw in pugilism.

right-hand-and-foot-extended stance suited the criticized one, and as he went along winning battles in his own way, he could see no reason for switching his style.

When a certain style "comes natural" to a boxer it's usually fatal to his chances of success to persuade him into tackling opponents along different lines. You know what generally happens when some well-meaning but misguided person tries to turn a slam-bang rushing scrapper into a clever boxer, or vice versa. "Let well enough alone," is a pretty good motto to go by in all such cases.

The first southpaw to attain national prominence in the prize ring was William Thompson, better known in bareknuckle chronicles as "Bendigo." He was twice heavyweight champion, winning the title in 1839 from Jem Burke, retiring in 1840, and registering a comeback five years later, when he defeated Ben Caunt, after two hours and ten minutes of savage milling, and was again crowned king of the big fellows.

Bendigo, like all of his successors who departed from orthodox ways of boxing, was frequently criticized by experts who turned up scornful noses as they watched his apparently clumsy gyrations between the ropes. But there was no denying his ability to score victories, and ex-champion heavyweight "Gentleman" Jackson, supreme scientist and ring arbiter of his day, rendered a non-disputable verdict in Bendigo's favor as he commented:

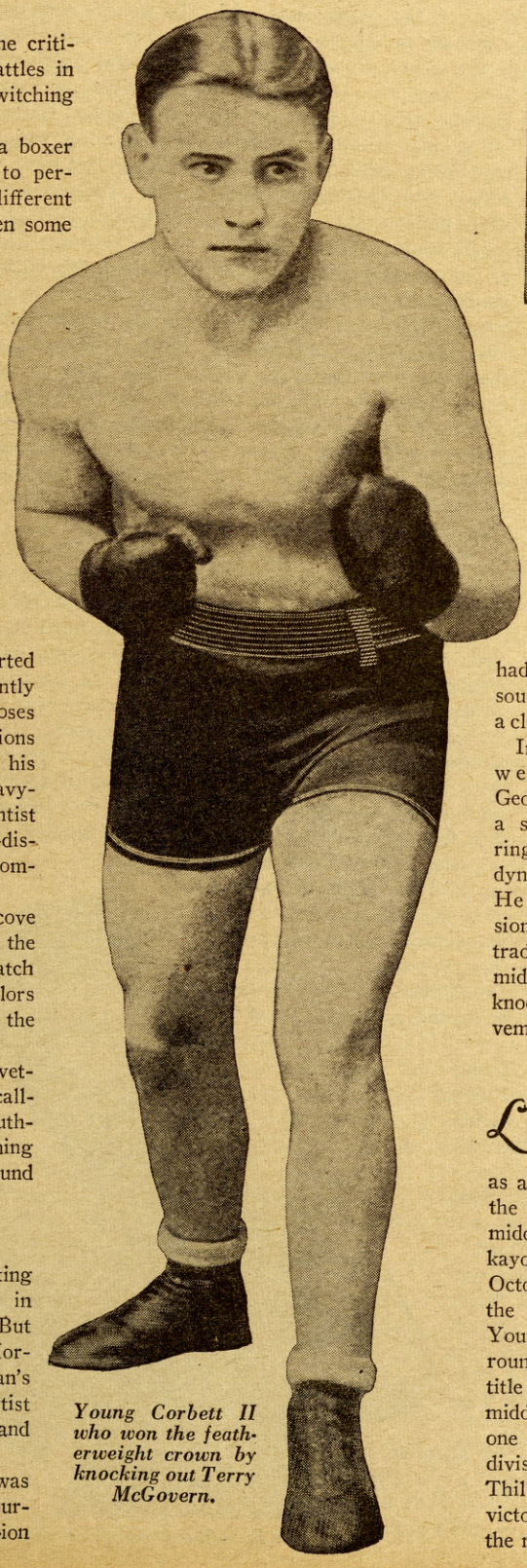
"When it's nature's own way for a milling cove to put the last foot first, and lead off with the right mawley, 'tis best to let him toe the scratch as he sees best. Bendigo's old blue birdseye colors are waving masthead-high, and I haven't seen the fellow yet that can haul them down!"

History has a way of repeating itself, and veteran ring patrons will have no difficulty in recalling how close "Knockout" Brown, famous southpaw, came to kayoing Ad Wolgast, and winning the lightweight championship title in a ten round battle before a New York club in 1911.

* * *

MANY sticklers for conventional boxing methods deplored Brown's insistence in adhering to the "right-hand-out" attitude. But Brown's astute manager, the inimitable Dan Morgan, was quite content with the little Dutchman's unorthodox performances. Brown was a real artist at the game of belting 'em out in quick order, and Dan wisely refused to interfere with him.

Lew Tendler, the Philadelphia lightweight, was another "knock-'em-dead" southpaw who flourished while Benny Leonard reigned as champion



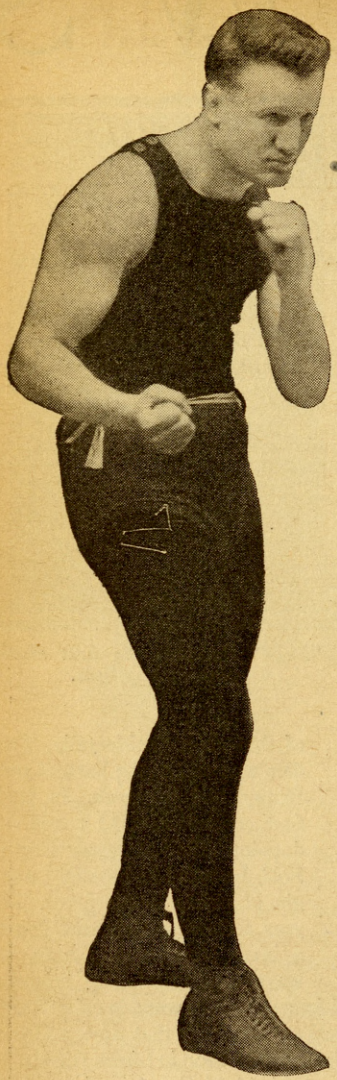
Young Corbett II who won the featherweight crown by knocking out Terry McGovern.

of that class. Incidentally, Tendler was one of the hardest nuts Benny had to crack. In their first encounter, a 12 round, no decision affair at Jersey City in 1922, Leonard had a slight margin of points in his favor. The year following they met before a New York club. Benny, always a deep-thinking scientist, had figured out the ways to offset Lew's southpaw attack by that time, and won a clean-cut decision in fifteen rounds.

In 1914 Al McCoy won the middleweight championship by kayoing George Chip in one round. McCoy was a southpaw, deceptively clumsy in a ring, but possessed a wallop that was dynamically effective when it landed. He took some bad beatings in no decision bouts, but his endurance was extraordinary, and he held on to the middleweight title until Mike O'Dowd knocked him out in six rounds on November 14, 1917.

* * *

LOU BROUILLARD is another southpaw who gained fistic fame. The Worcester boy who as a welterweight cut quite a figure in the roped square, won the American middleweight championship when he kayoed Ben Jeby in seven rounds. On October 23, 1931 Brouillard carried off the welterweight crown by defeating Young Jack Thompson in fifteen rounds in Boston and later he lost the title to Jackie Fields and entered the middleweight division. Brouillard was one of the outstanding fighters in both divisions. In his fights with Marcel Thil in Paris, he was on the verge of victory on two occasions only to have the middleweight crown snatched from



Al McCoy, another southpaw who won the middleweight crown.

him through claims of foul.

Had any of the southpaws discussed above yielded to adverse criticism to the extent of changing their system of attack and defense, none of them would probably have lasted long enough in the biffing business to be classed as star performers.

Whether Young Corbett III profited by studying the history of his predecessors in southpaw milling is unknown to the writer. In any case his own common sense would probably have been enough to hinder him from trying rash experiments while the guns he served were shelling his opponents into defeat.

His many brilliant victories as an amateur attracted the attention of the veteran lightweight, "Fighting Dick" Hyland, who foresaw an assured future for the youngster, and induced him to turn professional. How well the Italian youth vindicated Hyland's judgment in this respect is a matter of record.

* * *

STARTING as a pro in 1929 he fought twenty-eight times up to the end of 1932, winning all but one engagement, the exception being when Paulie Walker held him to a ten round draw. During that time Young Corbett III tried hard to get a shot at the welterweight title, but this was denied him.

Yet in 1930 he demonstrated his superiority over Jackie Fields, who wore the welter crown and Young Jack Thompson, the colored lad who dethroned Fields. In each case the decision went to Corbett by a wide margin, but as both matches were overweight engagements, the coveted title was not at stake.

Fields regained the welter title, and Corbett met and decisively whipped him in 1933, thereby winning the championship of the class.

It was in the same year that Young Corbett III experienced his first ring disaster. Defending his title against Jimmy McLarnin, he was kayoed in the opening round. It was a totally unexpected finish, for at the moment when the knockout came home, Corbett was outfighting the hard-hitting Irishman.

Where Corbett made his mistake was in thinking that McLarnin was "right hand crazy." He had been told to watch out for the Celt's right auctioneer, but nobody had warned him that McLarnin carried dynamite in his left as well. That little error was his undoing.

While he was concentrating all his attention on McLarnin's right, the latter whipped across a left hook to the chin that dropped Corbett for a nine count. He was up at "four," but groggy and helpless, after taking a second knockdown, and a third whizzing left on the jaw to put him down for "keeps."

* * *

THE unexpected defeat by McLarnin disgusted Corbett to such a degree that he was almost ready to hang up the gloves and quit the game. But better counsels prevailed in the end, he scored three victories the year following, Mickey Walker being among his victims. He had developed into a middleweight, and in 1935, lost a ten round verdict to Lou Brouillard.

This time he did actually retire from the ring, and became a trooper in the state police. Before he turned professional boxer Corbett had been in the insurance business, and had often said he would return to it when his ring days were over. But there was a spice of adventure in the life of a trooper, and adventure appealed to a real fighting man, such as he was, so the police lure won.

Yet not for long did Young Corbett III resist the call of the roped arena. He had always been a great favorite with California fans, a great majority of whom insisted that he was as good as ever he had been, and he was soon back in fighting harness. He hadn't forgotten the trick of winning either, for from 1936 to December, 1937, he fought nine times, and dropped but one decision.

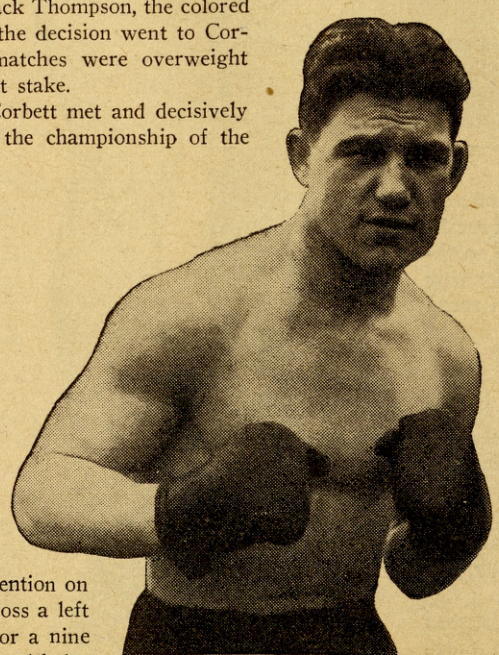
On February 22, 1938, he beat Fred Apostoli in ten rounds and followed this up by whipping Jack Burke and Glen Lee. It was these victories which gained him the rating of leading challenger in the middleweight ranks, and the right to dispute the class title with Al Hostak.

The latter is rated by Jack Dempsey as the greatest middleweight since Ketchel was cock of the roost. The ex-heavyweight champion pays Young Corbett III the compliment of ranking him as the only middleweight who has a chance to beat Hostak, principally because the Fresno veteran is a southpaw, and therefore, doubly dangerous.

* * *

ELEVEN years ago, the short, stout figure of Billy Rothwell—"Young Corbett the Second"—was familiar to all frequenters of the Great White Way. He died in his native city of Denver, Col., on April 10, 1927, from a heart attack. His fighting career was spectacular while it lasted, and it spread over a pretty lengthy period, for his first battle stands listed in 1897, and his final ring engagement was in 1907, when he was kayoed by Kid Sullivan in Baltimore.

He was a colorful scrapper, a foxy ring general, and his right hand was loaded with knockout powders. Whether he hooked, swung, or jolted with that right on an opponent's jaw, the result for the smitten party was much akin to getting kicked by an army mule. His left was also effective, and he was an unusually acute judge of distance.



Lou Brouillard, who held the welterweight and middleweight titles.

In fact, Young Corbett II may be said to have had most of the qualities needed to make a champion, although he never actually occupied a fistic throne. The greatest feat of his life was the knocking out of Terry McGovern at Hartford, Conn., in two rounds. To the fight fans of the period that event was a sort of fistic earthquake.

McGovern was worshipped by a legion of admirers with equal ferver to that shown by the multitudes that considered John L. Sullivan invincible. The Denverite was utterly unknown to a majority of Eastern fight patrons, and even out through the middle west, Young Corbett wasn't rated as future championship material. He had punched out quite a few opponents, but on the other hand, he had been rocked to sleep by Benny Yanger and Kid Broad, and there were always suspicions existing as to whether he was entirely game.

The late Bat Masterson told me that he had seen *(Continued on page 44)*

THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES

Pedro Montanez

BORN in Cayey, Puerto Rico, April 24, 1914. Weight 138 pounds. Height, 5 feet 5 inches. Spanish-Jewish extraction. Managed by Lew Burston. Made his debut in New York October 16, 1935 at Star Casino. Has lost only one fight since then, to Lou Ambers, for lightweight title on Carnival of Champions' card.

Before coming to the states, fought in native land and in Paris where he was the fistic sensation as a lightweight. Began his professional career in 1930. Started out with six successive victories. Then finding no competition, sailed for Venezuela. There disposed of Franz Dubels, Germany's lightweight king; Meliton Aragon, lightweight champ of Venezuela. Won Puerto Rican championship by defeating Emilio Morris.

Went to Europe in 1934. Fought in Barcelona and Madrid winning all his bouts by knockouts, including victory over Mico, Spanish lightweight king, in two rounds. Scored eight consecutive victories in Paris and gained an international reputation.

Followed that with victory over Tommy Dourlays, George Odwell and Harry Brooks in London. At Milan, stopped Carlo Orlando, champion of Italy in tenth round. Carlo also was European title holder at the time. Wound up European stay with a sensational ten round draw with Saverio Turiello. In all scored twenty victories abroad.

Started New York campaign with Steve Haliako as opponent. Stopped former Olympic boxer in three rounds. Stopped Joey Greb in two, Johnny Morro in four, Jack Stanley in three, Joey Zodda in one and Jimmy Murray in five. Beat Al Roth, Joey Costa, Aldo Spoldi, Leonard Del Genio, Frankie Klick and Eddie Brink among others—all top flight fighters.

In 1937, gained the ranking lightweight contender's post. Rolled up long string of knockouts, among his victims being Joe La Fucci, 2; Al Dunbar, 1; Nick Pastore, 7; Eddie Ran, 6; Phil Baker, 6; Wesley Ramey, 1; Fred Cochrane, 2; Lew Massey, 3; Joe Straiges, 4; Joe Pennino, 3. Won that year from Enrico Venturi in 15 rounds and beat Lou Ambers in over-weight match in ten rounds. Was defeated by Ambers in return engagement for lightweight crown on Carnival of Champions' card in fifteen rounds.

Started a comeback after several months layoff and has done well. Back in fistic spotlight. Beat Tommy Speigel in 10; Norment Quarles in 10; drew with Tommy Cross in 10 and knocked out Ray Napolitano in 3.

Began new campaign for recognition as lightweight and welterweight contender by stopping Orville Drouillard in five rounds in Madison Square Garden on August 24. Proved that he is ready for the top notches again. Has saved most of his money and invested it in business in New York's Harlem district and in his native land.

Is a colorful performer, a hard hitter and one of the best club fighters in the game. Of the boring-in school. Excellent body puncher.

Measurements of Pedro Montanez

Age, 24 years; height, 5 feet 5 inches; weight, 136 pounds; reach, 68 inches; chest, (normal), 36 inches; chest, (expanded), 38½ inches; neck, 15¼ inches; waist, 29½ inches; thigh, 20½ inches; biceps, 12½ inches; forearm, 11¼ inches; calf, 14½ inches; ankle 8 inches; wrist, 8¾ inches; fist, 11¼ inches.

Ceferino Garcia

BORN in Manila, August 26, 1910. Weight, 147; height, 5 feet 7 inches. Largest Filipino fighter to appear in the United States. Learned to fight as a kid. Colorful, hard hitter. Inventor of the Bolo Punch. Has long knockout string. Ranking welterweight. Fought Barney Ross for title in 1937 Carnival of Champions' card, but lost in sensational battle. Gave Ross his most thrilling and toughest fight.

Swings a tough right-hand punch with the same motion he used when slashing the bolo knife across a tough stalk of sugar cane while helping his father. That's how he perfected the bolo punch. Started career in Manila. Father got into many brawls and young Garcia aided in these street fights. Attended public school and went through first year in high school. Worked in a cigar factory in Manila. Quit after two years to take up professional boxing.

Came to America to earn funds to care for his sister whom he put through the Far Eastern University. Married a German-American girl, Evangeline Gerger. Started his career as a flyweight and got $1.50 for first fight. His biggest purse in Manila was $600. Managed by George Parnassus, a Greek who took charge of him when Jess Cortez, his first American manager, left for Australia in 1933. Operated a restaurant in Los Angeles for a year.

Has engaged in about 180 battles. Early in American career lost twice in ten rounders to Young Corbett then started climb that has brought him to top among contenders. Was knocked out by Freddie Steele in 1932 in two rounds. Knocked out by Kid Azteca in eight, following year. And by Young Peter Jackson in 1935 in 3. Those are his only black marks, though he lost a number of fights to such good ring men as Kid Azteca, Eddie Ran, on a foul; Andy Callahan, Bep Van Klavern, Al Manfredo, Barney Ross, three times, twice in ten rounds and once in title bout, also lost to Glen Lee.

Among his victories are those over King Tut, Grace Meyers, Baby Joe Gans, Tommy Herman, Andy Divodi, Joe Glick, Bobby Pacho, Paulie Walker, Bep Van Klavern, Gordon Wallace, Leon Zorrita, Cleto Locatelli, George Salvadore, Phil Furr, Glen Lee and Mickey Serrian.

He knocked out Baby Joe Gans, twice, once in one and again in three rounds and turned the trick on Chief Paris in four; Manuel Victoria four; Mickey Serrian in two. Avenged the knockout by Kid Azteca by putting the Mexican away in five in a return engagement. Fought a good draw with Izzy Jannazzo in Garden in which all three officials disagreed on the verdict.

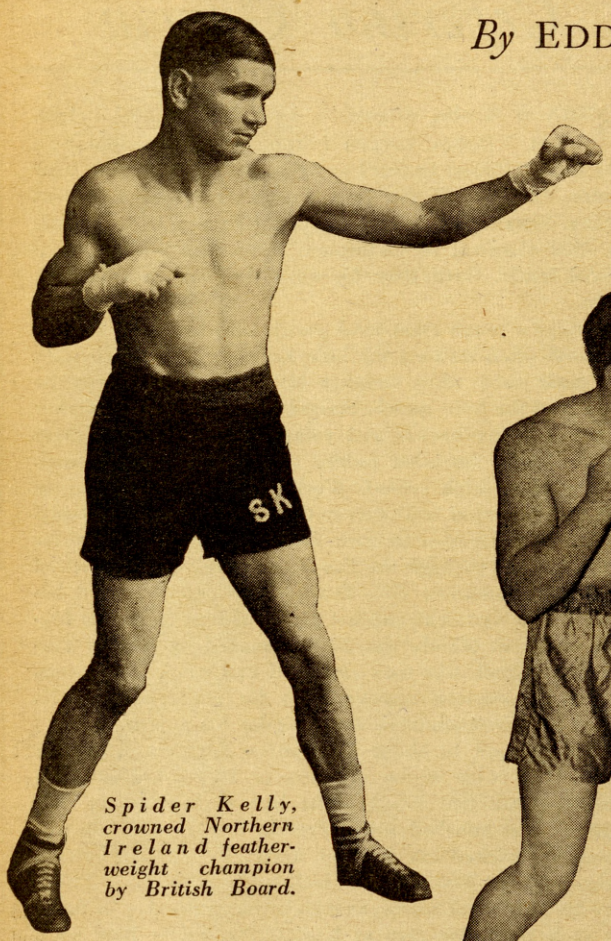
Is a husky chap, quiet, unassuming. Likes sports of all kinds. His greatest ambition is to win the world title and return to Manila with it to receive from the House of Representatives a gold belt such as was awarded to Pancho Villa, the first Filipino to win a world crown.

Measurements of Ceferino Garcia

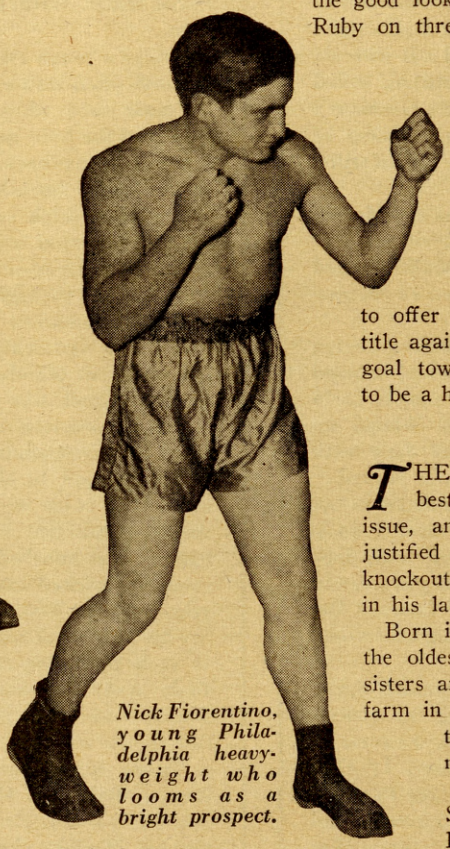
Age, 27 years; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 146 pounds; reach, 71 inches; chest, (normal), 37½ inches; chest, (expanded), 41 inches; neck, 15½ inches; waist, 30 inches; thigh, 20½ inches; biceps, 13¼ inches; forearm, 11½ inches; calf, 14¼ inches, ankle, 9 inches; wrist, 7 inches; fist, 11¼ inches.

NEW FACES

By EDDIE MERRILL



Spider Kelly, crowned Northern Ireland featherweight champion by British Board.



Nick Fiorentino, young Philadelphia heavyweight who looms as a bright prospect.

LITTLE did the folk of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, dream that some day a young fighter would put that burg on the map, yet that is just what has happened for from its environs has emerged Tony Dupre to punch his way to the forefront of leading challengers for the world bantamweight title and now Pittsfield gets into print everytime Tony fights.

Just past his twenty-first birthday, Dupre places his application for recognition as the leading 118 pounder in the country today, with an assorted list of names of the fighters he has whipped, which includes such stalwarts as Joey Archibald, Lou Geyinson, Petey Scalzo, Al Mancini, Johnny Compo, Armanda Sicilia, and Baby Manuel among others.

Now residing in Manchester, New Hampshire, Tony has hurled a defi into the teeth of champion Sixto Escobar for a crack at his coveted crown, with very little success. Until Sixto heeds his challenge, the young man who has been so ably handled by Manager Al Lefebvre, expects to continue to sweep aside all other challengers until he alone of the worthies, is left. It is the only way Dupre knows of forcing the champion into the same ring with him.

As an amateur, Tony won 24 out of 25 fights before he decided to turn professional a little less than three years ago. He has been a busy campaigner in the monied ranks, having engaged in approximately 85 bouts to date, and has seen but three decisions rendered against him in his compilation of that marvelous record.

Beaten by Ruby Bradley, Georgie Holmes, and Al Reid, the good looking New Hampshire boy turned the tables on Ruby on three different occasions and has never succeeded in getting Holmes or Reid into the same ring with him after.

A well built, well mannered, nice looking kid, Tony is recognized by the National Boxing Association as the New England State bantamweight and featherweight champion. Incidentally, Tony whipped Archibald for the State 126 pound crown, the same fighter who is now recognized as the leading challenger in that division.

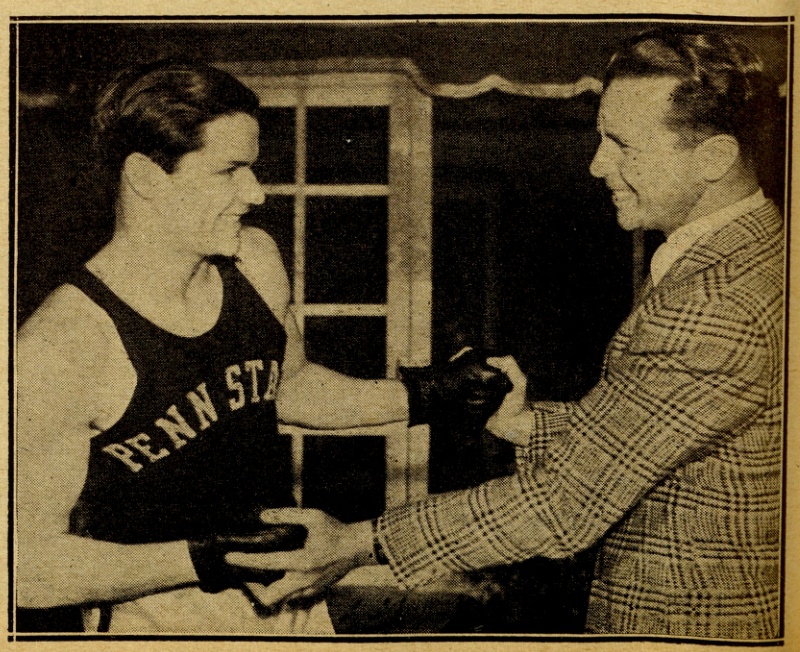
Manager Lefebvre informs me that he is ready to offer Escobar a substantial guarantee to defend the title against his charge. And with the crown at stake, a goal towards which Dupre is fighting, Tony is going to be a hard man to whip.

* * *

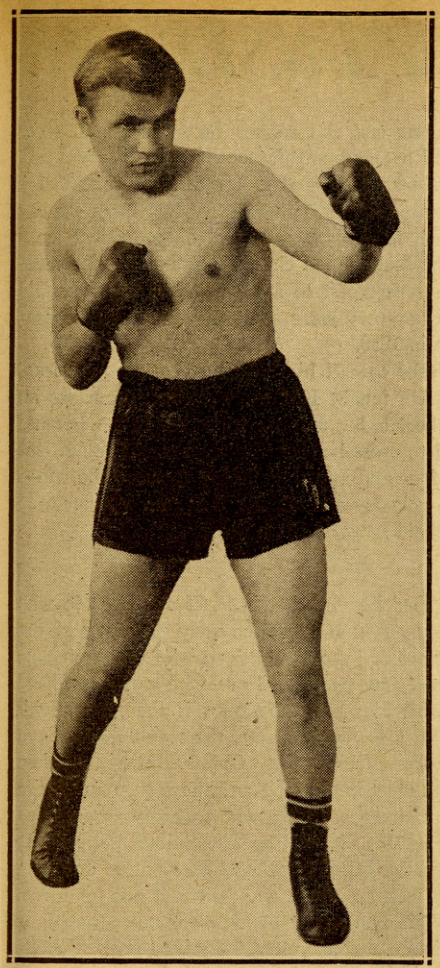
THE RING Magazine named Nick Fiorentino the best heavyweight prospect of the month in the last issue, and the hard-hitting Italian from Philadelphia justified our confidence in him by turning in a smashing knockout victory over the highly touted Jim Robinson in his last start.

Born in the Quaker City on January 2, 1919, Nick is the oldest of a family of children that includes three sisters and a younger brother. He went to work on a farm in New Jersey to help his poor parents, and the type of labor built for the boy a body that is made of tempered steel.

Early in 1937, Fiorentino walked into the Seymour Athletic Club and asked for Frank Palermo, who was in charge of amateur boxing.



Billy Soose, former Penn State Intercollegiate middleweight champion who is doing well as a pro. Here he is seen with Dick Powell, screen star, his manager.



Tony Dupre, one of America's best bantamweights.

Whitest, a neighborhood rival, and he was say he was afraid of Jim if he did not show up.

In a three man class, Whitest drew a bye and Fiorentino went on to knock out his first opponent before meeting Big Jim in the finals. Nick was knocked down for a count in the first round but got up to score a victory in a really sensational slugfest. The victory earned him the Golden Glove title.

Soon after Nick was invited to fight on an American team going to Sweden. The Philadelphian scored two knockouts but lost a decision in the final bout to the champion of Europe. Back in Philadelphia, Fiorentino continued his sensational amateur fighting and closed his simon-pure career without ever having lost a fight in the Quaker City.

The boy turned professional in March of 1938 and has had only 10 fights since. Undefeated, he has belted out nine of these opponents, with six knockouts coming in the first round. Knocking out Jim Robinson in 7 rounds in his last fight serves warning that the protege of Frank Palermo is ready for bigger and better things.

* * *

ANOTHER fast rising youngster in the heavyweight ranks is Elza Thompson, Indianapolis former Golden Gloves sectional champion for two consecutive years, and member of Chicago's International team in 1936. A fine amateur, Elza was forced to take on good opposition when he turned to

He told Frank that he wanted to try his hand at the game of fisticuffs. He was entered in the sub novice heavyweight division of the Inquirer A.A. tournament, and won in that section. His victory earned for him a trip to New York where the Golden Gloves were in progress. He reached the finals and lost in the match that would have made him the champion. It was his only defeat in ten simon-pure starts.

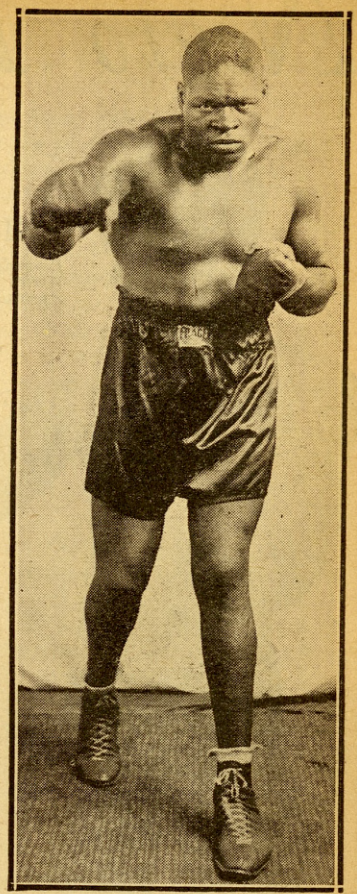
Nick went back to the farm during that summer and entered the Philadelphia Daily News Golden Gloves. He developed a bad cold before the final bouts of the tournament and was advised to withdraw from competition by the doctor. But Nick had always wanted to meet Jim

the professional ring, and whipped an experienced fighter in Salvatore Ruggirello in his first start.

In Thompson, Indianapolis has developed one of the most feared young heavyweights in the country. He is being personally advised by Jack Blackburn and is trained by Hiawatha Gray, who also received his early schooling from the man who is responsible for much of the success of Joe Louis.

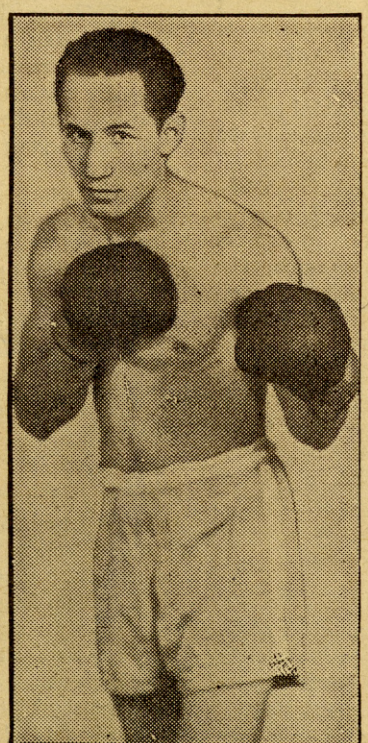
The colored giant is a tremendous figure of a man who can move with the agility of a cat. He is a good puncher and can box with uncanny ability. Alex Kettles, Cowboy Edgren, Ed Murray, and Ray Louder among others have been the victims of his bombing fists, and among the boys he has decisioned we find the names of George Masseli, Blondy Ryan, and Gene Bonin.

At this writing, Thompson has lost but one decision, a questionable verdict to big Abe Simon. Elza has been after a return bout since, and has also announced his willingness to meet fighters like



Elza Thompson, former Golden Gloves champion from Indianapolis, who is now fighting as a heavyweight in the pro field.

Jorge Brescia, Harry Thomas, Red Burman, Buddy Knox and others. Thompson has never hand-picked an opponent and stands ready to meet the best in the game.



Jack Sena, Los Angeles welterweight, a former amateur star.

* * *

THE British Boxing Board of Control, which is operative in Northern Ireland, has officially designated Spider Kelly of Derry, as the featherweight champion of that sector, and they have but to point to his record for justification of their act.

Kelly is invariably described as the "fighter with the Fred Astaire feet" so fast and shifty is he on his underpinnings. His speed has gained for him the respect of every leading fighter of his locality. His boxing ability leaves very little to be desired.

Kelly served his apprenticeship in the boxing booths of Scotland, where he garnered the necessary experience to return to his homeland as a full grown 112 pounder, ready to meet all comers. He defeated Jackie Quinn, claimant to the flyweight title, Jack Bunting, claimant to the bantamweight title, and Jack Garland, Irish featherweight champion.

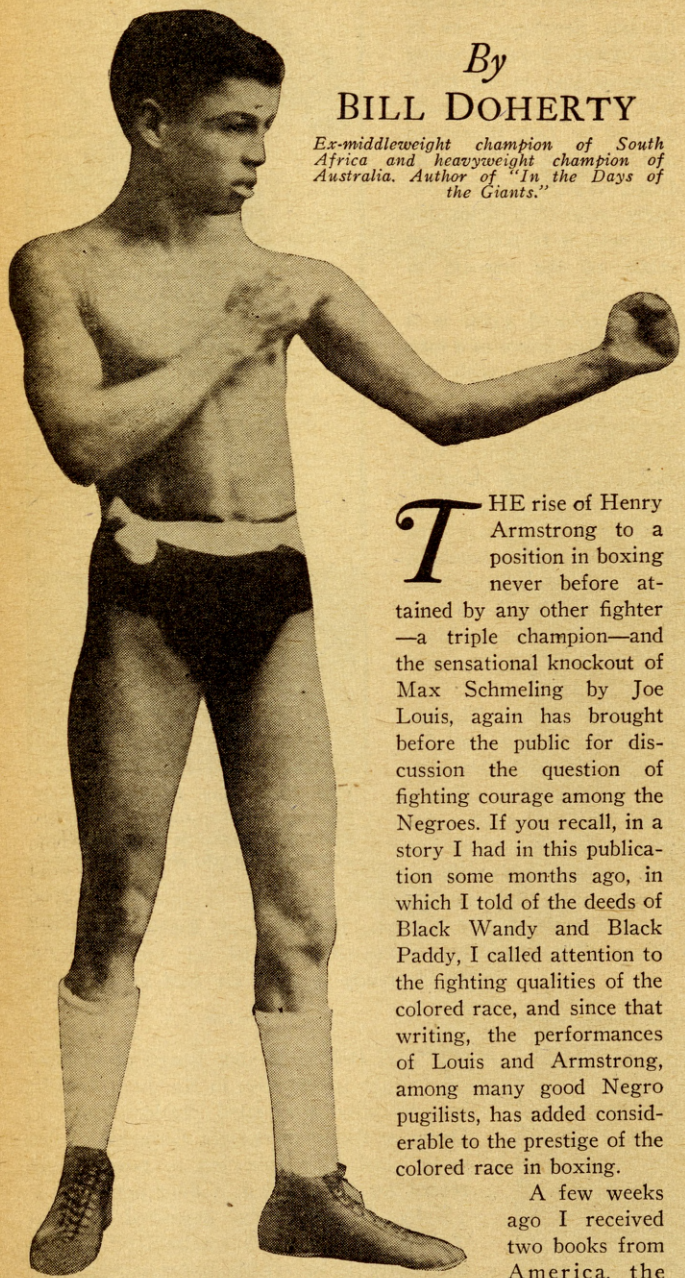
He has progressed very well under Jim Rice, Ireland promoter, and manager Joe Gilliland, and won the restricted Northern Area Irish title when he met Dan McAllister and stopped his opponent in the 3rd round of a fight in Belfast before 10,000 fans.

Kelly has victories over Nel Tarleton, former British featherweight champion, and in a recent fight, *(Continued on page 41)*

Negro Fighters in Australia

By
BILL DOHERTY

Ex-middleweight champion of South Africa and heavyweight champion of Australia. Author of "In the Days of the Giants."



Young Pluto, a clever Negro who came to Australia from South Africa.

THE rise of Henry Armstrong to a position in boxing never before attained by any other fighter—a triple champion—and the sensational knockout of Max Schmeling by Joe Louis, again has brought before the public for discussion the question of fighting courage among the Negroes. If you recall, in a story I had in this publication some months ago, in which I told of the deeds of Black Wandy and Black Paddy, I called attention to the fighting qualities of the colored race, and since that writing, the performances of Louis and Armstrong, among many good Negro pugilists, has added considerable to the prestige of the colored race in boxing.

A few weeks ago I received two books from America, the first two volumes of "Black Dynamite," the story of the Negro in the Prize Ring, from 1782 to 1938, and after digesting the chapters so well written by the author, Nat Fleischer, my mind wandered back almost half a century to the time when New Zealand and Australia were the stamping grounds of some of the greatest Negro gladiators of all time. In order to add to the data collected for those books by my dear friend, Nat, I decided to send for publication in THE RING, this story on black fighters in Australia and Marois of New Zealand.

* * *

THE first colored fighter that I can remember hearing about in Australia, was Black Douglas who flourished in the early fifties in the roaring days of the gold when Californians were flocking in the hundreds to the fields of the Turon and Ballarat and Bendigo where fortunes were easier to pick up than even along the Sacramento. At that time there was a noted bushranger going under the name of Black Douglas and when I was a boy, I used to get the fighter and the robber mixed up, and never having seen either, had a fearsome picture of each in my mind.

The next old-time Negro fighter that I remember, one that I did see, and he never inspired me with fear for he was a regular gentleman, white-haired, mild-mannered, and distinguished looking, for he dressed well, had a good chin and a fine flowing mustache that would have done credit to a cavalry leader of the Old Guard. When I was a boy they were still talking about his great fight with Joe Kitchen in 1858.

"Happy Nig" they used to call him and he was an American, named Harry Sallars. He fought Kitchen with bare knuckles on the Werribee and was beaten, but unfairly it seemed to me, because Kitchen was permitted to cross-buttock Sallars several times. But it took Kitchen about four and a quarter hours to score the win—one hundred and ten rounds—and at the end, the winner was practically blind and could scarcely lift a hand.

* * *

THE first Maori that I remember was Herbert Slade who was taken in hand by Jem Mace in the early eighties with the idea of lowering the colors of John L. Sullivan who was invincible in those days. Slade must have been good or Mace would not have had anything to do with him, and no doubt if the match with Sullivan had taken place a few years later, the result might have been more satisfactory from Jem's point of view. But at that time Sullivan was a terror to meet in the ring and those who faced him had reason to fear for their lives. Slade, who was a big man, tried to rush the American off his feet in the first round and he was rewarded for that effort by being knocked sheer out of the ring into the press seats as Jack Dempsey was knocked out by Firpo.

Slade got back under his own power—which was more than Jack did, by the way—and in the second round, he mixed it with Sullivan, but not so aggressively. Then in the third, he tried to outgeneral "John L." by moving about the ring but was not quick enough. John caught him and laid him low with a punch to the neck that must have caused Slade's friends a lot of anxiety for he was a quarter of an hour coming to.

* * *

IT was about that time that Peter Jackson who hailed from the West Indies, reached championship form in Australia. As a lad I had the privilege of seeing this well-nigh peerless beaten in a title fight with Farnan in Melbourne. It was the first real fight that I ever saw, and the punch that won it, gave me a respect for body blows for the rest of my life.

Farnan, who was a blacksmith and a terrible hitter, caught Jackson in the ribs with a blow that seemed to freeze him into a statue or to paralyze him where he stood. He could not speak, move, or even fall down, it seemed for some seconds, and when he did at length go down, he stopped there and had to be taken to a hospital. Jackson, a fighter of marvelous skill, must have perfected a guard for that blow because it was never again used successfully on him though he fought the world's best including Jim Corbett, George Godfrey and Joe McAuliffe.

* * *

ANOTHER old time colored man that I knew well was little Joe Pluto who came to Australia from Africa about the time Larry Foley's school was flourishing in Sydney. Pluto was unbeatable in the land of his adoption. He held his own even with Griffo, perhaps the cleverest natural fighter who ever lived. He and Pluto fought several times and one of the bouts, a draw, went seventy rounds. Pluto went to America and collided with that marvel of all time, Little Chocolate, and was beaten—but not disgraced.

Incidentally Pluto has a son in the game now, a lad that I often meet and who is doing well in the ring in Western Australia. He is a welterweight and has fought in Australia, New Zealand, and England.

and Maoris of New Zealand

ANOTHER Negro who was a thorn in the side of Griffo was Jerry Marshall, who put up such a good showing against Griffo just before he went to America, that he went under a cloud that was almost one of defeat. It looked as though Marshall should have gotten the decision, and unfortunately, there have been many similar instances in respect to fights where the colors are mixed. There are always more whites in the audiences and they generally show in no uncertain manner, where their sympathy lies.

Harry Laing must have been about the best of all the Maoris. He beat Joe Goddard in '94 for the championship of Australia, and prior to that, he had fought Owen Sullivan, the erstwhile Barrier Champion. I heard about that fight in South Africa from the lips of none other than Owen himself, and many a laugh we had over it. About that time I scored a very quick knockout over an Englishman in Jo'burg and had the credit of fighting the shortest battle on record. Owen came up to me and shook hands one day in front of about twenty people and said:

"Well, here we are—two heroes—for you have the record for the shortest fight, and it's meself that has the record for the longest."

"Your part of that is news to us, Owen," someone said, "you don't mean to say you fought longer than Bowen and Burke at New Orleans—they fought all day."

"All day!" said Owen, "that's nothing, why me and Harry Laing, the Maori, we fought two years!"

"Two years it was," he added impressively, as all present favored him with stares of amazement. "We got in the ring in 1887 at half past tin on the night of December the 31st, and begorrah, we were still slam-whanging away at each other in 1888 on the morning of New Year's Day!"

Owen did not say who won, but on that very account I am inclined to think that honors must have rested with the Maori. Poor Harry Laing was killed on the railway line while still a young man. Had he lived, he might perhaps have succeeded where his brother Maori had failed and have won the championship of the world. Both of the men with whom he served his apprenticeship in boxing in New Zealand won that honor—Torpedo Billy Murphy and Bob Fitzsimmons.

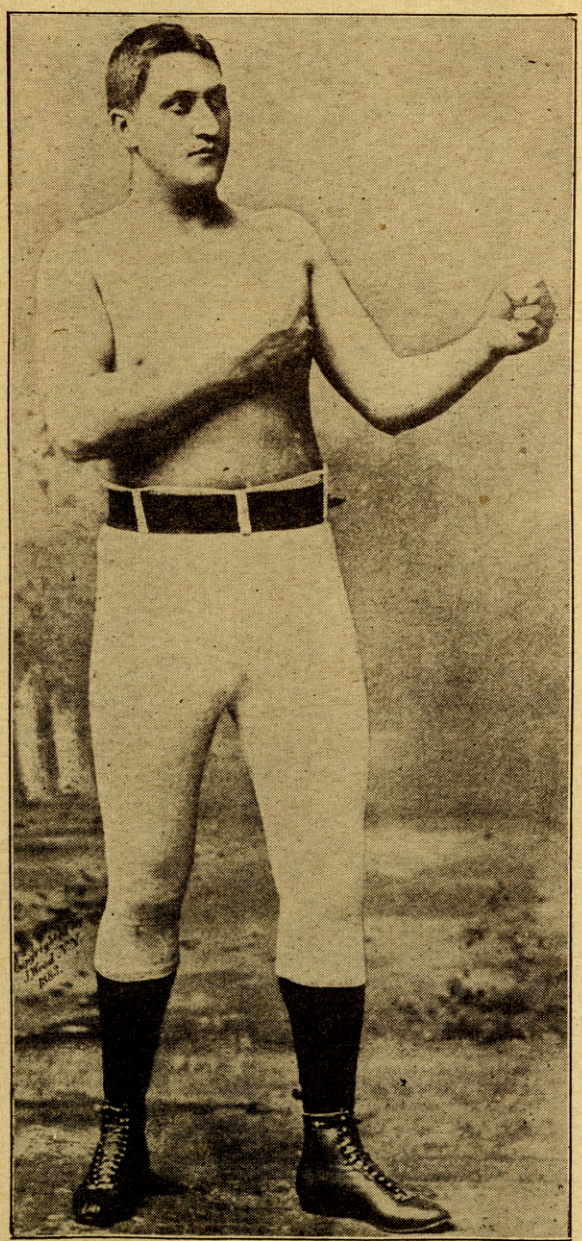
* * *

"STARLIGHT" was another famous black in the old days. It is gratifying to note that he is still on deck in Melbourne at the age of about eighty. He was a good draw card in his day and no slouch with the gloves as is proved by his record which shows that he went twenty-two rounds with Jim Hall who afterwards beat Ted Pritchard the champion of England. Starlight lasted nine rounds with Bob Fitzsimmons just before Bob went to America and although only a middleweight fought four Australian heavyweight champions or ex-champions.

Peter Felix flourished about the same time but was a natural heavyweight and a giant in stature and reach. He hailed from the West Indies—the same island it was said as Peter Jackson—with whom he claimed relationship in expansive moments. At such times he also expressed the opinion that he was as good as or even better with the gloves but few shared that opinion with Peter who was somewhat addicted to boasting.

Boaster, loud dresser and vain of his appearance though Felix was, there were no other faults in his make-up. His gameness was unquestioned and his skill, especially with the left, was remarkable. He was a fair fighter, too, and a man who never let a promoter down because he was always in perfect fighting trim.

On a frame that would have carried two hundred and forty pounds without appearing gross, there was never more than a hundred and ninety pounds of steely sinew and muscle. He could fight and nobody knew that better than I, for we met five or six times and although mine was the final victory, honors over all were about even.



Herbert Slade, the Maori who was knocked out by John L. Sullivan.

He beat Joe Goddard in 1895 and was therefore better at his best than I was. Joe and I never did more than spar together but he could have beaten me in the ring all right.

* * *

JACK JOHNSON and Sam Langford share with Peter Jackson the honors of being the greatest Negroes ever to be seen in Australia. With Langford there came another American Negro fighter of note in Sam McVey, who although a bit below Johnson and Langford in ability, was good enough to K.O. our champion, Bill Lang. Admiration in Australia for Johnson and Langford is unbounded and in any discussion as to who was the greatest boxer who ever lived, the average Australian will soon bring up their names.

It was about the time that Johnson, Langford and McVey reached our shores, that the greatest pure blooded aboriginal boxer that Australia has produced—Jerry Jerome—came prominently before the public. Between 1910 and 1915 this Queensland native was astonishingly successful in the ring, fighting long hard battles of twenty rounds with champions from overseas and winning more often than not. He beat Arthur Cripps, an Australian middleweight champion, and Evernden, an Englishman of note. He scored two victories over the Frenchman, Ercole de Balzac, and he went six rounds with Eddie McGoorty whom Dave Smith and several others had found too good for them.

A battle that I have always regretted not seeing was that between Jerry Jerome and Black Paddy in 1912. Both were true born and bred black Australians and both hard punchers *(Continued on page 45)*

Australian Expert Blasts U.S. Fight Ratings

Lucas Tears Our Notions of Stars to Pieces As He Takes Louis and Armstrong, in Particular, Apart

By CHARLIE LUCAS

Editor's Note: The editor of THE RING *is fortunate to be able to present the views of Charlie Lucas, one of the outstanding fight experts of Australia. Lucas has been in this country for many months, lining up possible talent for shows Down Under. Lucas has a line on our boxers which we cannot get. Perhaps we are too close to the subject to get the reliable perspective. The editor of* THE RING *impressed on Lucas the fact that he could say anything he pleased, provided he gave his innermost thoughts the light if printed.* THE RING, *of course, presents his views without being in any way responsible for them. They are his ratings, and his alone.*

* * *

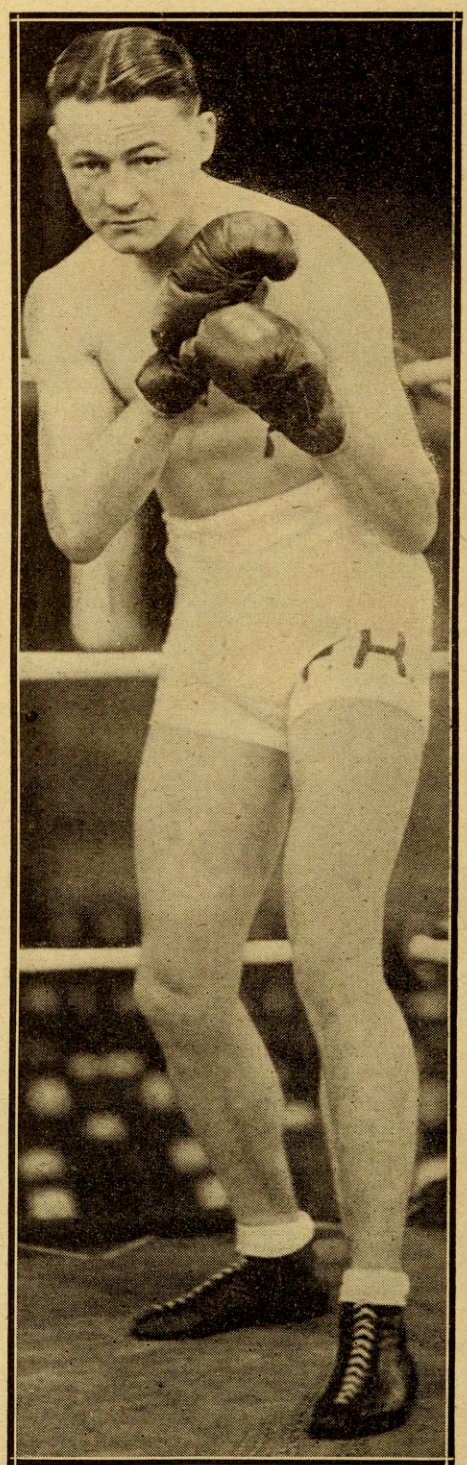
IN setting out to express myself on the ratings and merits of the Top Liners of today, I realize that I place myself on the spot. I have no axe to grind. I am free to express myself in full. Why worry about the things that might be said? Mine is just another opinion.

The Heavyweight division is the most important, but only because Promoters and Newspaper men have killed all other divisions in their hunger for the Million Dollar gate. The dollar, and not the well being of the Sport, with them, must come first. If you want to find a real Bum fighter, if you really want to pay money to see impostors in action, drop in and have a peep at a couple of Heavyweights doing their "stuff."

I have read more piffle about the merits of the present day Heavyweights than I ever dreamt of reading. I have been asked to believe that Joe Louis is a great fighter, I have been told a thousand times what he would have done to many of the REAL HEAVYWEIGHTS OF THE PAST. Nobody has ever told me what these real fighters of the past would have done to Louis.

I am told that you must boost a fighter, it's good for the game, etc., etc. In other words, one has to lie to help the game along, all of which goes to prove that the Fight Game today is a commercial business on a foundation of Hot Air.

The fighter who is true to label needs none of this tripe. He will build his reputation on merit. Louis is just another fighter who happens to be about the best in his division at the present time, and that's not saying a lot.



Fred Henneberry, Australia's best middleweight.

Tommy Farr and Bob Pastor proved beyond doubt that Louis is many miles from being a great fighter. Max Schmeling, in his first fight with Louis, proved that Louis does not like the "going" to be tough. There is a limit to his gameness. If anyone has any doubt about this, and, provided they have two eyes, and an open mind, let them have a look at the pictures showing Louis being knocked-out by Schmeling.

Farr lost to Louis simply because he lacked the punch. He surely licked Louis at every other point of the game. Bob Pastor went into the ring with Louis, not to fight him, but to ruin him, something he very nearly succeeded in doing. However, it proved that Louis was not great enough to handle the situation he found himself faced with. Maybe Louis would have flattened Pastor had the latter attempted to make a real fight of it.

Max Baer can fight, but he has not a real fighter's heart. Louis proved this much. Why re-match them?

Who is this Tony Galento? Can he really fight? Or is he just another Newspaper champion? I must confess that I don't know, though I must admit that he does not look like a fighter to me. Galento can snort, he can bash his Spar-Mates about, and he can talk about himself, all of which proves nothing.

* * *

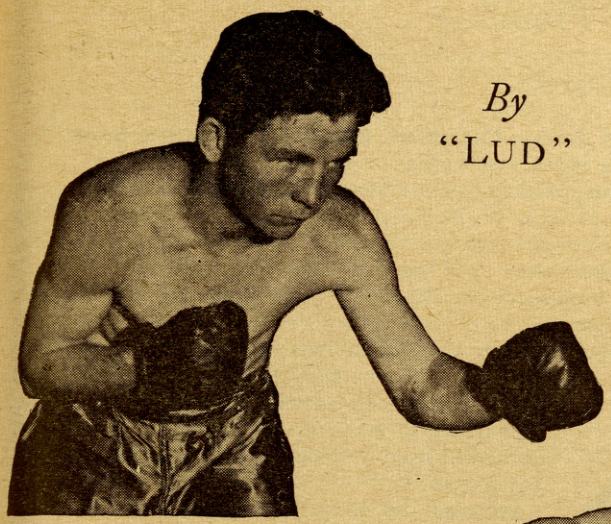
GUNNAR BARLUND comes into the picture, thanks to Farr and his manager taking a hostile stand toward Mike Jacobs. We all know that Barland is a man of guts, we know that he is tough and willing to fight, and we like him for that reason. But, can he fight? On this point we shall have to wait and see what we shall see.

Schmeling we can pass over. He is through. The Heavyweight who has tossed the many chances given to him to the winds, is Maurice Strickland. Here is a fellow who can both box and fight, but won't. Why?

If Strickland were to quit trying to make the referee think the other fellow was doing the holding, and stood in and fought, as *(Continued on page 31)*

Jersey LIGHTWEIGHTS *Spring Into Spotlight*

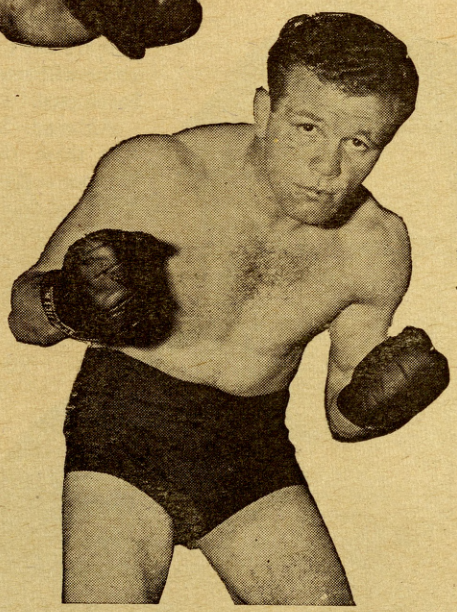
By "LUD"



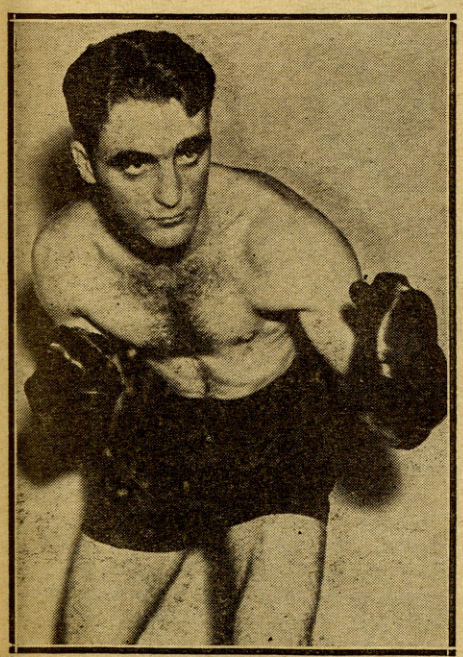
Freddy "Red" Cochrane of Elizabeth.

NEW JERSEY, on whose soil many famous ring battles have been fought and where some of the greatest Eastern pugilists of the last forty years have been bred, is coming to the front again as a fistic center. The Skeeter State, which for a time was dormant so far as fisticuffs was concerned, has landed back into the fold with a bang and now boasts of having in its midst some of the best lightweight talent in America.

The revival came about through the activity of the new commissioner of boxing, Abe Greene, Paterson newspaperman whose energy and devotion to the sport has created a new spirit in Jersey. Through him, an elimination lightweight tournament got under way recently and from the competitors has emerged at least a quartet of good lads who some day might furnish the opposition to Henry Armstrong in a world championship fight. If they don't, it won't be because they're not good.



Joey Ferrando.



Nunzio "Busy" Bisogno.

The tournament has aroused considerable interest in the state that is separated from New York by the Hudson River. Clubs throughout the big cities have taken the bull by the horns and fallen in line with Commissioner Greene's plan. With the added competition has come added income to the promoters, better fights and a local interest that resembles the old time activity.

* * *

IT was midsummer. Throughout the state, there were lightweight rumblings, as here and there, in clubs plentifully sprinkled New Jersey over, the 135 pounders were blasting their way about. With a newspaperman's eye to perking up the box office and adding color to the sport of boxing which has experienced a renaissance in New Jersey, Commissioner Greene conceived the idea of a lightweight tournament. The clubs picked it up. The managers responded. The boys sprang at the opportunity open to them, like a fish springing for bait.

There was Tippy Larkin, of Garfield, ace of the crowd by virtue of an N. B. A. designation as No. 8 lightweight of the country. There was Freddie "Red" Cochrane, of Elizabeth, a battling redhead who had come out of a slump to lick Jackie Kid Berg and a raft of others.

From Jersey City, came the clarion call of Billy Beauhuld, out of the West to make Jersey his home. In neighboring villages, the bid of Lou Lombardi was heard. Not to be outdone, Joey Ferrando, in lusty voice, proclaimed his right to a crack at the mystic title. And why not, cried Johnny Rohrig, a bounding Dutchman from Clifton, why not Johnny Rohrig in the scramble. And why not, came the reply as Rohrig bowled over Frankie Wallace and Lou Feldman.

(Continued on page 43)

Tippy Larkin of Garfield.

Mexican Menace!

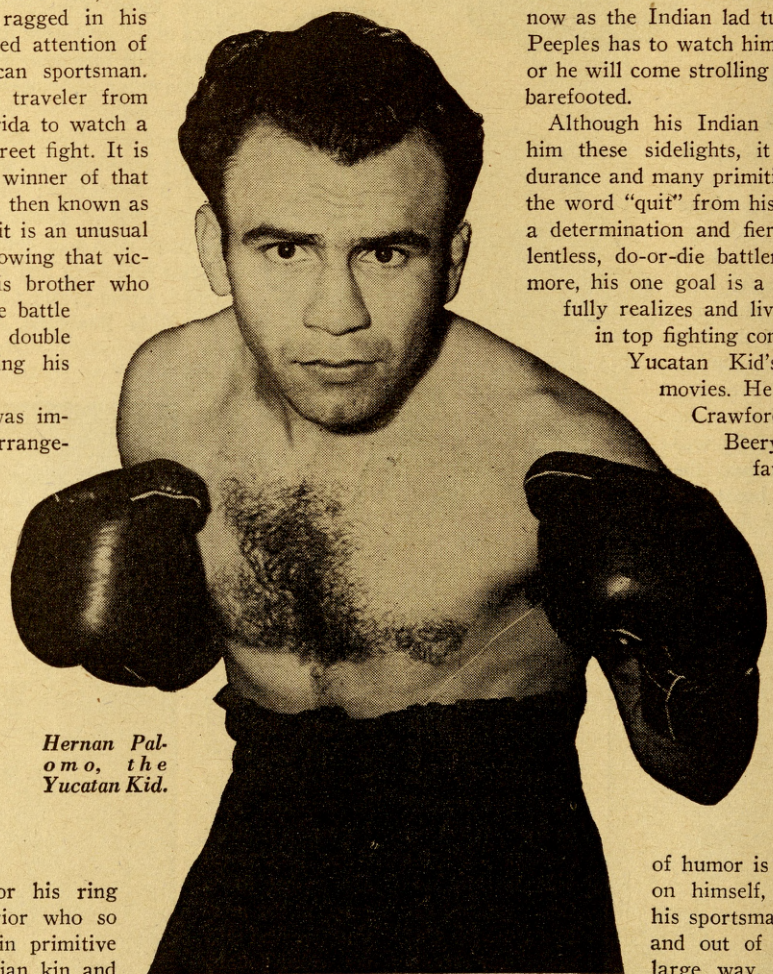
Yucatan Kid, With Twelve Straight Victories and Nineteen Out of His Last Twenty Fights, to the Fore With a Rush— A Lightweight of Promise

By DINTY DENNIS

BOXING circles from Mexico to the four corners of the United States are headlining the doings of one of boxing's most colorful and rapidly advancing lightweight warriors —Yucatan Kid. So, THE RING magazine steps to the front to give its thousands of readers a bit of accurate, first-hand information on this lad who has won 12 consecutive victories this year including among his victims Charley Gomez, Norment Quarles and Howard Scott.

About five years ago in the city of Merida, down in Yucatan, Mexico, a short, stocky, barefoot lad, and we might mention, a bit ragged in his native Indian costume, gained attention of a wealthy, traveling Mexican sportsman. It was one day when this traveler from Mexico City paused in Merida to watch a group of youngsters in a street fight. It is needless to report that the winner of that encounter was Yucatan Kid, then known as Hernan Palomo. However, it is an unusual sequence to report that following that victory, Hernan turned on his brother who was aiding him in the same battle and proceeded to become a double winner by soundly whipping his kin.

The sportsman-traveler was impressed and following arrangements brought Hernan Palomo to Mexico City where he received fistic coaching and stepped through a few amateur fights before turning pro. He was brought along slowly but nevertheless cleared the lists in that area and moved on to Havana, Cuba. It was here that the name became Yucatan Kid as the Havana promoter discovered that Palomo in Spanish means "dove," a tag none too attractive for his ring activities and to this warrior who so short a time before lived in primitive fashion with his Maya Indian kin and fellow countrymen.



Hernan Palomo, the Yucatan Kid.

* * *

SUCCESSES in Cuba found him soon with clearance papers for the United States and an American debut in Miami. From his first start there to this writing, his advance has been rapid and impressive until today he boasts 63 pro fights of which he has won 61, lost two decisions, never boxed a draw and has never been knocked out.

To many a person much older than the 22-year-old Yucatan Indian, the quick transfer from primitive life to the spotlight of success where thousands of Americans immediately cheered him to wide-spread popularity, would have been too much. However, Yucatan Kid remains the quiet, soft-spoken Latin out of the ring, rapidly learning English and following a routine that he describes as "eat plenty, work plenty, fight plenty."

When questioned of his Maya Indian life, he only grins and points to Capt. W. H. Peeples, the Miamian who is supervising his American campaign. From the latter it is learned that The Kid never slept in a bed until he moved to Mexico City and never wore shoes or sandals. His sleeping hours in Yucatan were in a hammock as is the fashion to escape the heat, a hammock made of web hemp allowing additional air circulation. He could not afford shoes or sandals. It was revealed that even now as the Indian lad turns to English ways, Capt. Peeples has to watch him closely, failing many times, or he will come strolling down the sidewalk or street barefooted.

Although his Indian birth and early days gave him these sidelights, it also gave him great endurance and many primitive fistic ideas that eliminate the word "quit" from his ring work and bring forth a determination and fierceness that find him a relentless, do-or-die battler from start to finish. And more, his one goal is a world's boxing title and he fully realizes and lives a routine that finds him in top fighting condition at all times.

Yucatan Kid's chief recreation is the movies. He quietly tells you that Joan Crawford, Ginger Rogers, Wallace Beery and Joe Brown are his favorites. Such pictures as musical comedy or others where there is little talking, finds the Maya Indian going to see the same show many times. After seeing Joe Brown several times and then a cartoon recently in a Virginia newspaper, he dubbed himself, "The Joe E. Brown of Boxing."

His favorite food is arroz con pollo or to you, chicken and rice. His sense of humor is keen. He likes a joke even on himself, makes friends easily and his sportsmanship and Latin manners in and out of the ring, have aided in a large way, the rapid advance of his popularity.

Yucatan Kid is 22 years old. If supreme effort and good condition will get him there, he is going to be a top flight lightweight with a very high ranking. He always enters the ring in perfect physical condition. You've heard the old-timers, Dempsey, Jack Sharkey, Jack Britton and others, tell of how fiercely fighters trained in those days. When Yucatan is in the gymnasium or on the road early in the morning, he reminds one of the old-timers, the way he works. Somehow this sincere lad must be a throwback from those days. He is strong and rugged for in his veins flows the blood of the Mayan Indians, mingled with that of the descendants of Cortez and his Spanish conquerors. He has the body perfect, a tremendous amount of

(Continued on page 45)

MELIO BETTINA *Is "Beacon" in Light-Heavyweight Fog*

By HARVEY THORNE

JIMMY GRIPPO shuffled the light heavyweight deck of cards and from the center of the pack brought out the picture of Melio Bettina to throw the division into a turmoil from which there can be no peace until John Henry Lewis, ruler of the 175 pound roost, comes to the center of the ring to do battle with the swarthy Beacon challenger with the fistic diadem as the stakes.

Mr. Grippo, master magician by trade and manager by desire and ability, has cast a spell over the light heavyweight brigade. In the hard-hitting southpaw from the bank-washed town of Beacon, New York, he has emerged with the "beacon" in the light heavyweight fog that will rightfully bring light to the harassed division over which Mr. John Henry Lewis reigns.

A fighter with proven ability and a burning ambition to meet Al Gainer, Tiger Jack Fox, and Gus Lesnevich, title pretenders in this latest melodrama of maul, Belting Bettina stands ready to clash with each in his quest for world laurels.

Can the magician hypnotize the champion into a defense of his title? Time alone will tell!

* * *

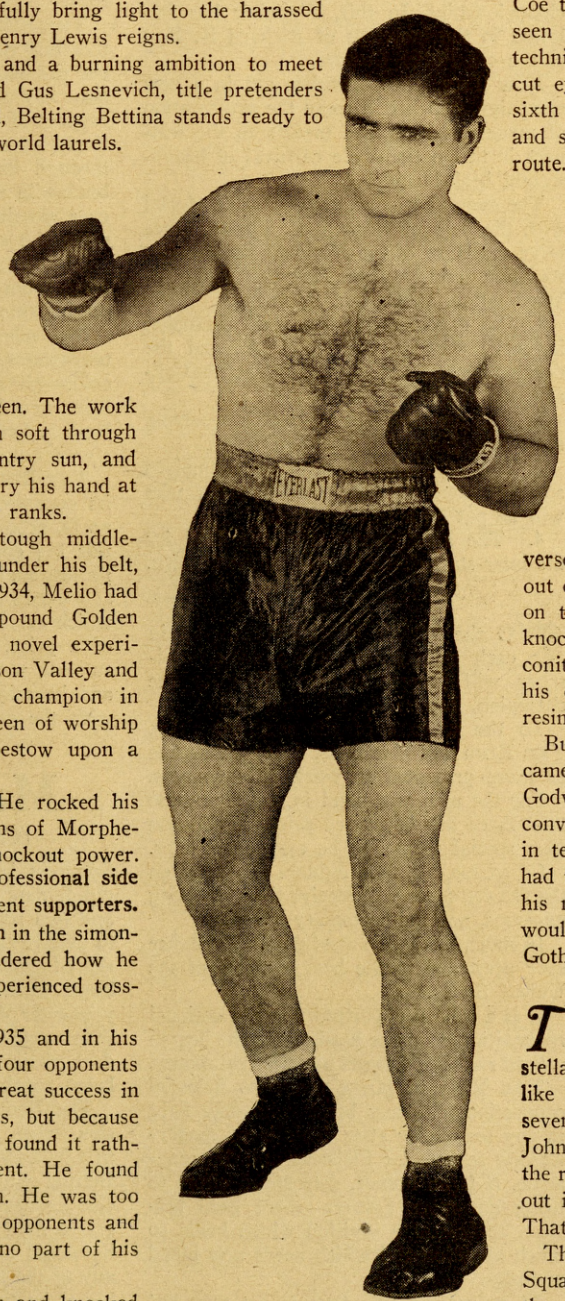
WITH a family none to well off as his immediate source of worry, Bettina obtained work as a concrete mixer at the tender age of fifteen. The work hardened muscles that had been soft through days of lolling in the hot country sun, and with that, came the decision to try his hand at the fistic pastime in the amateur ranks.

He began as a rough and tough middleweight, but with several bouts under his belt, came a little experience. and in 1934, Melio had blasted his way to the 160-pound Golden Gloves championship. It was a novel experience for the people of the Hudson Valley and they flocked around the new champion in droves, blanketing him in a screen of worship that only a small town can bestow upon a native son.

Bettina proved a sensation. He rocked his opponents into the peaceful arms of Morpheus with a display of savage knockout power. His decision to turn to the professional side of boxing was hailed by his ardent supporters. He had swept aside all opposition in the simon-pure ranks. His neighbors wondered how he would fare among the more experienced tossers of professional leather.

He made his pro debut in 1935 and in his first six fights, he knocked out four opponents in rapid time. He boxed with great success in Paterson and neighboring towns, but because of his southpaw stance, Bettina found it rather difficult to obtain employment. He found himself in an awkward position. He was too good for the mediocre crew of opponents and the top notch ringmen wanted no part of his game.

He migrated to Miami Beach and knocked out Babe Childers. From there he found a home in West Palm Beach and whipped Tony Celli in handy fashion. He lost his first bout to Charley Weise in his next start and then reversed the decision. But his home town admirers kept clamoring to see him in action, and in his next appearance, Melio came home and whipped Bud Mignault in handy style before a capacity house of wildly excited spectators.



Melio Bettina, Hudson Valley's leading fistic light, a power in the middleweight ranks

* * *

BETTINA scored his greatest victory in the last fight of the fading 1935 season by knocking out Steve Carr in eight rounds at West Palm Beach, a feat that caused Gene Tunney to predict a great future for him and Charles Socker Coe to regard him as the finest prospect he had seen to date. Although Frank Zamoris held a technical knockout victory over him when a badly cut eye caused their fight to be stopped in the sixth round, Bettina met Zamoris at a later date and soundly trounced him over the eight round route.

Then came a knockout in three rounds over Carl Knowles and successive triumps over Tony Celli again, Joe Lipps, Barney Brock, and Joe Knight. He followed with five round kayoes of Jim Mendes and Joe Lipps, and after dropping a verdict to Buck Everette, California beckoned.

He made his Coast debut by stopping the tough Art Johnson in four rounds and was matched with the reigning sensation, Swede Berglund. Melio scored a hard earned victory, but when the management of Berglund complained at the adverse verdict, they clashed again before a sell-out crowd at Hollywood. This time Bettina put on the convincer. In one of the most savage knock-down-drag-out affairs, the Belting Beaconite exploded a knockout fuse on the chin of his opponent and the Swede grovelled in the resin dust in the third round.

But West Palm Beach beckoned and Melio came back with a vengeance. He blasted Bob Godwin to fistic destruction in seven rounds, convinced Tony Celli in two heats, and scored in ten one-sided rounds over Pat McDuff. He had travelled from coast to coast and had made his name. And now it was New York. How would he fare with the hardened critics of Gotham Town?

* * *

THE HIPPODROME was the setting and his opponent was James J. Johnson in the stellar event of the evening. But one fight was like another to the Beacon Bomber. It went seven rounds, and ringsiders wondered how Johnson remained erect for that distance under the rapid-fire attack of swarthy Melio. A knock-out in his Metropolitan debut on the big time. That was travelling!

The victory earned him a chance in Madison Square Garden in a preliminary bout and against the ring wise Dominic Ceccarelli, Bettina won as he pleased. It wasn't even close. He then whipped Phil *(Continued on page 30)*

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 7)

crown, might bring about the same disaster that ended the career of the great Joe Gans.

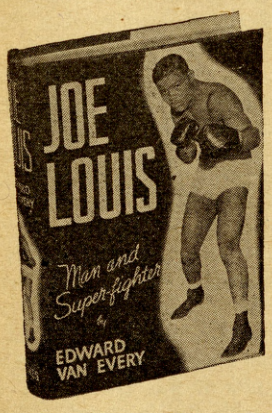
The decision meets with popular approval because it not only assures the good health of the triple title holder, a great asset to the sport, but also assures more action in the feather, bantam and welter divisions. It opens the field to keen competition in the featherweight ranks particularly and will give Henry more time to devote to the lightweight and welterweight ranks.

The action of Armstrong is similar to that of another great colored boy, George Dixon. After Dixon had won the paperweight title, equivalent to our flyweight division, he entered the bantam class over which he held the reins during 1890. Then he gave that up to compete as a featherweight and was king of that division for a number of years. Johnny Dundee and Kid Kaplan relinquished the crown when they outgrew the division and later Bat Battalino did likewise. Kid Chocolate, recognized in New York State as featherweight champion, also quit the division to enter the lightweight section.

* * *

SOME time ago, I called to the attention of Colonel Kilpatrick the fact that the names of all world heavyweight champions from Jack Sharkey to Joe Louis were missing on the Muldoon-Tunney trophy which is stationed in the lobby of Madison Square Garden. The president of the arena, following a meeting of the committee in whose charge the trophy has been placed, added the missing names. The trophy now bears the names of every champion from John L. Sullivan to Joe Louis. Bernard Gimbel, is chairman of the committee.

Now that the title holders have been honored, it would be a fine gesture for the Garden either to remove the advertising matter that completely covers the beautiful bronze and Mahonri Young's famous bronze of Joe Gans, which stands next to the Muldoon-Tunney trophy, or else remove both these magnificent works of art to the inside of the Garden, in the center of the entrance, where they could be on view as they should be. It is pitiful to see such gorgeous statues hidden from public view by signs advertising future events in the Garden.



The authentic story of Joe Louis, the details of all his fights, the policy of his managers,—an indispensable book for fight fans and fighters. A book every boxing fan should have.

Send $1.00 to THE RING BOOK SHOP, 307 W. 49th Street, Madison Square Garden, New York City, N. Y., and get a copy of this interesting book of 200 pages.

FOR SALE—Fight and wrestling pictures to decorate the walls of your bar. Size 8 x 10 inches or larger if preferred.

THE RING BOOK SHOP
307 West 49th Street, New York City

Calling All Heavies!

(Continued from page 5)

championships. In this, Fleischer has followed in the footsteps of Richard K. Fox of the old *Police Gazette.*

Now THE RING branches out in a new campaign, which will mean the presentation of numerous belts and medals to the winners in this nation-wide carnival of heavyweight beak-busting.

The general scheme, now being developed with the help of Edward C. Foster, executive secretary of the National Boxing Association and Major Harvey Miller of Washington, D. C., is as follows:

1. The development of a state champion in every state in the U. S. A., and the development of a champion in Eastern Canada and Western Canada.

2. The arrangement of matches among state champions for sectional titles.

3. The matching of sectional champions so that there be four semi-finalists, who will be put on a Garden card.

4. The arrangement of a big final for the inter-state championship, in the Garden.

* * *

TO the winner and the runner-up in each state championship event, Fleischer will present medals, silver to the champion, bronze to the runner-up.

To the winners of the sectional titles, THE RING will give belts, every bit as fine as those presented to world title winners.

For the men who land in the inter-state final there will be money prizes in addition to a special trophy to be announced later.

Of course, the four fighters who land on the Garden cards will receive their traveling expenses, and the customary purses.

In short, this is the most glittering chance ever presented to the heavyweights of the United States.

It is a golden opportunity to get national recognition, to make headway in the heavyweight ranks, and to get into the real money.

THE RING magazine wants no financial connection with any boxer who may fight in any section or state. This is no money-making scheme for Fleischer and this magazine. It is an honest, determined effort to bring out more fighters—more good battlers, to bolster a division which holds so much attention and which needs new blood so badly.

In order that this tournament may not be dominated by New York fighters or managers, THE RING has excluded them from the tournament. New York men will stand by and await developments in other state and sectional carnivals, and then be ready to take on the winners.

* * *

SECTIONAL tournaments, in which state winners will participate, will be as follows:

1:—New England states; 2, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware; 3, South Atlantic states, from Maryland down to Florida; 4, Canadian; 5, Pacific Coast; 6, Southwest, taking in Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Arizona; 7, Rocky Mountain states; 8, Gulf states, including Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama; 9, Lake states, taking in Illinois, Indiana, Michigan and Ohio; 10, Northwestern section, including Minnesota, the Dakotas and Idaho.

Just as soon as the proper connections can be made, announcements as to state tournaments will be issued through THE RING and through the press in the various localities.

THE RING appreciates that the success of this big venture depends not so much on the promoters and the commissions, which naturally are essential. It must have the support of the press. It wants the aid, particularly, of the American Legion, which through its posts has been so helpful to boxing in this country and suggests whenever possible that the American Legion stage the state and sectional tournaments.

THE RING therefore solicits correspondence from sports editors, and their help in putting this over.

Remember, please, this is no White Hope tournament. Negro fighters—fighters of any color—all are welcome in this effort to bring new blood into the grand division of boxing. Let's hear from you American Legion promoters.

THE RING, through Nat Fleischer, solicits correspondence from American Legion posts, promoters, managers and fighters on this big enterprise. If you are a boxer, a professional with or without experience, and would like to get into the tournament, which carries with it not only a possibility of a prize, but the customary guarantees as well, write to the Editor of THE RING and he may be able to put you in touch with the proper promoter.

Melio Bettina

(Continued from page 29)

Sommese in ten rounds and after knocking out Johnny Lasinski and Gene Bonin in five and two rounds respectively, Bettina asked to avenge the defeat that Buck Everett had scored against him. It was a natural for the home town admirers of Melio's, and the youngster did not fail his public. In less than a round of fighting, Everett had hit the dust, victim of a blazing array of dynamite-laden punches to the head.

The New York State Athletic Commission, when it issued its edict vacating the title held by Champion Lewis, named Melio Bettina with Al Gainer, Tiger Fox, and Gus Lesnevich as the outstanding challengers to fight for the crown. As for Bettina, he would like nothing better than to meet any of the three other challengers to prove his claim to the number one ranking challenger.

So that is the light-heavyweight set-up as it stands today!

Australian Expert Blasts

(Continued from page 26)

he can, he would find himself getting places. Strickland is the type of fighter we lose patience with because we realize that he must know deep down in his own mind that his type of fighting is not going to get him anywhere, and that so long as he sticks to this style of fighting, no promoter is going to waste time with him.

THE PUBLIC DEMANDS ACTION . . . . Strickland knows it, so, to him, I would say, "Get in and fight or get out." Here are my ratings:

1. Joe Louis.
2. Tommy Farr.
3. Bob Pastor.
4. Gunnar Barlund.
5. Tony Galento.
6. Maurice Strickland.

* * *

NOW let me tackle the light-heavyweight class. Here is a division as dead as Adam himself. There is not a title fight in this division that would pay for the lighting of the arena in which it was staged . . . . The New York Boxing Commission has ruled that John Henry Lewis is no longer the title holder. Fortunately, for John Henry, there are other ruling bodies who have just as much say in these affairs as the New York body has. How much would a Fox-Lewis contest draw? How much would a Lewis-Gainer contest draw? . . . The answer is—a lemon. The truth of the matter is, Lewis is so far above the rest of the field that there is not an attractive contest in sight. Ratings:

1. John Henry Lewis.
2. Al Gainer.
3. Tiger Jack Fox.

Moving into the ranks of the middleweights, I find that Al Hostak, by stopping Freddy Steele in less time than it takes to tell, established himself as the best middleweight in the world and the owner of the title. Fred Apostoli defeated Steele last season, but in turn was beaten by "Young" Corbett out on the Coast. Some people have said that the decision was wrong, others have expressed that it was correct, so, until these two boys meet again, we shall have to let it stand at that.

I now come to a stranger by the name of Fred Henneberry, an Australian middleweight of high class. I am not prepared to say that this boy would defeat Apostoli, Corbett or Walter Woods. But I am prepared to say that he would give each of them plenty to think about. Walter Woods is a middleweight I have a great opinion of. He seems to be a fighter who fights better with every fight; he was beaten by Glen Lee in a close fight. Lee is a fighter who always puts up great fights.

Solly Kreiger is capable of licking any of the top liners with his punch. However, he is also just as likely to be licked by a moderate fighter. The fighter I have great respect for is Ossy Stewart. I was going to say that it is remarkable that he finds it hard to get fights, but, I suddenly remember that none of the topliners want any part of him . . . . HE SOCKS TOO HARD.

Stewart may be the best middleweight in the world. Who knows? He certainly is the most respected. Or, should I say, the most feared? That Stewart is kept out in the cold does not seem right in these days when first class talent is so badly needed by promoters. I find myself placing them as follows:

1. Al Hostak.
2. Ossy Stewart.
3. Young Corbett.
4. Fred Apostoli.
5. Walter Woods, Glen Lee and Fred Henneberry.
6. Solly Kreiger.

* * *

CONSIDERING the welters, I come to a spot where I find I have got to do some explaining. First of all a featherweight champion holds this title, a title he won in the ring. Frankly I say that Armstrong does not belong here, that his position is a false one, brought about by one of those lucky breaks that come along once in awhile.

Nobody, including Barney Ross himself, realized just how far Barney had "slipped" until he met Armstrong. After three rounds of fighting with Armstrong, it was very obvious to everybody that Ross was but a shadow of the real Ross. Here was a battle that was too one sided for words, a worn out tottering champion so far gone that he was unable to offer a real battle to a featherweight, but who, through sheer guts, was able to remain on deck for 15 rounds and take all that was coming to him without a flinch. So Armstrong became welterweight champion of the world. On paper, a wonderful performance. But on paper only.

That Armstrong does not belong here was proven by Lou Ambers, another Armstrong victim. Armstrong is to meet Ceferino Garcia in November in defense of his welterweight title. In face of what happened in Armstrong's battle with Ambers, I shudder to think of the things that will happen to the former next November. It is a fight I would not go to witness for the very good reason that I do not consider it an equal match.

It's a pity that it is going to happen. I don't think Armstrong would lick either Jimmy Leto or Saverio Turiello. They would be too big and strong for him . . . . and so I find myself placing a title holder FOURTH ON THE RATING LIST:

1. Ceferino Garcia.
2. Jimmy Leto.
3. Saverio Turiello.
4. Henry Armstrong.

Rating the lightweights, I clash again with the name of Armstrong. I regret it, and I hope that Henry will be able to do something that will make me eat my words. Armstrong won the lightweight title on a split vote from Ambers in one of the finest lightweight battles in history, a fight that made most of the critics look foolish, and a decision that bailed them out. They had belittled Ambers prior to the fight. Some went so far as to say that he would be knocked out inside of ten rounds.

It is now history what a mess this "bum" made of Armstrong—dry-docked him for months with battle scars that made his face look like a Pak-a-pu ticket—Ambers lost. That is, according to the score cards of the officials. But he at least proved that he was the better man, if only for the fact that he fought the clean fight.

Next to Ambers I place the "Chicago headache" . . . . Davy Day, a fighter who is always outsmarting himself. If he paid a little more attention to his managers, he would be in the money. This fellow can fight, there is no doubt about that . . . . I would say that he would be a good thing to bet on in a fight with Armstrong. And now I place them as follows:

1. Lou Ambers.
2. Davy Day.
3. Henry Armstrong.
4. Pedro Montanez.

* * *

OF course I realize that my American friends will criticize me severely for placing Armstrong where I have considering that he recently won his third title, but I base my ratings on my observation while studying the boxing game here. Henry Armstrong's real place in boxing should have been the featherweight division, but as this goes to press, I see that Henry has abdicated his throne in that class and will concentrate hereafter on the lightweight and welter sections. Now that he is out of the featherweight ranks, I place the featherweights in the following order:

1. Johnny Hutchison.
2. Leo Rodak.
3. Joey Archibald.
4. Tony Dupre, Nat Litfin, Al Reid, Freddy Miller, Jackie Wilson, Mike Belloise, Mickey Miller, Joe Hall, Harry Jeffra, Pete Scalza.

* * *

AMONG the bantamweights, I have no doubt that Benny Lynch, of Scotland, would lick Sixto Escobar. I also think that Nat Litfin would repeat a previous win over the champion. Kayo Morgan would probably do the same thing, but in an unattractive fight. Peter Kane is another who might do things. Lou Salica is a boy who may, in the near future, turn out to be the daddy of the division. The ratings:

1. Benny Lynch.
2. Nat Litfin.
3. Sixto Escobar.
4. Peter Kane.
5. Lou Salica.

* * *

AS for the flyweight, well—Jackie Jurick, Little Dado and Small Montana. I place these boys this way for the reason that the title is vacant, and that, in my opinion, they should be matched to decide who is going to hold the title.

In this, of course, I take issue with Nat Fleischer, Editor of THE RING who contends that Jurich won the world crown when Lynch failed to make the weight on the scales. It is my opinion that when Lynch scaled over the weight, he lost the title but not to Jurich. It became vacant.

OLD WATCHES

Have you an old watch that belonged to an old timer fighter, manager or sportsman? I'll buy it to add to THE RING'S MUSEUM where we now have 26 such watches.

Included in our collection on exhibition are watches that belonged to Tom Sayers, Jem Mace, Charley Mitchell, John L. Sullivan, James J. Corbett, Peter Maher, Tom Sharkey, Jack McAuliffe, John Morrissey, Country McCluskey, John C. Heenan, Ned Price, Mike McCoole, Sam Langford, George Dixon, Ad Wolgast, Jack Johnson, Sir Harry Preston, Joe Dunn and Packey McFarland. Five of these watches, some with wooden cases, are more than 250 years old. Let's hear from you. Even if the watch didn't belong to a fighter but is more than 100 years old, I'll be interested.

NAT FLEISCHER, THE RING
Madison Square Garden, N. Y. City.

The Indoor Season Is On

(Continued from page 4)

and the rest of the contenders are either unavailable foreigners or of little consequence.

* * *

SINCE the golden days of Villa Genaro and Wilde, the flyweight class has lanquished in the doldrums in America, but for the first time in years, there have been signs of activity among the tiny ones around New York.

Small Montana campaigned around the big town during the summer and the doll-like Filipino, who is somewhat remindful of one of Walt Disney's creations as he skilfully befuddles his opponents, made quite a hit with metropolitan fans with his clever boxing. With Little Dado and Jackie Jurich expected to enliven the festivities among the mites this indoor season, a banner attraction featuring Montana and one of these two might develop.

In the bantamweight division, a busy season looks to be just around the corner for hard hitting Sixto Escobar, present title incumbent and noted "money fighter." Because of Sixto's sleep producing right and his known propensity for turning in outstanding performances when his beloved title is on the line, several attractive bantamweight title matches should be staged during the coming indoor season. Since regaining his crown from Baltimore Harry Jeffra, who, incidentally, has been on the shelf ever since, the silent Puerto Rican has dropped two over-the-weight matches to Nat Liftin and K. O. Morgan, respectively. A return with either of these would make a likely headline attraction for a big indoor arena this winter.

* * *

BESIDES these two decision holders over the champion, a fast coming colored youngster named Georgie Pace, ex-Golden Glove champion out of Cleveland who has been mowing down all rivals for the past six months, looms as a very dangerous threat to the champion. An indoor match between Pace and Escobar would be a tremendous attraction either in Toronto or Cleveland, where the likeable little Negro is a great favorite.

Lou Salica, perennial rival of Escobar's, is still around and performing exceptionally well. He is another potential indoor ace and a match between this former champion and any of the above mentioned contenders would go well under any roof. Salica or Morgan in Puerto Rico against Escobar next winter, would draw well.

Pancho Villa is another prospective crowd puller indoors. The Mexican holds a decision over Escobar gained in Mexico City some time ago, and he adds spice to the brimming bantamweight dish. If the hard hitting Benny Lynch decides to visit America, he can be depended upon to stir up a bit of trouble among rival bantams. The same thing goes for Peter Kane, either of whom would be a worthy rival for Escobar in an attractive indoor international match for the title.

* * *

AMONG the lightweights, Montanez and Ambers are of course outstanding prospects for any indoor big shots. The veteran Baby Arizmendi has been doing surprisingly well of late, but the diminutive Mexican prefers the California atmosphere and it is doubtful if he will come east for the indoor season this winter.

The division also has three up-and-coming title aspirants in Tommy Cross, Davey Day and young Al Davis who stand out as potential magnets for the indoor boxing trade. Day, rangy Chicago Hebrew who gave the champion Lou Ambers a very difficult time of it in an over-the-weight match at New York's Hippodrome last winter, has been knocking on the door for some time. Smart, and a stiff puncher, he has been accepted throughout the middle west as a first flight performer, and if he is ever to reach that status in the east, this winter should see him arrive.

Cross is a more recent addition to the ranks of the topnotchers. He is a great favorite in Philadelphia, where he held Montanez to a draw decision. The classy colored boy is quite a card in Quakertown and may possibly develop into an attraction of headlining proportions in the big indoor fight palaces throughout the country.

Viewed from a New York angle, the most promising boxer in the 135 pound class from a box office standpoint, is the sharp hitting 19 year old Al Davis. Davis fills all the requirements as a prospective turnstile magnet in the Big Town.

Jewish, a hitter with a slashing colorful style, the rough-and-ready youngster was a lifesaver to New York's small clubs last winter. Undefeated at this writing, he has captured the imagination of New York's fight-minded populace like no young boxer has since the dreamy eyed and iron-fisted Ruby Goldstein. He may not be ready for headlining spots in the big clubs this winter, but his presence on any indoor fight card is sure to act as a tonic to the turnstiles in the indoor arenas.

* * *

ROLY poly Tony Galento, a convalescent from a recent serious illness balloons up as one of the key figures in boxing's indoor schedule this coming winter. After a decade of dilly-dallying during which he attempted to combine his profession of prize fighting with other sundry activities, the Newark Neanderthal has settled down to what is for him a complacent routine existence.

Although still hardly a model of decorum or etiquette, old Two Ton had been taking his vocation more seriously than ever before prior to his illness and had blossomed into one of the greatest attractions in the unlimited class. Not only does he loom—and how—large upon the heavyweight horizon as a big indoor gate puller, but when he signed away his services to Promoter Herman Taylor of Philadelphia, he put a serious dent in the present monopoly on heavyweight contenders held by Mike Jacobs.

With the Atlantic City Auditorium and Philadelphia's huge Convention Hall as his stamping grounds, Taylor menaces Jacobs' all-powerful position on the top of boxing's pile, and with the colorful Galento and John Henry Lewis as his ace in the hole, the Philadelphian seems capable of lining up at least two outstanding indoor attractions for the winter.

Competition is the life of trade and if Taylor by diligent use of his two mammoth arenas, and by availing himself of the services of Galento, Lewis, Hostak, Farr and others who are at present beyond the pale of Mitt Master Michael Jacobs, can enliven the indoor season to the ultimate benefit of the boxing game and its followers, all concerned may benefit in the end.

* * *

OF course with champion Joe Louis and practically all the other heavyweight challengers at his beck and call, Mike Jacobs' spot as bandmaster in the parade of pugilism, is still almost unassailable. The indoor boxing activity will quite naturally revolve around the hub of the fistic universe, often referred to as, Mike's Madison Square Garden.

It is taken for granted that the Brown Bomber will make at least one and possibly two appearances in Mike's Mansion of Maul and as there are always at least 20,000 people among New York's millions who desire to see the pulverizing title holder in action against any kind of opposition whatever, Louis' appearances are assured sellouts. Thus the indoor season around the metropolitan district is certain to be marked with at least one, and more likely two interest compelling heavyweight championship sell-outs.

Right behind Louis as a prospective indoor record smasher, we have or rather Mike has, former champion Max Baer, whose last indoor outing was a tremendous success both financially and fistically. The victim of much misfortune, in recent months, the program of Baer is rather hazy at the moment but if the happy go lucky harlequin of the prize ring decides to come east for a Madison Square Garden appearance he is a cinch to cram in the customers for despite his past transgressions the genial fellow still retains a tremendous hold on the fight going public.

* * *

TAYLOR insists that he has Tommy Farr and Jimmy Adamick under his wings as well as Galento and Lewis, and if that is the case, then the Philadelphia promoter is sure to put a crimp into Mike Jacobs' plans for the indoor season. Farr should prove a big drawing card despite the fact that he has never won a fight in this country. The fans remember him for his fine showing against Louis, his disputed loss with Braddock and the fact that he got off the floor to put up a great battle against Max Baer. That's why he still retains his drawing power.

Shortly after this goes to press, the Pastor-Barlund fight will be a thing of the past and the public will know whether Bob or Gunnar will be figuring as a possible opponent for Joe Louis when he starts his indoor campaign in the Garden of New York. Both have been displaying much better form than they did a year ago and whether it is Barlund or Jimmy Johnston's Bob who triumphs, will make little difference in Mike Jacobs' indoor plans. As for Schmeling, Mike has repeatedly said that he wants no more of him. He feels Max is still a good drawing card but that it is best for boxing to have Schmeling retire and that's what the average fight fan thinks Herr Max will do.

As for Adamick he is young and coming. He should be a good addition to the heavyweight ranks as will be Lovell and Buddy Knox if Buddy can put on some weight. Otherwise Knox had better remain in the light-heavyweight division.

Big Break for Barlund

(Continued from page 9)

amateur career. In 1934 he carried off the European heavyweight title in a Budapest tournament, defeating Herbert Runge of Germany in the finals.

It was then that he decided to turn professional. Under the management of Bertyl Kylander he won several pro fights in Finland, and went to England. He arrived there heralded as having engaged in 106 amateur contests, losing only two decisions, boxing three draws, and scoring 72 knockouts.

London saw him whip Ben Foord and big George Godfrey, and his spectacular work impressed Paul Damski so favorably that the latter bought his contract from Kylander, and became his manager.

Damski is a German exile who is well-known in the United States as a fistic impresario who has had remarkable success in bringing obscure boxers from abroad to the front. Paul developed Walter Neusel, who for a time was looked upon as a likely contender in the struggle for high heavyweight honors. He also bought out and developed Eric Seelig, a splendid welterweight whose failure to reach higher than he did may be traced to home worries caused by his exile from Germany because he is a Jew. Damski brought him to America.

* * *

BARLUND had found a worthy mentor in Paul Damski. Few of the managerial tribe know their business as well as Paul, and the latter's faith in his protege was not misplaced. They came to America, where they were aided by another fine manager, Jimmy Bronson, and their opening campaign was inaugurated by knockout victories for Gunnar over Sandy McDonald and Frankie Connolly. The Finland youth also scored point decisions over Abe Feldman and Thom Beaupre.

New York sport writers waxed enthusiastic over Barlund, the unanimous verdict being that he was the most promising bit of heavyweight material imported since Schmeling was in his prime. Unfortunately, at this juncture Gunnar was laid up with an influenza attack. He recovered, and was apparently as right as ever, but subsequent events showed that his illness had affected his stamina seriously.

For on resuming ring activities, he lost decisions to Bob Olin and Nathan Mann. In both bouts his oldtime vim was missing, and his punching power seemed to have left him. Examination by a specialist revealed that the influenza germs were still lurking in his system.

* * *

THE experts who had seen him defeated by Olin and Mann were quick to realize that their earlier praise of the Finnish youth had been justified, when they saw him stop Eddie Coderre in one round, and batter down tough Hans Haverlick in nine frames. But Paul himself was probably best pleased by his victory over Alberto Lovell on December 29 of last year.

It will be remembered that Lovell was the scrapper who administered a setback to Barlund during the 1932 Olympiad in the amateur heavyweight tourney. To even matters up, with something over for good measure, was a job exactly to Barlund's liking, and he did it with neatness and dispatch.

Following his successful rounding-up of Lovell, came Barlund's match with Buddy Baer at Madison Square Garden on the night of March 4. This was the battle that turned the spotlight full on the fighting Finn, and helped him to win the topnotch rating among imported heavyweight talent by the RING MAGAZINE.

Barlund won from Max Baer's giant younger brother on a technical kayo in the seventh round, when Buddy, groggy, bleeding and discouraged by the beating he had received, surrendered to his aggressive adversary.

* * *

IT was a victory with a whole lot of significance for the triumphant Finn. Because, although Buddy completely failed to live up to the high hopes of his sponsors, who expected to place him as a foremost challenger against the winner of the second combat between Joe Louis and Schmeling, then scheduled for the following June; Barlund profited mightily by the large amount of ballyhoo which had been lavished on young Baer by the publicity sharps.

Experts had already selected Barlund as a "sure-comer," but it wasn't until he whipped Buddy that the public in general began to sit up and take notice of him. They had heard and read such a lot about young Baer that the latter's decisive defeat started them talking about his conqueror.

Barlund performed his task in true workmanlike fashion. He exhibited every quality of a genuinely good fighter against Baer. Gameness, hard hitting and perseverance enabled him to outlast his opponent, who battered helplessly against the ropes in his own corner in the fateful seventh round, was hammered remorselessly with right and left hooks, and after he had been tagged with a solid right on the chin, looked pitifully at referee Cavanaugh.

Cavanaugh stepped in between the distressed boxer and his eager foe, and asked if Buddy wanted to continue.

"I'm through," muttered young Baer hoarsely, and Cavanaugh motioned back the victorious Barlund.

* * *

GUNNAR BARLUND when in action, has something of the "dead pan" expression so characteristic of champion Louis. You feel that his whole attention is concentrated on the job to be done, without a single thought for anything outside of that. His small, cold blue eyes shine like polished steel, as he presses forward, seldom taking a back step, as relentlessly intent as a jungle tiger stalking his prey.

His boxing style is well rounded, and there is sure hitting power in either hand. His left is an excellent weapon, his right cross is a dandy, and one of his pet punches —a downward right chop, is a hard thing to get away from.

Barlund can jab with force and accuracy.

Since beating Baer, the Finnish hope has gone on to other triumphs on the Pacific Coast, whipping Chuck Crowell in ten rounds, and putting the slumber bee on Jim McVey in the second frame.

* * *

WHAT of his future? Well, that's "on the knees of the gods!" It would be an exceedingly rash person who would venture to prophesy that Barlund could "take" Louis at this stage of his career but he'll give him a great fight. There has no attempt been made in this article to represent Gunnar as a superman. But that he's a very good prospect in the pugilistic lineup, certainly cannot be denied. He is as good as the best contenders, and better than the American challengers with the exception of Max Baer.

During his second campaign in these United States, he has done all that has been asked of him, with something over the mark to spare. A fellow can only give the best he's got, and Gunnar Barlund hasn't held any of his fistic talents in reserve. If he is still a bit crude in spots, what of it? Every brainy fighter learns something more as he goes along the trail, and don't forget that Barlund is improving all the time.

He must definitely be considered as a distinct threat to the leaders of the heavyweight division, and that doesn't exclude any of the boys. Gunnar got married a few weeks ago to an oldtime sweetheart of his native land, and manager Paul Damski, with a twinkle in his eye, asks everyone to note how a happy marriage put new zest into Max Baer's fistic methods, so that he fought his way back to prominence again.

There's plenty of vigor already in Barlund's ring operations, but maybe wedded bliss will act as a new spur for his lofty ambitions. At any rate, THE RING magazine extends hearty congratulations to wife and husband; and hopes that Paul Damski's predictions of future success for Finland's fighting pride may be fully realized! Paul is deserving of success. He rates high among the managers of famous boxers.

The Referee, Target for Abuse

(Continued from page 17)

gets in there and earns his two hundred smackers in the main event alone.

Nor does a referee know definitely until 3 o'clock on the afternoon of an important engagement whether he will work or not. Even then, he doesn't know whether it will be the main go or just one of the prelims.

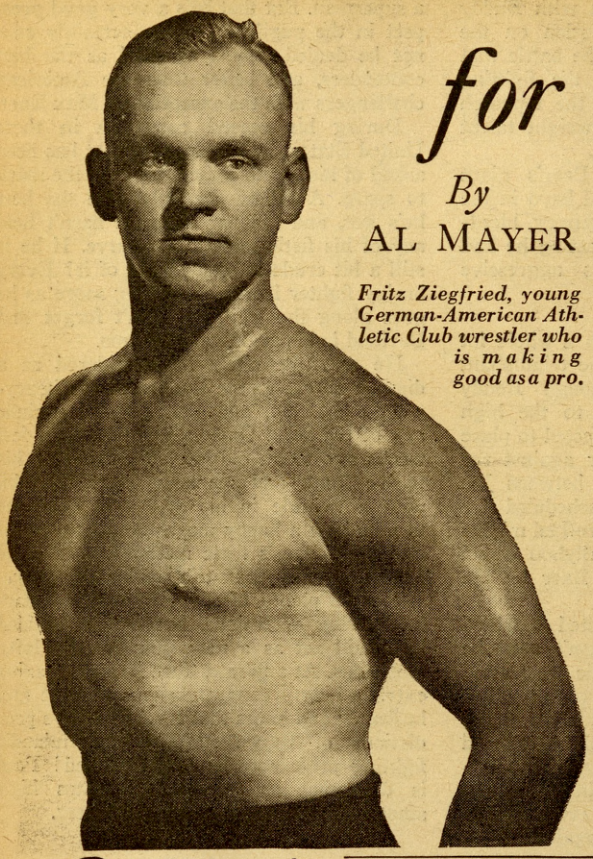
As a rule, three referees are called to be on hand at each important contest. Then just before the principals enter the ring, one of the boxing commissioners signal to one of the trio to get ready. Thus, by waiting until the last minute to make the selection, chances of coercion and bribery are eliminated.

The next time you sit in on a fight program, take time out for a short minute and ponder a bit before you go into a hysterical tantrum at the referee's actions or decisions. Place yourself in his shoes for a moment, and realize that he is in there seeing things that could easily escape your notice.

It is human to err and referees are human, but I dare say the general run of referees in this country are on a par with arbiters in any other form of sport competition. Remember, his task at best is a thankless one, and he is confronted with the problem of pleasing the whole crowd, combatants as well, at the same time, calling the shots as he sees them . . . . for a change, give the man in gray a boost, he's got one coming.

NEW MAT TALENT *for* NEW YORK

By
AL MAYER



Fritz Ziegfried, young German-American Athletic Club wrestler who is making good as a pro.

SIXTEEN years is a long time to be connected with any business, but that number in the wrestling business is equal to a lifetime in the ordinary. This year marks the sixteenth that Jack Pfeffer has been promoting wrestling in New York and vicinity. During these years he has given metropolitan sport enthusiasts the best wrestlers that could be recruited from all parts of the world. The list of his importations is too long to mention here but suffice it to say that he is the man largely responsible for keeping the sport alive in the greater city. As the indoor season gets under way, Pfeffer with his 130 pounds of energy put to the wheel, again has commandeered a galaxy of first class wrestling talent for the entertainment of the public.

Already, Jack who is an incorrigible optimist, has imported talent from Europe and has been recruiting American mat stars from all parts of the country. He has a good many of them awaiting the tap of the gong and others are on their way to New York. But it's only the beginning. Jack feels confident that wrestling will enjoy a banner year.

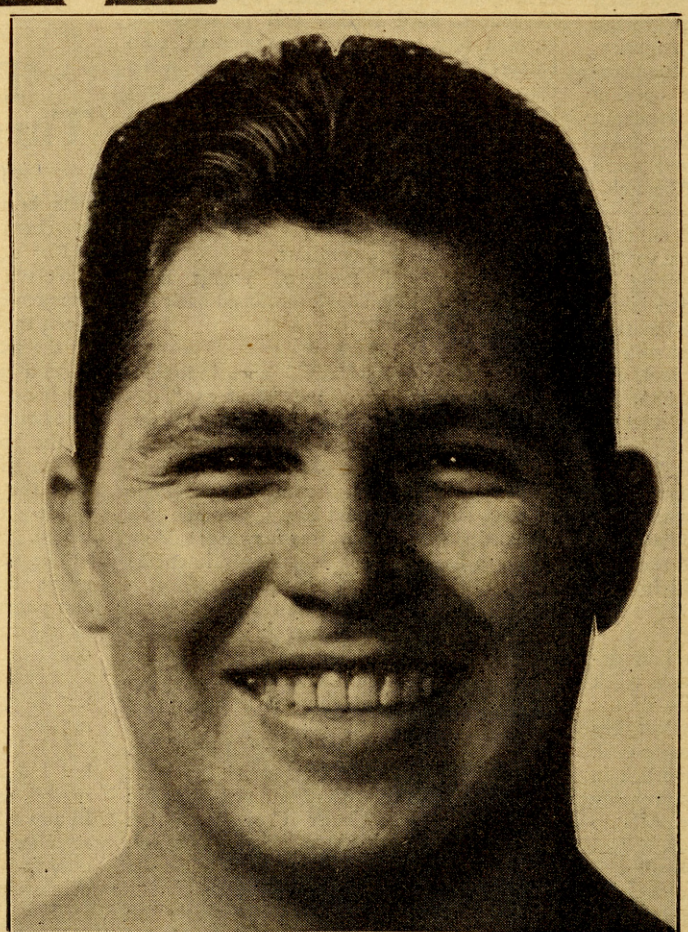
This winter Jack will operate in Manhattan and Brooklyn's major clubs not forgetting high-class arenas across the water in Jersey and other good spots throughout the east. With such a busy winter season ahead, he has spent the entire summer preparing himself and carefully selecting talent. Jack never takes a poke in the dark. That a wrestler happens to be highly recommended with an outstanding record, means little to him. He first wants to see what the fellow can do and satisfy himself that he has the goods and is all that he is represented to be. In order to do this, he takes on boys with reputations in a local gymnasium where Jack looks them over and pronounces himself satisfied or otherwise with the newcomer.

If the wrestler fails to come up to standard then he is told that it is useless for him to try and make the grade in New York.

Although the list is far from complete, it is interesting at this time to look over some of the stars who will be featured this winter by him.

* * *

"WHAT'S in a name?" sometimes much and sometimes little. But in the case of the Jameses it means plenty to their owners and still more to Pfeffer, New York's little wrestling impresario who selects his wrestling stars with more care than a debutante chooses a husband.



Johnny James, brother of Jackie and the heavier. He is a 215 pound wrestler.

In Jackie James and Johnny James, Pfeffer introduced two new stars in two divisions—Jackie in the light-heavyweight and Johnny in the heavyweight. Both have been sensational and have introduced more new tricks and ring acrobatics than have been seen in a month of Sundays. The name of James sure has been a lucky one to Pfeffer, for besides the two Jameses who are now occupying the light in the wrestling world, there was Jessie James last winter who also made a big hit until the young athlete hit a snag and began the road downward far quicker than he climbed up.

The two new Jameses—Jackie and Johnny have stood the test against the best and now with the winter season only around the corner, they are ready, physically and mentally, to wage a stiff battle which may land one or both on top into a world's title.

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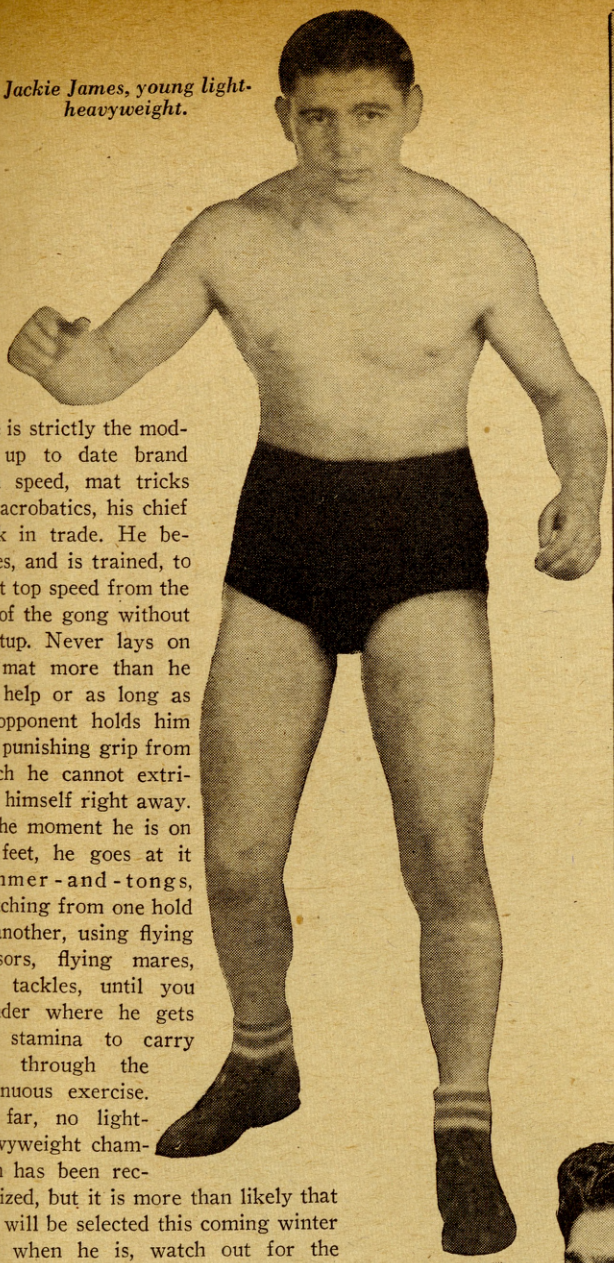
LET'S take a peep at these two lads and get a line on their ability. Jackie James is the lighter of the two—a legitimate light-heavy, weighing 188 pounds and 5 feet 8 inches in height. His



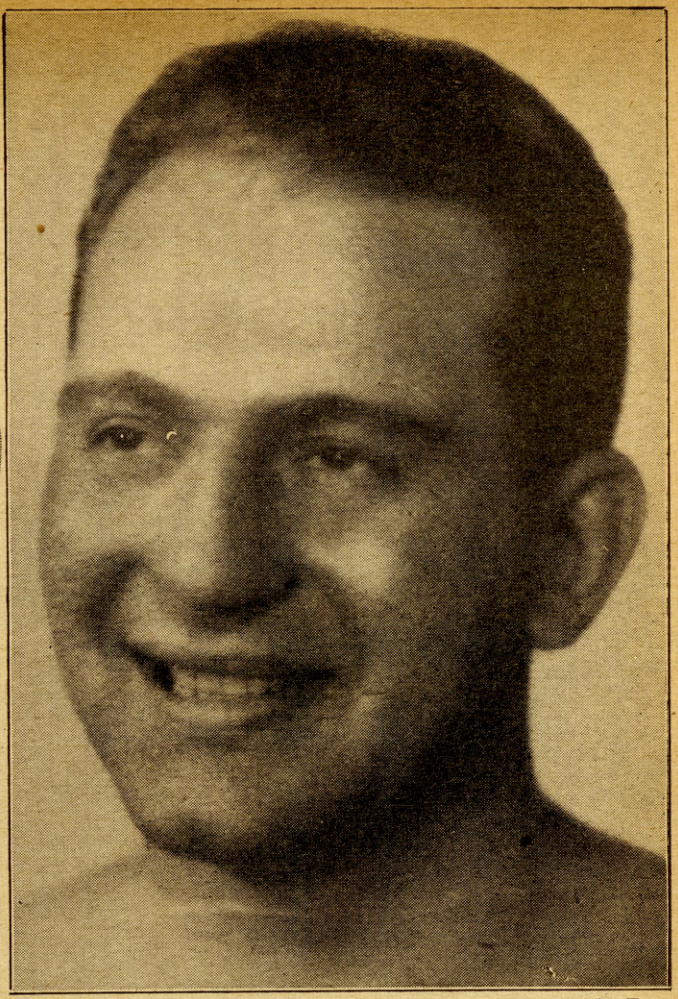
Jackie James, young light-heavyweight.

style is strictly the modern up to date brand with speed, mat tricks and acrobatics, his chief stock in trade. He believes, and is trained, to go at top speed from the tap of the gong without a letup. Never lays on the mat more than he can help or as long as an opponent holds him in a punishing grip from which he cannot extricate himself right away.

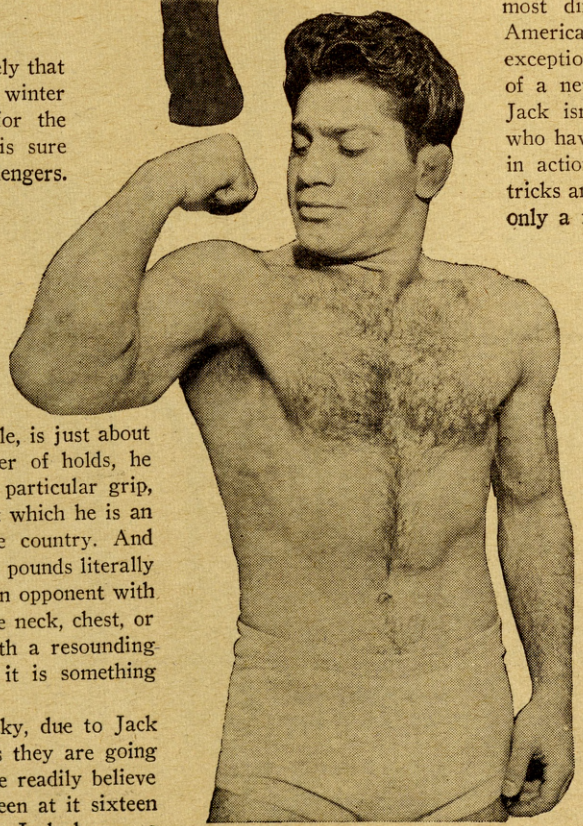
The moment he is on his feet, he goes at it hammer-and-tongs, switching from one hold to another, using flying scissors, flying mares, and tackles, until you wonder where he gets the stamina to carry him through the strenuous exercise. So far, no light-heavyweight champion has been recognized, but it is more than likely that one will be selected this coming winter and when he is, watch out for the name of Jackie James as he is sure to be right there with the challengers.

Johnny James is a different type to Jackie. First of all he belongs to another division—the heavyweight. They are calling him the American Apollo for this young athlete, only 25 years old and standing 5 feet 11 inches, is beautifully built and his 215 pounds of brawn and muscle, is just about perfect for his build. A master of holds, he nevertheless specializes in one particular grip, namely—the flying scissors—at which he is an expert if not the best in the country. And when you see a man weigh 215 pounds literally flying through space to hook an opponent with both legs sometimes around the neck, chest, or torso and bring him down with a resounding thud—let us assure you that it is something worth going miles to see.

The Jameses have been lucky, due to Jack Pfeffer. And when he tells us they are going to be the winter's sensation we readily believe the little promoter who has been at it sixteen years and still going strong. Jack knows a showman when he sees one.



Bob Stein, 215 pound Hebrew mat man now appearing in the East.



Benito Leone, an excellent grappler from Italy.

BENITO LEONE—Latest to come to this country, is a member of the Leone clan and according to Jack Pfeffer, the most difficult to persuade to make the trip to America. Promoters in general and Jack is no exception, sometimes are over lavish in their praise of a new star. But in the case of Benito Leone, Jack isn't doing the talking but fans themselves who have been lucky enough to see this newcomer in action. Benito Leone has introduced new ring tricks and acrobatics in this country. Although here only a few weeks, he already ranks with the top notchers and is a headliner in major clubs.

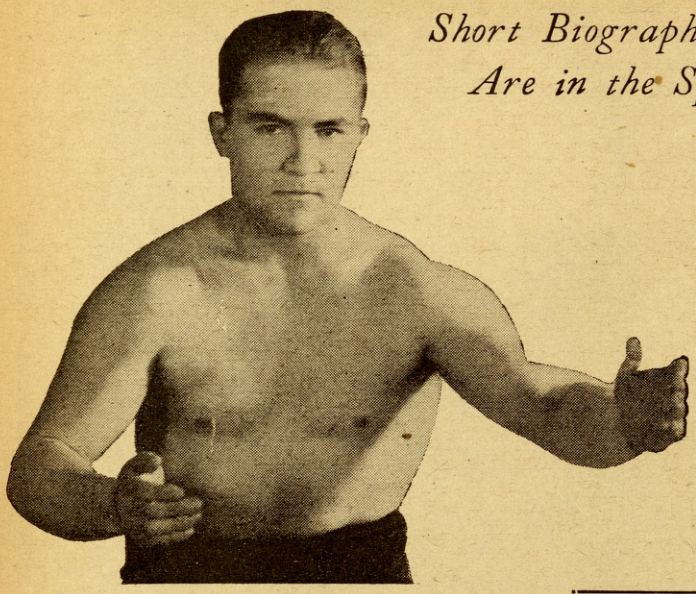
Leone was born in Rome 26 years ago. He is not a massive giant but a rather small stocky individual weighing only 180 pounds. He has jet black hair, hairy as a gorilla, a corking pair of cauliflower ears and a well bashed-in nose which bespeaks of the many tough battles he has been in. Wrestling is his whole life story. He loves the game but because of his small poundage, was forced to start as a boxer. He held his own in both the lightweight and welterweight classes, then he took on poundage and finally reached 180 pounds, sufficient to take up wrestling professionally.

In Europe, they never have seen anything like Benito Leone and, in this country, we are inclined to say he'll make good with a vengeance. With all the modern tricks at his fingertips, he has added so many of his own that it is hard to say when his difficult style will be solved. He is on the attack *(Continued on page 43)*

GETTING ACQUAINTED

Short Biographical Sketches of the Wrestlers Who Are in the Spotlight in the Various Divisions

By NAT FRANK



Joe Maynard who is doing well as a pro in Eastern wrestling circles.

FRANK BRONOWICZ is known the world over as one of the foremost wrestlers in the game today. The mat fans are well acquainted with his ability to cope with the topnotchers.

Not only that, but the Polish star holds the title of his native Poland. He also has victories over some of the outstanding matmen in the world. That of which he is most proud, is the one he scored over Jim Londos in Philadelphia, not long before the Greek Adonis ascended to championship heights.

This 220 pound, 5 foot 11 inch star, who specializes in the body slam, flying head scissors, Greco-Roman style, the French La Savette system, plus numerous other holds, has seen action in practically every grappling center in the four corners of the world.

Only recently he returned to the United States, after a very successful tour of Continental Europe. There he matched grips with the stalwarts of his profession. There the name of Frank Bronowicz became a byword with the rabid wrestling fans. He proved that he knew the proper answers whenever he found himself in a tight pinch. The Polish champion convinced the Europeans of his true ability.

Bronowicz, after graduating from the Gymnasium, or high school, of his native Poland, came here with his parents. Here he joined an amateur organization and represented his club in mat meets. Being sturdy of frame and an ardent student, the Polander became the best simon-pure wrestler in his vicinity.

Later he got himself a job as a private detective. He spent three years in that branch of service. He did well for his bosses, trailing down the culprits and invariably brought in his quarry. Bronowicz, oft times, was called upon to use his mat system on the evil doers but he always managed to get his man.

But the love of wrestling got the better of him. So he quit his job, turned professional matman with the sole intention of ferreting out the headliners and matching holds with them.

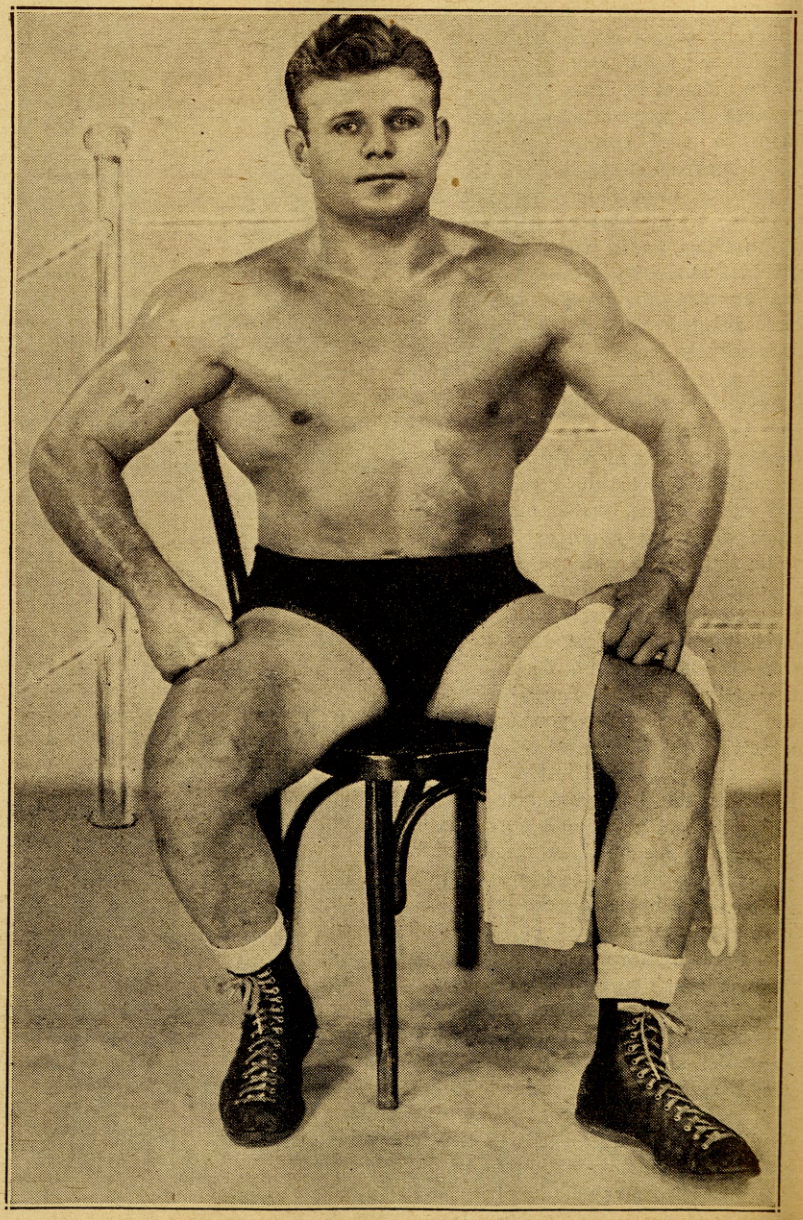
Evidently, according to his record, the champion wrestler of Poland hasn't made a bad move in turning in his detective badge for a pair of wrestling trunks.

* * *

WALTER PODOLAK is the "Perfect Man," for the simple reason that he is the possessor of the "Body Beautiful." That's what world famous artists and sculptors say of him.

Podolak is a native of Poland. He was born in Warsaw. At the age of five his family came to this country and settled in Syracuse, N. Y. There it was where Walter went to public and high school.

At the age of 18 he found that physical culture was to his liking so he started in becoming a strong-man. He weighed about



Walter Podolak, known as the "perfect man."

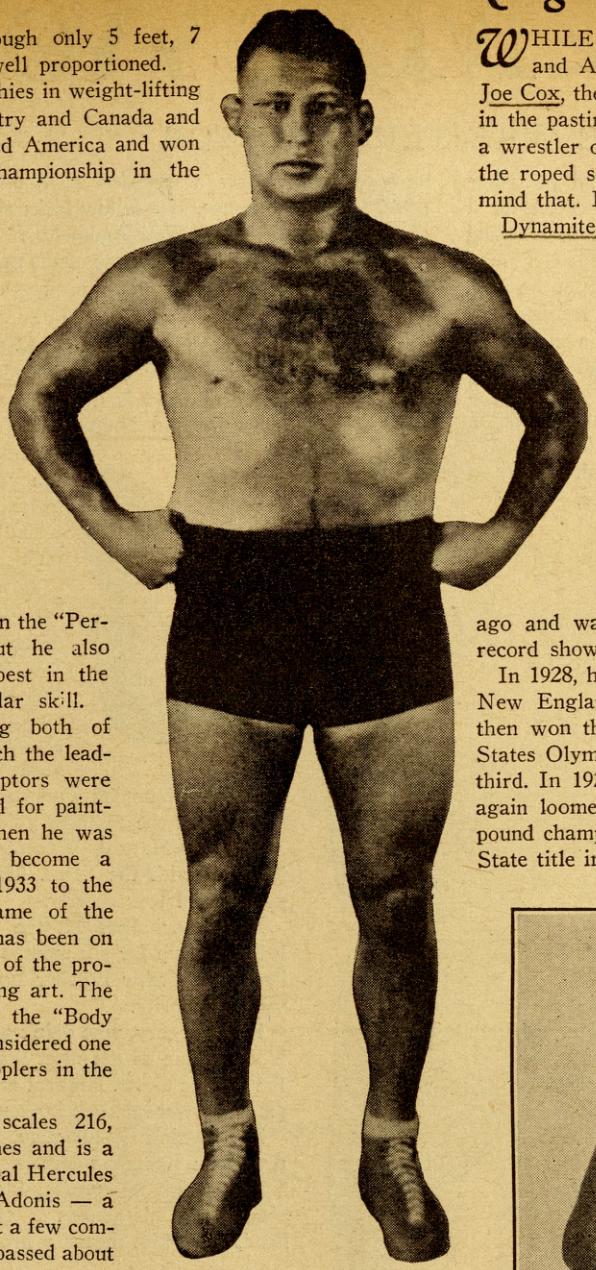
200 pounds, and though only 5 feet, 7 inches tall, he was well proportioned.

He won many trophies in weight-lifting contests in this country and Canada and in 1932 he represented America and won the weight-lifting championship in the Olympics.

It was in the early part of 1933 that the Blond Adonis, as Podolak is also known, won first place in a Body Beautiful Contest, sponsored by Bernarr McFadden. He won against competition from such stars as Charles Atlas, Otto Arko and Sigmund Klein. Not only did Podolak outdo them in the "Perfect Built" type but he also romped off as the best in the exhibition of muscular skill.

Following winning both of these events, in which the leading artists and sculptors were judges, Walter posed for paintings and statues. Then he was prevailed upon to become a wrestler. So from 1933 to the present day, the name of the Polish wonder-boy has been on the lips of followers of the professional bone-twisting art. The "Perfect Man" with the "Body Beautiful" is now considered one of the foremost grapplers in the game.

Today, Podolak scales 216, stands 5 feet, 8 inches and is a marvel in build. A real Hercules —an Apollo — an Adonis — a Giant Killer—are but a few complimentary remarks passed about him. Walter recently held even Henri DeGlane, former champion of the world, and Everette Marshall, a pretender to the throne. Podolak is a master of all holds, but one of the most picturesque is his own invention, the full nelson swing, with which he swings the heaviest of foes dizzy and into defeat.



Frank Bronowicz, Polish born wrestler, who rates with the best in the heavyweight ranks.

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JOE MAYNARD was born of poor parents. So poor were they that at the age of 14, Maynard was forced to leave school and get himself a job to help out on the family income. The youngster got a job as a messenger for a Wall Street brokerage concern and progressed rapidly to the post of chief clerk. He was athletically inclined, hence joined the Jamaica Y.M.C.A. where he learned his wrestling. He soon became an amateur grappler—was entered in many meets and won more than 90 per cent of his simon-pure tiffs.

In the meantime professional wrestling was catching his fancy. He turned in his amateur card and took part in his first money-making mat duel six years ago. Of course, Maynard was forced to give up his Wall Street job.

The Brooklynite is a tough hombre. Joe stands 5 feet, 11 inches tall and scales 225 pounds.

He may never reach the top rung of the wrestling ladder, but is sure to carry on for a long time.

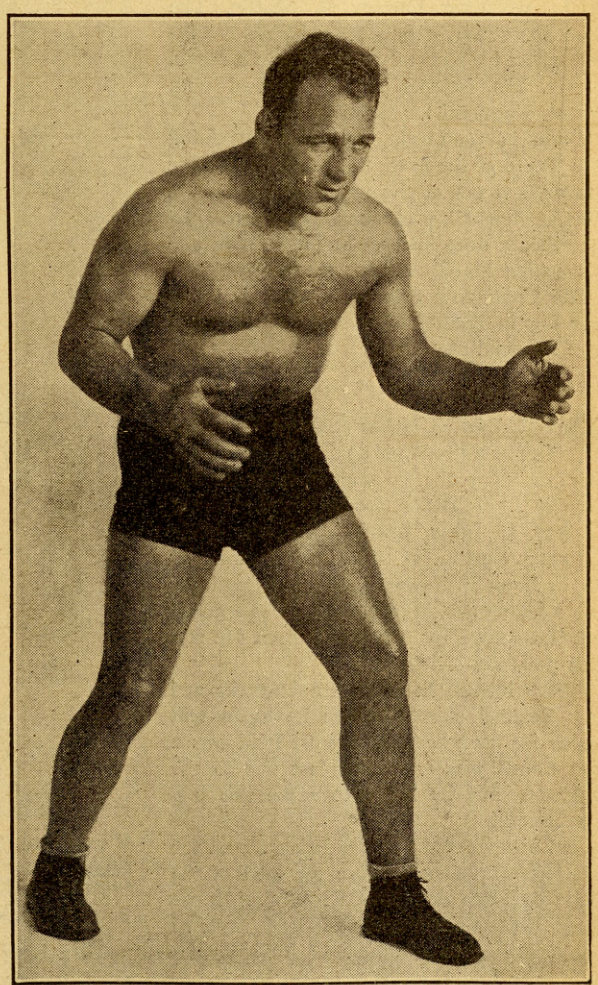
WHILE other wrestlers are leaving America for New Zealand and Australia because of the lack of work in this country, Joe Cox, the mat "villain," is keeping himself busy by participating in the pastime in almost every section in the States. Though not a wrestler of extraordinary ability, he is a showman. His acts in the roped square get him into heaps of trouble, but Joe doesn't mind that. He thrives on the hoots and hisses of the crowd.

Dynamite Joe Cox expects a busy campaign in Eastern clubs this winter. He is booked by the famous Dusek brothers, in whose combination he travels. He is the only wrestler who up to this writing, has thrown Bronko Nagurski. It was before Nagurski gained the title from Dean Detton but in a return engagement for the crown, Bronko turned the tables on the "villain."

* * *

REB RUSSELL, who has been campaigning around the East for the last two years, will again be a headliner of the Dusek clan this winter. Reb is a New Englander, former football star and a wrestler who can mix it with the best. He was born in Newport, Rhode Island, thirty years ago and was christened Robert Milton Russell. Russell's early record shows that he possessed skill from the start. Here it is:

In 1928, his first year in the competitive sport, he captured the New England 175-pound A. A. U. championship at Boston and then won the New England trials for that class on the United States Olympic team. In the national Olympic trials, Bob finished third. In 1929 he again took the New England title. In 1932, he again loomed to the limelight by copping the Metropolitan 175-pound championship in New York, not to mention the New York State title in the same class. He has been a pro since 1933.



Joe Cox one of the country's leading wrestling "villains." He is a crowd pleaser though often hooted from the time of his arrival until the match is over.

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By THE WRESTLING EDITOR

PROF. JACK ROBINSON, the jiu jitsu and wrestling expert of Johannesburg who was in New York for a short visit during the summer, stopped off in England on his way home and competed at the famous Grasmere Games at Penrith. After an absence of seven years from the ring, the big athlete came through with a victory. He regained the laurels he held years ago and thereby accomplished a feat that gained for him the praise of Cumberland and Westmoreland fans.

He competed as "Jack Spedding of Newcastle-upon-Tyne" instead of under his own name. Douglas Clark, five times champion, was defeated in the first round. Robinson, who is instructor to the Johannesburg police, crowned his efforts with success by winning all weights.

While in New York, Prof. Robinson exhibited his skill before the New York Police Academy and before a specially selected group at Long Beach, Long Island.

* * *

CHIEF LITTLE WOLF was returned the winner of the International heavyweight wrestling tourney in Seattle. The Chief went over with a bang in the Northwest where his style of wrestling was a crowd pleaser. He expects to be matched with Bronko Nagurski for the title.

While in California, he did his training with Tonto of the Lone Ranger company. He also worked out at the ranch of William S. Hart at Newhall, where he was a guest. Hart has taken a deep interest in Little Wolf and is teaching him to act for the movies.

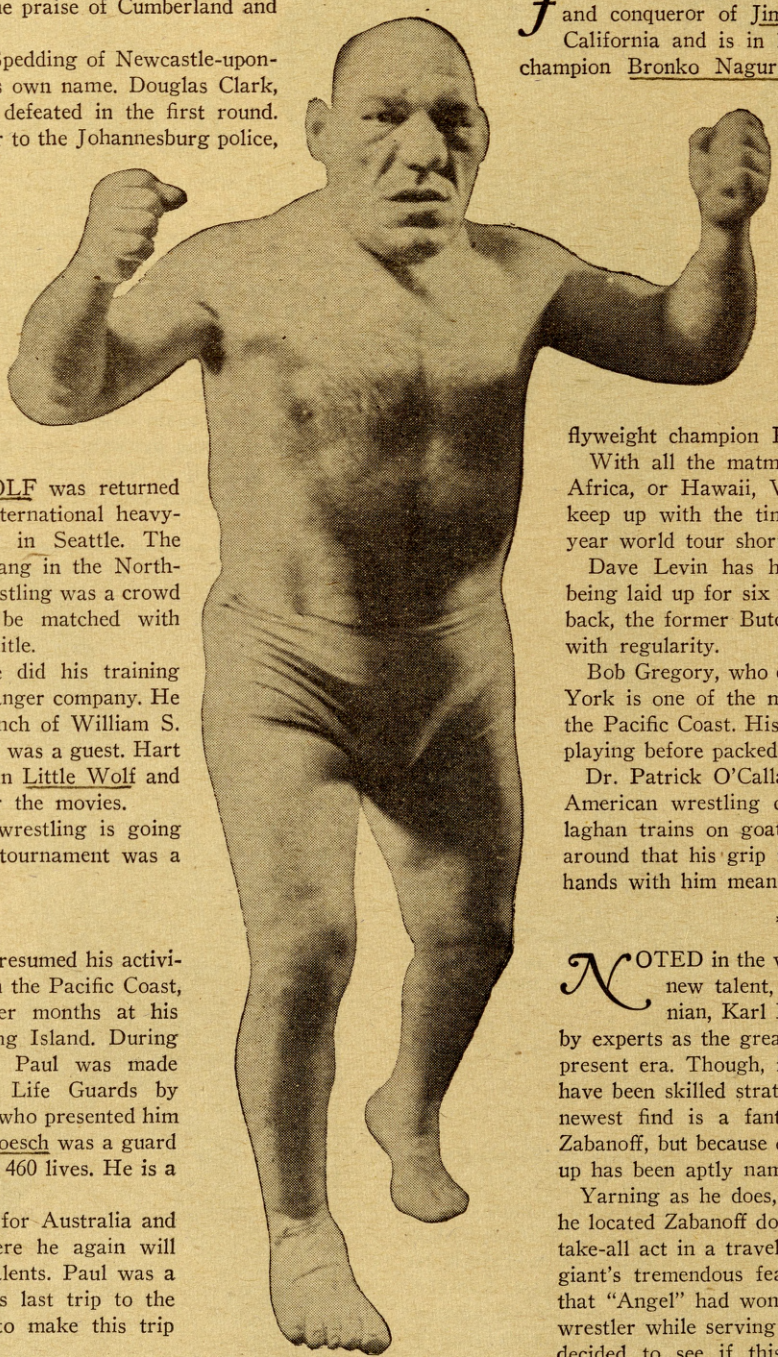
The Chief writes that wrestling is going over big in Seattle. The tournament was a huge financial success.

* * *

PAUL BOESCH has resumed his activities as a promoter on the Pacific Coast, after spending the summer months at his home in Long Beach, Long Island. During his stay at Long Beach, Paul was made honorary captain of the Life Guards by Mayor Louis F. Edwards, who presented him with a loving cup. When Boesch was a guard he had a record for saving 460 lives. He is a most powerful swimmer.

Boesch intends to leave for Australia and New Zealand shortly where he again will display his bone bending talents. Paul was a good crowd pleaser on his last trip to the Antipodes, and he hopes to make this trip as successful.

Paul believes India is the future mecca for wrestlers. He plans to give the land of the Hindu the once over before returning to the States. Boesch introduced the Hindu style of mud grappling to America, where it went over with a bang on the Pacific Coast. He is now in Seattle where he is pairing the matmen. Paul is of the opinion that nowhere in the world do the fans take their wrestling so seriously as in New Zealand where he says, "they know a wrestler when they see one and won't stand for any nonsense. If a fellow lacks ability he better not try to palm off anything on New Zealanders." Boesch is correct. The New Zealanders are keen students of the mat sport and no palooka need apply to them for support.



Maurice Zabanoff, "The Angel," a fantastic freak discovered in Europe by Karl Pojello.

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JOE SAVOLDI, former Notre Dame football star and conqueror of Jim Londos, is going strong in California and is in line for a title bout with the champion Bronko Nagurski. "Jumping Joe," and his famous drop kick may kick the crown from under Nagurski's dome, just as he did when he dropped Londos flat on his back several years ago.

New York mat fans saw a fat Mexican named Bronko Valdez cuff, bite and kick his way to stardom during the last indoor season. But few realized that the little dark skinned grunter was the nephew of former world's flyweight champion Pancho Villa.

With all the matmen going to Australia, South Africa, or Hawaii, Vincent Lopez has decided to keep up with the times. He will leave on a two year world tour shortly.

Dave Levin has hit the comeback trail. After being laid up for six months with a badly sprained back, the former Butcher Boy is tossing opponents with regularity.

Bob Gregory, who didn't go over so well in New York is one of the most popular bone benders on the Pacific Coast. His fast and clever style has him playing before packed houses several times a week.

Dr. Patrick O'Callaghan, Ireland's latest gift to American wrestling circles, is undefeated. O'Callaghan trains on goat's milk. The story has gone around that his grip is so powerful, that to shake hands with him means a broken paw.

* * *

NOTED in the wrestling world as a scout for new talent, is the globe-trotting Lithuanian, Karl Pojello, who has been ranked by experts as the greatest scientific matman of the present era. Though, in past years, his discoveries have been skilled strategists like Billy Bartush, his newest find is a fantastic freak named Maurice Zabanoff, but because of his strange physical make-up has been aptly named, "The Angel."

Yarning as he does, Karl tells the story of how he located Zabanoff doing a strongman and winner-take-all act in a traveling circus. Impressed by the giant's tremendous feats of strength and learning that "Angel" had won honors as a Graeco-Roman wrestler while serving in the French navy, Pojello decided to see if this ambling apeman had any possibilities as a catch or American free-style grappler.

That was more than eight months ago and although "The Angel" is rather slow at understanding anything, Karl is very pleased with his latest pupil. To date, he has encountered some of the best talent in England and the provinces of France, being beaten only by inexperience.

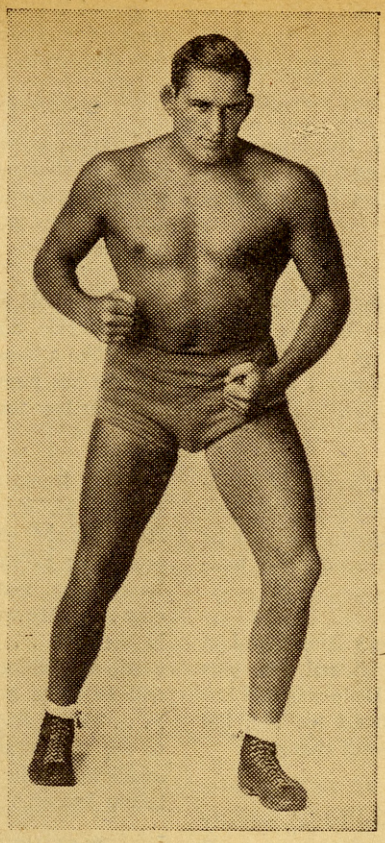
Grotesque in appearance, "Angel" is far stronger than any of

the combatants with whom he has already clashed. Possessor of a terrific body-squeeze, Zabanoff, who was born in what is now Leningrad, has won the majority of his bouts with the use of this devastating hold. Pojello informs the writer that, providing his protégé acquires a little more knowledge of the American mat style, he will take this Continental giant to the United States sometime this year and "The Angel" should provide stout opposition for Hans Steinke, Milo (Henri) Steinborn and those famed in the mat markets as the strongmen of the trade.

* * *

EUROPEAN wrestling gossip by Charles "Spider" Mascall:

Out of curiosity we decided to mingle more freely with those temperamental mighties of the mat and tried to discover just how they all reacted towards the much-debated, but still unsettled question of supremacy between Earl McCready, Empire ruler, and the Alaskan, Jack Sherry. Although there was a tendency to avoid discussing the subject the general concensus taken revealed that, on the average, the English clique favored the powerful Sherry, long top dog in Europe and regarded in certain circles as the world champion, while the Colonial and American invaders, almost to a man, sided with McCready who has been undefeated in this country. Personally, we are prone to agree with the latter school of thought as the Earl McCready of today, wrestling at the peak of a brilliant career, is just about the smoothest mat machine we've laid eyes upon in many a decade. Truly, he rates amongst the greatest of the moderns.



Paul Boesch, New York heavyweight, who has resumed promotion in Seattle.

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Rube Wright, a good-natured giant from Texas and a former Arizona University student, landed at Liverpool, the first of the highly-rated American stars to be selected as foils for clean wrestling crusader, Earl McCready. Wright will hook up with the Canadian champion at historic Albert Hall where no grappling show of any description has been held since George Hackenschmidt, the Russian hercules, took the number of that grand old American die-hard, Tom Jenkins, more than thirty years ago. It was announced to members of the press that the McCready-Wright tilt (strictly *catch-as-catch-can* wrestling) was the first of a series, all eliminating bouts for the heavyweight championship of the world. Jimmy Londos, the Golden Greek, was named as a proposed opponent for McCready, the contest to be staged in London later this season.

* * *

Speedy Dory Detton, the Utah mat wizard, stayed two weeks in Merrie England and, considering the month, fared exceedingly well. In one of his four matches, he was returned the victor over Russian-born Johnny Demchuk, holder of the Harold Lane light-heavyweight trophy, whilst in another encounter, Detton won the best two falls in three against Milo Popogropolis of Greece.

* * *

Douglas Clark may be "gawky beyond reproach" to praise-agent Leon Carol, but to the folk in North England, he is their idea of a real class wrestler. Why? Simply because Clark has been five times winner of the famous Grasmere Games, holder of a Lord Lonsdale belt and three times champion of the world, Cumberland Westmorland style. There is no room in the mat sphere for idealists and the man who will step into combat (regardless of profit or loss) has, in our way of feeling, done more for the betterment of this profession than he who waxes fat upon past glories.

WILLIAM BANKIER, promoting in Liverpool, showed rough-and-ready Chick Knight versus spectacular Paul Lortie, a French-Canadian hailing from Montreal. Knight, employing his customary rugged tactics, came out of the joust, winner by an odd fall. On the same bill, George Boganski, self-styled contender for the British title, flattened Big Bill Cunningham, the South African who has been taking things easy of late. Boganski weighed 218 pounds, six more than the lad from Johannesburg.

* * *

Smarting at the defeat handed him by skilled Tommy Nelson, an ex-Ontario amateur kingpin, Bengal Engblom sought out Arthur (Taffy) Williams, matchmaker for Lane's London Club, and asked to be given a return match with his conqueror. The request granted, Engblom went all out to score over Nelson in straight falls. To prove this victory was no "fluke," Bengal took on villainous Rod Fenton, the chin-whiskered Californian, and administered a thorough hiding to that worthy, before Fenton went amuck and was disqualified.

* * *

The National Sporting Club, Leigh, brought George "Dazzler" Clarke, famous Scottish athlete, back into the grip limelight by pairing him with Issy Van Dutz, the Dutchman. Puzzling his rival with a vastly improved repertoire of holds, Clarke took the verdict in two clear falls. George de Relyskow, Northern impresario, was responsible for the appearance of the Highland Games star in Edinburgh.

* * *

CURFEW CHATTER—As we stand on the brink of a new season, we hear that . . . . Jim Burnett, former Canadian steelworker, has scored a smash hit with South African fans and is in line for a crack at powerful Johannes Van der Walt. Though not as yet of championship status, burly Jim, long a favorite with this rambling reporter, is a steady, consistent performer, quite capable of dishing out a slam-bang exhibition whenever the occasion warrants it. Burnett has decided to remain in South Africa for six months . . . . Coming to the fore with the customary leaps and bounds, is Jewish Harry Rabin, styled by ballyhoo men as "the miniature edition of Jack Sherry." A clever, cagy wrestler, Rabin is a leading candidate for the British and European welterweight crowns worn so nicely by Doncaster Harold Angus . . . . Hank Oswald, the globe-trotting Californian who has been living in South Africa, will in all probability spend this coming winter in Europe where he will find stiff opposition awaiting him from Karl Pojello, Tiger Daula (recent conqueror of Douglas Clark), David Armstrong, Benny Sherman, Tony Baer, Jack Sherry, Abe Caplan (who just checked in from South America), Chick Knight, Dan Koloff and a myriad of other tough headliners.

* * *

Talking of champs and such, recalls to mind the features of one Michael O'Leary—six months ago unknown—now ruling as "the heavyweight champion of Great Britain" in the camp controlled by the 20th Century Wrestling Association. Laws of libel restrict us from passing any further comments upon the ability of this latest pretender . . . . Looking more sun-tanned than ever and as fit as a fiddle, Maurice Letchford, South African light-heavyweight, returned to his old stamping grounds in England following a very adventurous trip into warring Palestine. In spite of the riots that broke out soon after his arrival and caused cancellation of his grappling contract, Letchford was pleased with the entire tour and brought back with him a different version of

his pet hold, the death-lock, and from what we've seen, it's a dandy! . . . Louis Pergantes, leather-skinned veteran, is one of the smartest light-heavyweights in the business, so experts say.

* * *

Smiling Sammy Menacker, Hebrew Adonis, has invented a new hold, which he calls the Double Foldover Leg Twist. Sammy puts that on in lightning fashion and he brings both audience and rivals down with it at the same time.

* * *

One of the best liked wrestlers in the game in the East is Big Blond Ed Meske, Ohio State Champion. Not only is Meske perfectly built but he also knows how to take very good care of himself with the toughest of opposition. His famous short-arm turnover scissors has won him numerous victories.

* * *

Stan Sokolis, the one time captain of the University of Pennsylvania football and wrestling teams, is definitely set to prove that he is a real threat for the world championship Sock, as he is known to his intimates, is one of the most spectacular matmen in the game.

* * *

Rudy Dusek, the steering guide for the famous Riot Squad of Bonebendom, composed of brothers Ernie, Emil and Joe, plus Cousin Wallie, is back in action again. Rowdy Rudy was laid low with a severe illness that for a spell threatened his life, but sturdiness of heart was able to ward off the Death charge.

* * *

Joe Maynard, that badman from Jamaica, Long Island, recently purchased a large chicken farm, located in the State of Delaware. The Mauling Maynard has gone in for farming in a big way and he already is delivering large orders of eggs to customers in the Metropolitan area.

* * *

Eddie Newman—cartoonist-wrestler, makes drawings of all the mat matches he sees: He then studies the different styles of his rivals so that when occasion arises where he will be called to face any of them, he will have had a good idea of the faults and good points. Naturally, Newman will make it a business of taking advantage of their weaknesses.

* * *

That horrid brutal man, known as the Texas Terror, is really a high class gentleman when not in ring toga. Reference is made of Rebel Bob Russell, than whom there is no one rougher in the game of grip and get gripped.

* * *

Abie Coleman, that mite of might, suffered an eight inch gash in his head, plus other injuries, in a recent automobile accident. But the Swarthy Jewish drop-kick specialist proved he can take it. He is back in action and swapping grips and holds with the topnotchers in the game.

* * *

Poland boasts of a trio of grappling luminaries in the persons of Big Mike Mazurki, Frank Bronowicz and Walter Podolak. All three of them pursue the orthodox lines of wrestling and have become prime favorites with the fans through the use of these methods.

* * *

Carrying more than 300 pounds into the ring with him is no handicap to massive Tor Johnson, the Swedish behemoth. The grappling Scandinavian is pretty fast for his weight and, incidently, makes good use of his poundage to batter his rivals into submission.

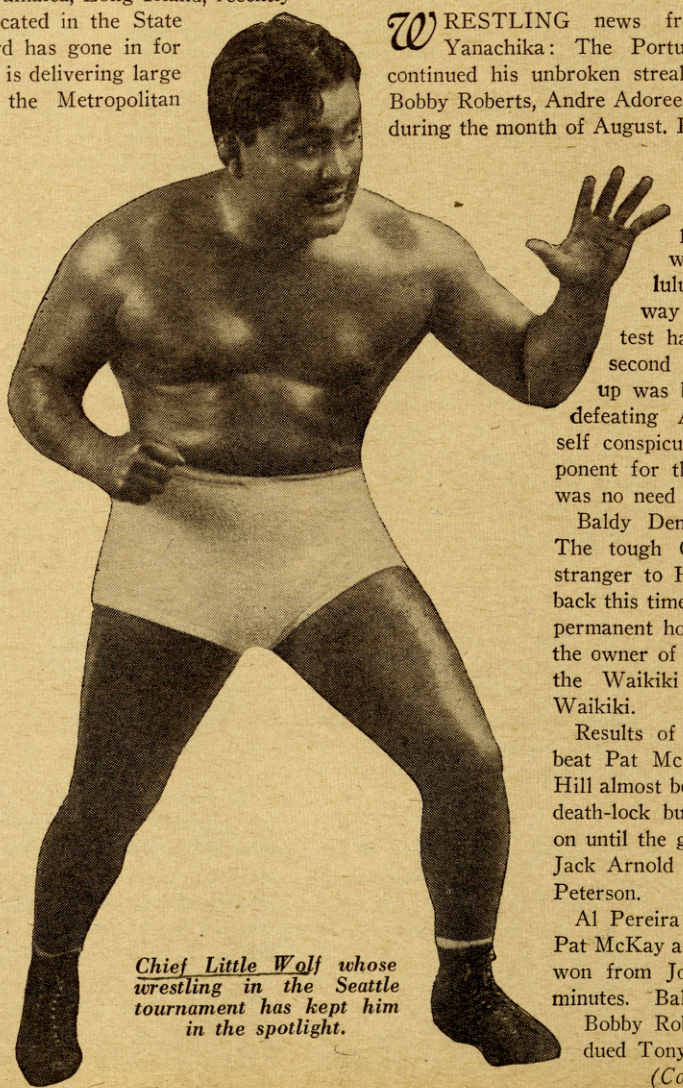
* * *

Emil Dusek, Battering Bohemian member, is finally running in true stride. Since he returned to the mat wars, Emil has been going like a house afire. He is even more relentless in his attack than he has been prior to the unfortunate automobile crash that laid him low for almost two years.

* * *

Major Domo Jack Herman of the Buffalo Sporting club of Buffalo, N. Y. plans a bangup wrestling season . . . . Mr. Herman's club enjoyed a banner 1937-38 year with the mat game prospering as well as in the years of its greatest boom . . . . Iron Talun, giant Polish grappler, is a real card here right now . . . . He will jam 'em in with Ed (Don) George sometime in the Fall . . . . George, by the way, is thinking of taking a trip to California . . . . Joe Matty's husky young son, Ray, will be quite a threat to invading pachyderms from now on . . . . Young Ray will weigh close to 200 pounds when he takes to the ring again . . . . In his day Joe Matty was the best middleweight in this part of the country . . . . He is now a tavern keeper. . . .

* * *



Chief Little Wolf whose wrestling in the Seattle tournament has kept him in the spotlight.

WRESTLING news from Hawaii by Theodore Yanachika: The Portuguese wrestler, Al Pereira continued his unbroken streak of victories when he bent Bobby Roberts, Andre Adoree, Vic Hill and Andre Adoree, during the month of August. Promoter Al Karasick started an elimination contest for Hawaii for the sole purpose of selecting a suitable opponent for Bronko Nagurski, who intends to stop in Honolulu for a couple of bouts, on his way to Austria. But the contest had gone no farther than the second week before the whole setup was bowled over. Al Pereira, by defeating Andre Adoree, made himself conspicuous as the only logical opponent for the world's champion. There was no need of continuing the tourney.

Baldy Demetral has turned newsboy. The tough Greek from Chicago is no stranger to Honolulu but when he came back this time, he said he would make his permanent home here. And so he is now the owner of a magazine stand located in the Waikiki Tavern in the heart of Waikiki.

Results of the Month—Andre Adoree beat Pat McKay: 2 out of 3 falls. Vic Hill almost beat Joe Tonti with an Indian death-lock but the powerful Italian held on until the gong to earn a draw: Sailor Jack Arnold won the opener from Ernie Peterson.

Al Pereira beat Andre Adoree, 1 fall. Pat McKay and Vic Hill, draw. Joe Tonti won from Joe Palooka Henning in 16 minutes. Baldy Demetral drew with Bobby Roberts. August Ornellas subdued Tony Carillo.

(Continued on page 43)

New Faces

(Continued from page 23)

scored a victory over the present champion, Johnny McGrory, in an overweight fight. He would like nothing better than to fight McGrory for the title. He also stands anxious to meet Dave Crowley for his British lightweight championship.

He is a well preserved fellow and has had some 300 odd fights in which he has been beaten but 6 times. Some of the boys he has whipped are Billy Charlton, Dick Corbett, Frank McCudden, and Ventura Hernandez.

* * *

BILLY SOOSE realizes that it will take more than the singing ability of Dick Powell, who has an interest in him, to win the middleweight championship of the world, but if Billy can fight half as well as Powell can sing, and his record indicates a world of ability, we may yet see this young Penn State lad emerge from the 160 pound ranks to the position of a foremost challenger.

Soose started boxing when he was fourteen years of age and weighed but ninety-eight pounds soaking wet. He has had more than the average amount of amateur fights, having gone to the post on no less than 180 different occasions. That would constitute several amateur careers rolled into one, but Billy liked boxing as a simon-pure and was reluctant about turning professional until he felt that he had enough experience to cope successfully with the professional boys.

He amassed the startling record of having won 176 battles, a string of victories that has seldom been equalled by any amateur of any weight, in the world. He attended Penn State college and in his first year of eligibility, won 12 fights by knock-outs, climaxing that brilliant year by garnering the Intercollegiate 155 pound championship. He was barred from further competition when he violated the "spirit" of a school rule prohibiting Penn State athletes from appearing under the promotion of amateur fight clubs.

He left school in February of this year and journeyed to the coast with screen writer Paul Moss, who has since acted as his manager. He had six fights at the Olympic Auditorium and Hollywood Legion, all professional encounters. He won them all, four of the victories coming by way of the knockout route.

He came East after those victories and made his Pittsburgh debut on the all-star Forbes Field show before 20,000 fans. As his opponent, he was given Al Quail, a rough tough middleweight who has beaten some of the best 160 pounders in the country. Quail, who had whipped Solly Kreiger and former kingpin Babe Risko, was a 3 to 1 favorite in the betting. Soose surprised the gambling gentry by whipping Quail with comparative ease, scoring in eight of the 10 rounds in decisive fashion to leave his mark before the local gathering who had but a few months back marvelled at his amateur record.

The victory established him in the eyes of the local fistic prognosticators of the Smoky City, and at this writing match-makers are scurrying about trying to make Soose with Billy Conn, Teddy Yarosz, or any other top-notcher as they feel that Billy will pack them in.

He has since kayoed Eric Lawson, and in his most recent fight scored a spectacular victory over Freddy Lenn before a near capacity crowd before his home town folks in Farrell, Pa.

Sing to him Dick Powell while Billy sings his opponents to sleep!

* * *

JACK SENA, former A.A.U. champion, is ready to make a re-entrance to the professional ring after being suspended for fighting at the Pan-American Exposition without the permission of his manager. He is under the direction of Eddie Meade according to Los Angeles papers, and must have something on the ball to be battling for fat Edward.

Sena is a 23 year old Mexican who was recognized as a fighter with potentialities before the suspension, and may raise a little rumpus with some of the 147 pounders who are cavorting in California rings.

The young Mexican kept in training while he was under the suspension, boxing every day in order to keep in shape for any emergency that may arise. He worked out in Wichita Falls and left recently for the coast to get into immediate ring action as he is in perfect condition and needs very little time to get into shape.

He has been unheard of in the East, but with several victories, his name may seep in over the wires and cause a lifting of the eye-brows in eastern circles.

ABOUT PHILADELPHIA

By HEN DE VOS

HEAVYWEIGHT bouts have dominated the local fistic activities with such stars as Al Ettore, Gus Dorazio, Jim Robinson, Matt Raymond, and Nick Fiorentino holding the spotlight.

Fiorentino was probably the most sensational winner when he KO'd Big Jim Robinson, Sammy Goldman's pride and joy, in the 7th round of a scheduled 10 round bout at Johnny Burns' Cambria Stadium. Both boys were undefeated in professional ranks until this meeting and Robinson appeared a certain winner until Nick caught Jim with a terrific righthander to the point of the chin at the beginning of the 7th round.

Matt Raymond, protege of Tommy Loughran, stepped up a notch in the local heavyweight ratings when he held the veteran Al Ettore to a 10 round draw. Raymond looked all over a winner, but the judges perhaps allowed their sentiments to sway their better judgment and the fading but courageous Al was given an even break. Jimmy Toppi was the promoter of this fight which drew a capacity crowd at the Outdoor Arena.

Gus Dorazio, south Philly Italian, came back to trounce very thoroughly this same Matt Raymond in another all-star show presented by the energetic Mr. Toppi. It was a return match and a distinct upset as Raymond had previously defeated Dorazio in Schenandoah, Pa. Gus, however, was out for revenge and sweet it was for he virtually punched the Loughran protégé from pillar to post.

A new gymnasium was recently opened at the Musical Fund Hall, 8th and Locust Sts., under Jimmy Toppi's supervision and it is attracting many of the leading fighters hereabouts.

The boxing game seems to be brightening up a little bit in this town with the possibility of four clubs operating regularly this winter. Herman Taylor will stage shows at the Arena and Convention Hall, Johnny Burns will continue indoors at the Cambria, as will also Jimmy Toppi at the Olympia. It has been rumored that Mike Jacobs is negotiating for a "spot" locally, and if he is successful the fight fans of Philly should witness some real battles for nothing promotes better matches than promotional competition.

Ambitious young fighters who would like to show in this section would do well to contact the writer at 1720 Sansom Street. Boxers who write, however, must be free from any managerial contracts, and must enclose their complete records including photos, clippings, etc., and self addressed envelope for reply.

AT THE ARENA: Tommy Cross and Eddie Cool drew, 10; Jimmy Tygh decisioned Norment Quarles, 10; Lew Massey beat Billy Maher, 10; and Johnny Hutchinson outpointed Jack Sheppard, 10.

THIS AND THAT: Art Hosefros, rising young local welter, is trained by Johnny Jadick, former champion of the world. Art's manager, Ray McCarney, whose father is Billy McCarney, now feels that his boy is ready for bigger and better game. In 14 fights, Hosefros has dropped but one decision . . . . Roxie Fergione, Philly's hard luck fighter, returned to action after a long absence, only to drop a debatable duke to Buddy Ryan, of Newark, in a ten round bout at the Arena. Both boys were dropped for no-counts but most of the fans thought that Forgione was deserving of a better fate . . . . Jake Friedman is contemplating a trip to the coast. His party will include Al Ettore, who is booked with Bob Nestell, in Los Angeles, and with the consent of their respective managers, Jimmy Tygh, Roxie Forgione, and Joe Sankey will also go along. . . . . Leon L. Rains, retired boxing promoter, is 59 years old this month. It was in 1898 that Rains broke into the boxing game as program boy for Diamond Lew Bailey . . . . Billy Soose, the ex-Penn Stater, would like to show in New York and Phila. . . . . Joe Smith says Art Sykes heavyweight, is making a comeback. Sykes was KO'd by Jersey Joe Wolcott here last spring . . . . Billy Passan wants to meet Indian Quintana again . . . . Jimmy Smith, former local middleweight star, who fought seven former world's champions but never won a title himself, is now refereeing in local rings . . . . Matt Adgie, is acting as a third man in the ring . . . . as is also, the ex-light heavyweight king, Battling Levinsky . . . . READERS: We will be glad to answer any questions pertaining to the fight industry in this section but correspondents must include self-addressed stamped envelopes if they wish replies. Address all mail to Hen De Vos, 1720 Sansom Street, Phila. Adios, 'til next month.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT DENVER, Colo.,: Patsy Perroni, Cleveland, O., heavyweight, made short work of Johnny Erjavec, Minneapolis, in the headline attraction of Bob Murton's first show in the mile high city. After absorbing a nifty beating, in which he was on the floor twice in the first two rounds, Erjavec was counted out in the third.

Sol Levinson, Denver lightweight, scored an upset victory over Paul de Bello of New York City, with a fourth-round kayo. De Bello had all the best of the first three heats, but ran into a solar plexus punch midway the fourth and was counted out.

Some 1200 fans were on hand for the show, the first show of any importance in Denver for many months.

Joe M. Roybal is back in the mountain region with his stable of fighters. His ace, Ted Garcia, scored some nine victories in eleven starts during the tour, which carried the troupe through Oklahoma, Arkansas and Texas.

Gene McVey is lining up a bout at Ponca City, Okla., which is being billed for the Indian heavyweight championship of the world. The contestants are Junior Munsell, an Oklahoma redskin, and Ernie Collins, a Nevada Shoshone.

The bout is to be for fifteen rounds, and Nat S. Fleischer, editor of this magazine, is putting up a silver belt to the winner.

There is but little doubt that this fracas will draw one of the biggest crowds to ever witness a ring duel in the Southwest.

Speaking of these Indian heavyweights, reminds me that one of the mysteries of the fight game, is why Indians don't go for the mitt game any more than they do. There aren't any better physical specimens in the world than our redskin brethren, and they are great sport competitors, but somehow, to date they haven't succeeded in the ring game.

Maybe one of the aforementioned Messrs. Munsell, Collins or Foster, will succeed where other Indian heavyweights feared to tread.

Pete Bostick, Waco, Tex.: No, Jake Kilrain never held the heavyweight title. Neither did Frank Slavin. The latter was tentatively matched for a bout with Sullivan, but lost the chance when he failed to match Sullivan's demands for a side-bet. Corbett then was inserted into the breach and won from the Boston Strongboy.

H.L.B., Clayton, N. M.: Jimmy Wilde was the first recognized flyweight champion. He won this distinction back in 1911 when he defeated Zulu Kid in a battle to determine the leader of the newly formed 112-pound class.

Remember, the writer has a list of active promoters here in the mountain sector that you can have for a two-bit piece. Will also be glad to answer any questions relative to the mitt industry if you will inclose reply postage.

Address all mail to: T. W. McNiel, P.O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

Fat Fighters Found Fistic Fame

(Continued from page 12)

IT is worthy of note that neglect of proper training which prevailed for many a long year after Sullivan abdicated, was not peculiar to the early Queensberry era. There were plenty of instances in the bare knuckle days of men going down to defeat because they went into action no better prepared than was Sullivan against Corbett.

One of the most noted examples of this kind was furnished by the invasion of the English prize ring by Thomas Molineaux, the colored American heavyweight, who, in 1810, battled gallantly, though vainly, to reach the goal later attained by Jack Johnson, and more recently by Joe Louis—the transfer of the blue ribbon of the ring to the Negro race.

Molineaux having challenged for the title and easily beaten two contenders, Burrows and Blake, the British sports persuaded Tom Cribb, ex-champion, to come out of retirement and fight the colored man.

Cribb carried too much weight to be at his best. He had grown corpulent during his retirement and training had not reduced him sufficiently. Molineaux was in prime condition. The black fought so furiously that Cribb was unable to answer the call of time for the twenty-ninth round.

Molineaux should have been named winner there and then. But one of the umpires managed to engage Bill Richmond, Molineaux's chief second, another colored American pugilist, in an argument, and prolonged the rest period sufficiently to enable Cribb to recover himself.

The tide of battle then turned and Molineaux was knocked out after fifty-five minutes of terrific milling.

* * *

IN their second encounter, the celebrated Captain Barclay took charge of Cribb's training. Barclay was a gentleman sportsman, whose hobby was conditioning fighters. The captain worked Cribb remorselessly, walking him thirty miles a day, and inside of eleven weeks Cribb's weight was reduced from 230 pounds to an even 187.

The white man was in magnificent fighting form. Molineaux, on the contrary, had taken to heavy drinking and general dissipation. He was as fat as a prize ox when he entered the ring. A gross feeder at all times, it is officially recorded that on the morning of the fight, Molineaux's breakfast consisted of an entire boiled chicken, a whole apple pie, and several pints of ale.

As might have been expected, Molineaux, though fighting desperately, was beaten down and stopped, his jaw being broken by one of Cribb's trip-hammer rights, in nineteen minutes and ten seconds, eleven rounds having been fought.

However big an eater Molineaux may have been, it is doubtful if he had anything in that respect on Luis Angel Firpo, one of the most famous fistic gobblers of all time.

One of his favorite dishes was an Argentinian stew of vegetables, served in a huge bowl. After finishing that Firpo would eat a couple of steaks along with a dozen and a half of fried eggs, which he would spread over the meat. It is significant that body punches were what put Firpo to the bad in his battle with Jack Dempsey in 1923, when Luis was kayoed in two rounds, after coming within an ace of winning the title. Many experts partly attributed Firpo's defeat to his over-indulgence of his gigantic appetite.

* * *

FOR several years before his ruined eyesight compelled him to retire from the ring in 1923, Sam Langford, the great colored heavyweight, who was only 5 feet, 6½ inches in height, scaled around the 230-pound mark. Still, although he could move around the ring at a fast clip, Langford scored knockouts up to the last.

If an opponent would come to Sam and swap punches, that opponent was clean out of luck. All Langford required was a fair shot at the jaw with either hand, and the show was over, for he had dynamite in both fists.

As time went on, the boxing authorities grew more and more stringent in enforcing strict training rules, until today the game is literally fenced in with barbed wire decrees that can't be broken through. It is amusing to reflect how Commissioner Brown would react toward such an experiment as a Chicago promoter made in 1894.

* * *

THE erratic Young Griffo was matched to box Ike Weir, the "Belfast Spider," at Battery D. That afternoon Griff disappeared from his training quarters. Promoter Lou Houseman notified Detective Headquarters and a city-wide search for the missing pug began.

At half past seven o'clock in the evening, Griffo was found dead drunk in a South Clark Street bar. He was put in a cab, driven to a Turkish bath establishment, and placed in the hot-room. At intervals the watchers grabbed him and hurled him into the cold plunge.

He was due in the ring at ten o'clock. Rumors of what had happened got around and the betting went to 5-to-1 on Weir. Having sweated Griffo to the limit and stung his brain into activity with icy showers, his handlers took him to the Battery. He was still apparently half-shot, but able to navigate and talk.

The bout started. To everyone's amazement, Ike Weir, justly considered one of the world's greatest featherweights, was outboxed and smothered in storms of punches from the moment the first bell clanged.

The first and second rounds were all Griffo's, with Weir nowhere. The Australian dropped the "Belfast Spider" six times in succession, and Weir was on the floor as round two ended. The third saw Weir blinded by jabs, hooks and jolts from all points of the compass. Griffo sent him down twice by the ropes with rights and lefts to the jaw, and then the police interfered to save Ike from further punishment.

Griffo, who was bone-lazy and hated training, developed quite a paunch during his last two years of active ring service, but though he had got to the point where he was losing decisions, despite his extraordinary cleverness, nobody ever seemed able to hurt him around the body.

When he died, through over-eating, for he quit drinking altogether for sixteen years prior to his demise, the former Australian feather champ weighed over 235 pounds.

* * *

IT was always a hard job to get Peter Maher, the Irish heavyweight champion, to buckle down to hard training. In several of his battles in the East the celebrated right-hand slugger showed up in the ring as fat as a Thanksgiving Day turkey.

This was especially noticeable the night Peter tackled Frank Craig, the "Harlem Coffee Cooler," before a Boston club in 1894. Craig was on the eve of departure for England, where he afterwards surprised the Britons over a period of sixteen months by whipping every middleweight and heavyweight they sent against him.

Frank was quick as a flash, a fine boxer, and sharp, accurate hitter. Also, he was in the very pink of condition. Maher, grossly fat, with rolls of flesh hanging over his belt, couldn't block or duck Craig's punches. Before the first round was over, the big Celt was cut, bleeding and groggy.

John L. Sullivan was sitting close by Maher's corner. As Peter staggered to his chair, Sullivan handed him up a flask of whisky. The Irishman grabbed it and drank thirstily. When the gong clanged, Craig started off to finish his job, and Maher met him half-way.

The minute's rest and the shot of liquor had stirred Peter into volcanic action. There was a swift flurry of flying gloves. Suddenly Maher brought his right up, swinging from the hip. The glove thudded under Craig's chin, lifted him off his feet, and he crashed to the floor. It was fifteen minutes before he regained his senses!

Although Bob Fitzsimmons ate and drank as much as he pleased and never stinted himself, he never put on much excess weight. In fact, at his best Bob was little more than a light-heavyweight. Jim Corbett, always temperate in his living, never grew fat, even after he hung up the gloves for good, and devoted his talents to the stage.

Among the living veterans who can still boast of trim, athletic figures are Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and Jack Johnson. Neither one ever stripped for battle with an abnormally developed belt-line. And judicious exercise kept both fit when their ring days were over.

* * *

BIG JESS WILLARD was absolutely fighting fit just once in his career. That was when he won the title from Johnson at Havana in 1915. His handlers trained him for six months with relentless vigor. When they got through with Jess, the latter's gigantic form was all whalebone and steel, metaphorically speaking. Also, his temper was on a raw edge, for he hated hard work, and the grind had irritated him horribly.

For all of his previous fights Willard had never worked very hard, nor after winning the title, did he ever regain the magnificent condition that was his in the Havana ring. That fight lasted into the twenty-sixth round, but Willard could have threshed through as many more, had it been necessary, even under the rays of the blazing sunlight.

Nearly a year elapsed before Willard defended his title. On March 25, 1916, he boxed ten rounds in a no-decision bout,

with Frank Moran at old Madison Square Garden. In that interval the fat had piled up on Jess. He showed none of the supple activity that distinguished him in Havana, and contented himself with countering Moran's rushes with long, straight lefts, without assuming the offensive.

In other words, Jess just loafed through the bout. His condition was good enough to take him through ten rounds without his being distressed, especially as he allowed Moran to do the lion's share of the work, and exerted himself as little as possible. But it isn't likely that he would have been able to pass the sort of test as to fitness demanded nowadays.

Willard trained faithfully in his own way for the title bout with Jack Dempsey. But his own way was a sluggish one, and he was far from being the tensely-muscled, alert figure of a man that dominated the Havana situation. He had thickened perceptibly around the waist, and there was no snap to his motions.

Maybe it wouldn't have made any difference in the outcome had Jess been in the razor-edge condition that was his when he beat Johnson, for the fuss ended in three rounds, anyway, and the route was too short for condition to count a whole lot.

Going down the heavyweight line from Willard, you can't find any of the champs who registered in the fat-man category. Jack Dempsey always prided himself on keeping slick and fit, and doesn't neglect exercise today. Much the same may be said for Gene Tunney.

* * *

HUGE as Carnera was, he never ran to fat at any time, and was not a difficult subject to handle in training. There was a great deal of the eternal boy about big Primo, and he seemed to get a kick out of gym work that few experienced battlers do. Jack Sharkey was also a willing worker, and has not grown much stouter since his retirement.

Max Baer, who since turning the tables on his former conqueror, Tommy Farr, claims to have obtained a new lease of pugilistic life, is all bone and sinew and looks as though he need never fear the accumulation of unwelcome poundage. Jim Braddock, though retired, keeps fit athletically speaking, and compares favorably with the shapely Baer.

Max Schmeling has ever been a faithful apostle of the cult of daily exercise.

As for world's heavyweight champion Joe Louis, newspapers and motion pictures have familiarized everybody with the dusky features and splendidly muscled frame of the great colored boxer, who recently wrote a new page of thrills in fistiana by his one-round kayo of Schmeling.

He's another hard-hitting gent who doesn't give the commish members the jitters. He's always in condition.

New Mat Talent for New York

(Continued from page 35)

from the tap of the gong and never lets up. And don't think for a moment that he cannot go long matches. His European record shows matches over the hour mark. One lasted two hours and ten minutes, Benito finally pinning his opponent.

His outstanding feat just before sailing for the States was winning three of Europe's most important tournaments—London, Paris and Rome, in succession. Benito Leone literally stands the fans on their chairs. They watch him in action and shout themselves hoarse.

* * *

BOB STEIN—Big 215 pound Hebrew stands over six feet. He was born in Brooklyn but has done most of his wrestling on the Pacific Coast. He belongs to the younger set in the heavyweight division and is classed among promising prospects. He has a beautiful build, is fast and will be given tough opposition this winter.

His record away from New York entitles him to major spots. He is sure to take an important part with the new younger heavyweights.

* * *

FRITZ ZIEGFRIED—This boy of German nationality, is expected to go a long way. Fritz Ziegfried has Pfeffer's endorsement. His parents hail from Hamburg where Fritz was born. However he came to this country a mere boy and has been wrestling about three years. Jack discovered Ziegfried very much in the same manner that he discovered Dave Levin and George Becker. All these boys were and still are members of the Cooper A. C., famous Brooklyn German-American Athletic Club.

It is the little clubs that often produce greater athletes. For instance Jack, by careful coaching and with the right material, managed to make Dave Levin champion of the world in less than two years. George Becker was another great star from the same club. Fans know what Jack has done with this boy whom many believe one day will become world's champion.

And now comes Fritz Ziegfried from the Cooper A. C. Ziegfried has everything to make him a great star. He is only 24 years old, tips the scales at 210 pounds and is getting bigger and better. Clever as they make them, he improves with every bout. Fritz Ziegfried is going to be a busy athlete this winter. Don't be surprised if he turns out to be the big noise among heavyweights.

* * *

SAMMY COHEN—There is only one Sammy Cohen—generally called the Bronx Bad Man. He certainly is all of that on the mat and more. When not in action, he is a pleasant fellow, excellent company, sings better than many paid artists and loves the outdoor and all sports. Before he became a pro wrestler, he played baseball and football and in the summer he is a lifeguard at one of the nearby beaches.

Sammy is tanned almost black, strong as an ox, a man who likes his grappling as rough as possible. He asks and gives no quarter and will wrestle anybody at the drop of the hat.

* * *

TONY MARTINELLI—One of Italy's light-heavies. He is 26 years old, weighs 196 pounds and one of the most spectacular wrestlers in the division.

Martinelli comes from a long line of wrestlers. The family boasts that for more than 150 years there has been a pro wrestler in the family. They are known in Italy as the wrestling Martinellis and are just as popular in Europe as they are over here.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 40)

WRESTLING WRISTLOCKS by J. Jimmie Amann follow:— The American Federation of Wrestling named Freddy von Lamm, the little bearded German, as the A.F.W. world's welterweight champion, replacing Jack Reynold's, recognition as same with the Federation.

George Bruckman, light heavy from Washington, D. C.; Milo Myrick, Naches, Wash. middleweight and Nick Olson, Iowa heavyweight, look to be the best prospects of the year in their respective division . . . . Myrick, incidentally is planning an eastern invasion early next year . . . . I have several good contacts for men in the heavy, light-heavy, middle and welter divisions.

Jersey Lightweights

(Continued from page 27)

SO the tournament started. In Braddock Bowl in Jersey City, Beauhuld and Lombardi clashed in a neighborhood revival of a squabble of long standing. Out of a maze of punches, Lombardi emerged winner by a knockout. But Beauhuld was not to be denied. It was a freak sneak punch. He could prove it was wrong.

In Garfield, before a palpitating and wall-bulging audience, went Beauhuld with Rohrig and Billy was eliminated. Rohrig outpunched him for ten rounds. On the same evening, Lombardi, seeking to keep his punch sharpened, eked out a victory over Joe Ghnouly, late of the West, now homesteading in Jersey.

* * *

THE epidemic spread to Newark. Cochrane, four times turned back in the past by Larkin, asserted his right to another crack at the N. B. A.-rated lightweight. The promoters sensed the spirit of the challenge. So too did Larkin, who like Barkus was willin'. They met of a Monday night, this time for fifteen rounds to afford opportunity for a real test. Once again, after a blistering, bloody duel, Larkin triumphed.

But in victory, Larkin broke a bone in his right hand, putting him on the shelf for from four to six weeks. Thus, for a time, the title quest was humstrung, but only briefly, because as the summer season faded, and the clubs began to trim the halls and salons for the winter season, Larkin, Rohrig, Ferrando and Lombardi, survivors of the round-robin, stand ready for the further tests in the Jersey armories.

Meantime, while awaiting the transition from the outdoor to the closed arenas, the waiting trio, eyeing Larkin who appears now to have the edge on the field, match their wits and wallops against the lightweights on the outer fringe, like Maxie Fisher, Nunzio Bisogno and Mike Piskin, the latter policemen for Larkin working out of the same stable.

First of the big matches as Larkin emerges from his enforced retirement, is likely to be between him and Rohrig in the Paterson armory. Early in the season, they had boxed in Wessington Stadium, Clifton, before a $6,500 house.

Famous Southpaws

(Continued from page 20)

Corbett fight a number of times prior to his victory over McGovern, and thought he had a streak of yellow in his makeup, although he revised that opinion as a result of the form the Denver youth showed in subsequent battles. Bat believed that young Corbett II was a case of a scrapper who lacked confidence in himself in the earlier stages of his career, but lost his inferiority complex suddenly, and believed he had reached the status of a world-beater.

However that may have been, the Denver boxer certainly acted like a chap who felt convinced he had it on "Terrible Terry" before he climbed into the ring with the latter. It is a fact that at least eight out of every ten opponents who faced McGovern after the latter became featherweight champ, were licked before they even put their hands up. The terror of his exploits played heck with their nerves.

McGovern had grown used to this sort of thing, to seeing boxers fold up and go down to stay, after he had flailed them once or twice, whether they were really hurt or not. No doubt he expected Corbett to flop along the same lines. But Corbett's demeanour was altogether different from that of the average sacrifice offered up at the McGovern shrine.

* * *

THE Denver slugger was always a great goat-getter. He could and did irritate an opponent to the verge of madness with spoken insults or jocular sneers, and trick them into making foolish moves that he was quick to take advantage of. He knew Terry had a red-hot temper, and deliberately planned to take advantage of the champion's weakness in that respect.

McGovern was in his dressing-room, attended by his faithful manager, Sam Harris, who was watching his charge getting a rubdown before going to the ring. Corbett got into his trunks and fighting shoes, and headed for the ring. En route, he halted at Terry's dressing-room door, pounded on the panel, and shouted:

"Come on out of that, McGovern, you yellow dog, what you hanging back for? Come and take your licking, you Irish rat. I'm goin' to make you jump over the ropes!"

It took the combined efforts of everyone in the dressing-room to keep McGovern from running out to mix with his prospective opponent then and there. As it was, Terry trembled with anger as he sat in his corner, awaiting the signal of the gong. He was boiling over with rage, actuated by one impulse—the desire to tear into Corbett and wipe him off the face of the earth.

That was exactly what his tormentor had figured on—to make Terry lose his head—and it worked to perfection. McGovern flew at his adversary like a tiger, hammering away with both gloves. There was a lightning mixup. Then Corbett smashed an overhand right to the chin that slowed Terry up, as if a sledge had hit him. What followed is history.

McGovern never got over the stunning effects of that first right hand smash, and was knocked as cold as a canned oyster in the following frame.

WHEN James J. Corbett beat John L. Sullivan, thousands of the latters' infatuated admirers refused to believe that the newspapers had printed the truth about the battle. It took another day before they were really convinced that John L. had been dethroned. And numerous McGovern adherents wouldn't admit that the immortal Terry had been licked on the square. They insisted there must have been something phony about the contest.

They weren't satisfied until a second match took place, as it did at San Francisco, the following year. Then the murmurs subsided. The result was not quite such a massacre in short order as the Hartford clash, but the net result was about the same. "Young Corbett II" kayoed Terry in the eleventh round this time, and made it very clear that he was master of the Brooklyn Terror at all points.

Corbett had the Indian sign on McGovern sure enough. In the California bout he kidded Terry with coarse jokes regarding the latter's domestic affairs, stung him into sheer madness, made him fight as wild as a hawk, and seemed to hit him from all angles just as he pleased.

Corbett liked to be called "the fellow that licked Terry McGovern." Had he cared to live discreetly and keep in shape, he could have accumulated a fortune.

As it was, he did pretty well for himself, fighting lightweights consistently and often, and winning frequently. But he detested training, put on flesh rapidly, spent his money with a prodigal hand, and in the course of time developed into a genuine Broadway "rounder," with many acquaintances, but few real friends, once his fighting days were over.

Which, after all, is the familiar story of "goodtime Charlie," whether he hails from theatre, ring or any other profession. But whatever Young Corbett II lacked in discretion, he wasn't wanting in real scrapping ability, and James J. Corbett was never known to complain that the family fighting fame had ever suffered as a result of the Denverite having adopted its name. He licked McGovern—and that was glory sufficient to cover any of his shortcomings in other directions!

* * *

IT was perfectly natural that the first "Young Corbett," whose real name was George Green, should have picked the fighting moniker that he did. For George was a pupil of James J. Corbett when the man whom destiny had marked to conquer John L. was boxing instructor at the Olympic Club of San Francisco. Green was a featherweight then. He won the title of that class as an amateur in 1889, and later annexed the amateur lightweight crown.

When he turned professional, which he did in 1892 by kayoing Jack Strong in five rounds, Green was anxious for the time being, to keep the news of his having fought for money from his father and mother, who, like a good many other folks of that day, viewed regular prize fighters as creatures beyond the pale of the law.

So he covered up his activities by borrowing Jim Corbett's name, with a "Young" prefix, and no doubt hoping that he could follow the Corbett trail to pugilistic glory. After stopping Strong, "Young Corbett the First" scored two more quick knockouts over Jimmy Whalen and Jack King.

James J. had a soft spot in his heart for his ambitious pupil and not only advised him from the boxing standpoint, but used his influence to obtain engagements for the youngster. It was through Jim Corbett's efforts that he was matched to box Paddy Smith at Roby, Indiana, in a finish fight with small gloves.

This battle took place on July 31, 1893, before the Roby Athletic Club, and Jim Corbett, then heavyweight champion by virtue of his victory over Sullivan the preceding year, officiated as chief second for his protégé. It was not a brilliant piece of matchmaking on the part of James J., for Paddy Smith, a brother of heavyweight "Denver" Ed Smith, was a full-fledged lightweight, with several pounds of weight advantage over the California youngster.

Moreover, Paddy Smith was an exceptionally tough bit of scrapping material, who had fought around the Colorado mining camps and other rough sections of the country, and had accumulated years of ring experience. His opponent only scaled 128 pounds, and although a clever boxer and no mean puncher, was outclassed by Paddy when it came to a question of endurance and actual hitting power.

* * *

JIM CORBETT was introduced to the crowd and greeted with a mingled chorus of cheers and hisses. There were many present who could not forgive him for shattering and toppling over their idol, John L., especially the Irish-American contingent, whose members were particularly numerous in and near Chicago. They entirely ignored the fact that Jim, by ancestry, was just as thoroughly Irish as the man he defeated, both James J.'s parents having been born in the Emerald Isle.

However, if some of the spectators had little use for Jim Corbett, they at least respected his prowess. During the fight Jim made no bones about yelling advice to his former pupil. Close by the ringside sat a couple of Irish bookmakers who were betting on Paddy Smith. Said one to the other:

"'Tis dead agin th' rules for that feller to be shoutin' tips to Young Corbett that way."

"Sure it is," was the response. "But I'd loike to see th' bucko that 'ud try to shut him up. Didn't the baste lick John L.?"

There was no reply to that argument.

A verbal passage at arms between Charles E. (Parson) Davies, and Jim Corbett enlivened the proceedings. When the heavyweight champion acknowledged his introduction to the crowd by a short speech, he stated that he was ready to defend his title at any time, against any man in the world.

Davies and Tom O'Rourke occupied adjoining seats in the press stand. When Jim uttered his defiance, the Parson muttered to O'Rourke:

"I'd call his bluff right now, Tom, if I only had the ready cash on me. But I got cleaned out at faro this afternoon."

Promptly O'Rourke dug down and opened his wallet.

"There's five centuries, Charlie," said the manager of featherweight champion George Dixon, passing the yellowbacks to the Parson. "Go ahead and call him."

* * *

DAVIES grabbed the bills and hustled through the ropes. Prior to Corbett's victory over Sullivan, the former had held

the Parson's great colored fighter, Peter Jackson of Australia, to an even break in sixty-one rounds, before the California Athletic Club, and Davies was hot upon the champion's trail with a demand for a second meeting.

Neither the stakes nor ring floor were padded in those days, when less attention was paid to "safety first" precautions than at the present time. The wooden stake in the corner where Davies burst headlong into the ring was crudely fashioned. A jagged splinter half-way down the post stuck out with a fine barbed wire effect. Its point penetrated the Parson's pants as he wriggled past, and ripped that essential article of his clothing from stern to waistband.

But Davies carried gallantly on, heedless of the ironical cheers that hailed this involuntary comedy effect. Holding up his tattered pants with one hand, the Parson extended the other mitt, loaded with currency, and offered to post the money as a forfeit then and there, to bind a match between Jackson and the champ.

A hot pow-wow followed, and in the end Jim Corbett shook hands with the Parson and promised to take on Peter in the near future. The crowd roared again, and Davies still clutching his torn pants, returned triumphantly to his seat. It had been a magnificent gesture, but came to nothing in the long run, for Corbett and Jackson never faced each other again between the ropes.

* * *

IN the Paddy Smith-"Young Corbett" contest, the latter held his own during the first fifteen rounds. At this time Smith's superior weight and stamina began to tell the tale, and gradually, but surely the Denverite wore down the plucky Californian. The champion's coaching prolonged matters for his protégé, but didn't save him from the ultimate knockout by Smith in the 28th round.

"Young Corbett the First" underwent a severe mauling in that affair, but his superb condition stood him in good stead, and in less than two months later he won from Frank Kelly at Colma, California, in 12 rounds. He went East in 1895 and scored knockouts over Eddie Pierce and "Shadow" Maber, won from Jim Holmes, and fought a draw with Billy Vernon.

In 1896 he beat Danny Needham in eight rounds, and went on to whip such good men as Owen Zeigler, Tom Tracy and Charley McKeever. He was luckier than his boxing tutor at Carson City on March 17, 1897, when Jim Corbett lost his crown to Bob Fitzsimmons, for in the semi-final to the championship contest, "Corbett the Younger" stopped "Mysterious" Billy Smith in 12 rounds.

* * *

KID McKOY and Tommy Ryan had deserted the welter for the middle division at that period. As this left the welterweight class without a leader, "Young Corbett I" claimed the title. He did not obtain international recognition. Joe Walcott kayoed him three weeks after he had beaten Smith, and Walcott was proclaimed welter champion of the world.

For ten years afterwards "Young Corbett I" was active in ring circles. His record shows him as losing to Tommy Ryan in 18 frames, beating Silver Thorne, dropping a decision to his old opponent, "Mysterious" Billy Smith, knocking out Frank McConnell and Charley Goff, traveling twenty rounds to a draw with Dan Creedon, and losing to Al Neill on a twenty-round decision.

He retired permanently from the ring in 1899, and became boxing instructor at his alma mater, the San Francisco Athletic Club, where he turned out many amateur champions. In 1925 "Young Corbett I" hung up the gloves for good. He was pensioned by the Olympic Club as a reward for his thirty-six years of identification with that organization, and is alive and in good health today.

The names of the "Young Corbett" trio are destined to occupy a lasting and honorable place in ring annals. And the tale of their fistic exploits is not yet completed, for who can prophesy what the result of the prospective engagement between "Young Corbett III" and Al Hostak will be, with the middleweight championship title scheduled as the victor's reward?

Negro Fighters In Australia

(Continued from page 25)

whose gameness and stamina had never been questioned. It went sixteen rounds with a K.O. at the end for Black Paddy, who hailed from the opposite corner of Australia to that of the Queenslander.

Paddy is a Western Australian and I see him often in Fremantle at the present time. Another Western Australian Negro fighter—Wandy—whom I also know, could sometimes beat Black Paddy, but oddly enough, could never beat white men who were below Black Paddy's class as fighters.

Australia has produced no really great aboriginal fighters, and in the make-up of Wandy, there is a clue to the reason. Among full-blooded aborigines, there is a belief that white men are the reincarnations of the blacks of past ages—spirits almost—and they do not like the idea of fighting whites as a cold-blooded money-making proposition, though they will fight at a word when roused to anger or when slighted.

A promising young lightweight of recent years, who was an aborigine, Alby Roberts, was unlucky enough to be involved in a fatal fight with a white, Bert McCarthy in 1931, and the mental and emotional reactions of Roberts to the occurrence were such, that his career was cut short. He was fighting a veteran who was a sick man and in no way could be blamed for the fatal termination of the bout—but he never fought again with the ability previously shown.

That fatal fight had one curious and remarkable feature for McCarthy, the unfortunate victim, had himself been involved in a fatal encounter about ten years previously when Young Dencio was killed. Again the victim, Dencio, had been a sick man and no blame was attachable to the second man in the ring.

Ron Richards, who at present holds the middleweight and light heavyweight championships of Australia, is above Jerome's class in my opinion, but he cannot be called a full-blooded aborigine, although he is pretty close to being that. Richards in fact is one of the best men of his weight that Australia has produced black or white.

In stamina, in courage and in physical make-up the pure-blooded Australian aborigine has all the attributes of a champion fighter, and there is no reason apart from his innate beliefs why he should not beat the best of the whites. I regard the natives of this country with feelings of friendship and would like to see them produce a real champion from their own ranks.

Mexican Menace!

(Continued from page 28)

stamina and apparently could go 20 rounds at top speed if necessary.

If you will review his record during the past year you'll realize it stands out over all other lightweights now active, with the exception of Armstrong. He came to Miami last fall with not a single soul in this country ever having heard of him. He knocked off two or three fair fighters so quickly everybody awoke with a gasp. A man who could hit!

* * *

JACK BELL, Sports Editor of the Miami *Daily News*, gave him his first chance against a nationally known fighter, on the Daily News' Christmas charity show. Jack brought down Tommy Speigal of Pittsburgh who was in the midst of a sensational winning streak. The "experts" predicted a quick knockout victory for Speigal, "within four rounds," they said.

Yucatan whipped Speigal's ears off and they matched him with Norment Quarles, who at the time was rated as one of the first ten lightweights in the world, and the "experts" predicted an easy victory for Quarles. Yucatan not only defeated Quarles right handily, but before the bout was over had the "experts" wondering if Quarles could finish. Yucatan went on to win over such good boys as Charley Gomez, Cowboy Howard Scott, (twice), Lloyd Pine, Ray Ingram, Joey Straiges, Conrade Conde, Lou Jallos, (twice), Paul (Tennessee) Lee and on the Richmond Virginia Police show in June, met and defeated Quarles the second time to gain recognition as the lightweight champion of the South, a title he now holds.

The impressive victories of Yucatan caught the eyes of all boxing fans in the South and his outstanding record has won for him the feature assignment on the District of Columbia Police show to be held in Griffith Stadium at Washington on the 3rd of October when he will meet Petey Sarron, former featherweight champion, over the 15 round route in defense of his Southern lightweight title.

So here is Yucatan Kid, winner of 19 of his 20 American starts. His only loss was to a welterweight. He has had 17 of his opponents on the floor which bespeaks his punching ability.

Black Dynamite

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LETTERS *from* *Our* READERS

I AM a subscriber to your magazine and like it. What I am about to say is only a personal opinion, and even if you do not publish it, I will be well content to know that the gist of it has reached your attention.

A few weeks ago the New York Boxing Commission came out with the announcement that it would not recognize Al Hostak as world's middleweight champion, after his recent knockout of Freddie Steele in Seattle. That august body states that because Fred Apostoli, whom they consider the No. 1 challenger, was not given the first chance at Steele's title, a breach of etiquette was committed, and Mr. Hostak, to date, is nothing more than a mere ranking challenger. Gentlemen, I ask you, did you ever hear of anything more asinine, or reeking with 14-karat drivel than that one?

As to Hostak's present status with the N.Y.B.C., everyone on the Pacific Coast and the Pacific Northwest knows the answer, and it hands us a laugh. Apostoli has the "finger" on him; that is, Uncle "Mike" Jacobs has him tied up with him. He is the "fair-haired" boy with the N.Y.B.C., the uncrowned champion, etc. He (Jacobs) will never get Hostak into such an agreement, nor could he hook Steele. Therefore, both boys never were, and never will be "champions" in New York State.

Steele made the statement he never would fight Apostoli in New York State again. That boy was the victim of the most foolish and vicious rule in present-day boxing. The less said about that rule, the better. Suffice to say that it is a boon to a "foul fighter" who is on the "in" with the New York big wigs.

Therefore, can you blame Hostak when he says he will have no part in a match with Apostoli in New York? Steele's sad experience back there showed him the light. The sad part of it is that Steele, as game and clean a boy as he is, should have had to be the lad to take the lead rôle. In passing, mark Freddie Steele down as a champion of the first water.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

In conclusion, gentlemen, let me say one thing, and then make a prediction. Hostak is champion of the world in some forty states of the nation. He is, at this time, besieged with offers to defend his title. Apostoli does not want any part of Al, although he is doing a lot of loud talking (in California).

After the Steele fight, he raced for the first train he could catch for the south. Nate Druxman, Seattle promoter, has given him numerous offers to battle Hostak in Seattle, but Mr. Apostoli suddenly goes dumb on the subject. Maybe it is because there are no New York State boxing rules out here, or because Mr. Jacobs is too far away to lend a hand. But the real reason is, to my way of thinking, that Mr. Hostak would whip the pants off Apostoli.

Al Hostak may fall to the lure of New York money, but I, for one, do not think so. He can have plenty of work outside of New York to keep him going at top speed for a long time. New York's Freddie Apostoli, outside of a possible Corbett match, which will prove exactly nothing as far as the title is concerned, will have to battle Hostak out here, or hang out the "Work Wanted" sign, and that's the part that irks the N.Y.B.C. and Mike Jacobs. If Hostak doesn't fall for the "big town" stuff, and I sincerely hope he doesn't, that brand new middleweight title will hang in Seattle for years to come. So step up, boys, and make a bid. Mr. Nate Druxman, the Mike Jacobs of the West, has a yen for middleweight shows, and what I mean, he can really put them on. (Mike Jacobs, please note.)

AN INTERESTED FIGHT FAN,
Everett, Washington.

* * *

I READ with a great deal of interest the letter from Mr. A. Gilmore of Glasgow, Scotland, about the Scottish world's champions, Benny Lynch and Ralph Erskine. Now, it is not my wish to disparage a dead hero, but in this case I must protest about Erskine having won the world's amateur championship at Madison Square Garden in 1911, beating the Canadian champion and the American champion. Now, I happen to have been the American 125-pound champion at that time. I held it for three years—1910, 1911, 1912—and I never lost a decision to any amateur, any time.

The following is the story of the British boxing team's visit to New York in 1911. You yourself may recall it, or perhaps Bob Edgren, then on the New York *World*, or Jack Denning (New York referee) at that time boxing instructor at my club (West Side Y.M.C.A.) will verify it.

Amateur boxing was just getting going nicely at some of the athletic clubs in New York. Tim Hurst conceived the idea of bringing over from England a team of amateur boxers to meet the best boys over here. But he neglected to have state laws forbidding public boxing revoked.

I, together with most of the amateur boxers in New York, was invited to meet the British visitors at Madison Square Garden. On the night of the fights, we were told we would have to fight an elimination tournament, the winners to fight the British boys. All of us, who were U. S. champions for the different weights, refused unless the Britishers took the same chances we did in the competition. By this time the "house" had filled up and it was discovered that the police were on hand in force to pinch the participants.

Hurst put two newsboys to open the show, and as soon as they had boxed one round, the cops entered the ring and arrested the fighters, seconds, referee and promoter. The British team boxed a week or so later at one of the regular fight clubs, but I was not invited to participate, so was not beaten. That Canadian champion happened to be visiting in New York at the time and was beaten in the opening bout of the N. Y. A. C. championship tournament, which I won.

I was introduced to Erskine at the Garden, and had quite a long talk with him. He was a swell fellow, and I told him I would like to box him, but I was never invited to do so.

If you are out this way, I would be pleased to have you stop off and visit for a few days. We are 100 miles south of Los Angeles and about 40 miles north of San Diego. Vista is a lovely place. We have quite a few wrestlers living here. Jim Londos, Dean Detton, Dick Daviscourt, and Dick Rutherford, the referee, all have orange and avocado groves here.

Well, anyway, Nat, when I visit New York, I will call and see you.

HERBERT ATKINS,
Vista, Calif.

[*Editor's Note—Thanks, Herbert. I recall the affair. I covered it for the New York "Press." You are correct. Thanks for the invitation.*]

* * *

I HAVE been a regular reader of your world famous magazine and I feel it my duty to write to you and tell you how much I like the various articles written in your magazine from time to time. As a regular reader, and great boxing enthusiast, I hope that I have the right to express my views on certain points, and I wish to lodge a slight complaint against Eddie Borden's monthly ratings.

I am rather disappointed to see that Eddie Peirce, the South African light-heavy champion, is not rated among the middles or light-heavies in the monthly ratings. Surely he showed his wares when he was in America. It must not be forgotten that he defeated such men as George Black, and over in England, Kid Tunero and Barton. Some time ago he just lost to Jock McAvoy on a narrow margin of points, and also against Farr, when the latter was campaigning as a light-heavy.

SAM WALTERS,
Bulawayo, S. Rhodesia,
South Africa.

DESPITE the fact that Germany is today assuming an aggressiveness that is most alarming, and despite the German policy, you, as editor of THE RING Magazine, which should be an unbiased publication devoted to the best interests of boxing, should not confuse Max Schmeling, the pugilist, with the tyranny of his country. You should judge Schmeling's abilities solely as a prize-fighter.

And when you and other "sport" writers try to make boxing followers believe that Schmeling was never more than an average heavyweight—then you are quite obviously letting your—in your own case racial—prejudice get the better of you.

For instance, THE RING Magazine is almost hysterical with glee and quite insulting to the German in the matter upon the recent Louis-Schmeling fight.

On the other hand, when Schmeling defeated Louis (which he most surely did) you obviously disliked giving Herr Max due credit and you unsportingly shirked the task.

Judging Max Schmeling on past performances and actual form, one must give grave credence to the belief that the run-around given the German was most effective. For there is little doubt in many, many thousands of minds, that Max Schmeling had long since passed his peak and was well over the hill and on his way out when Louis accepted him for a title go.

And, although you would have us believe that the difference was all Louis—such is not the case at all. For Schmeling is old and worn for a heavyweight threat. He came into the title in 1930—and eight long years later he got his second chance at the very advanced age of thirty-three. Had the German received the chance that was rightfully his and fought Braddock two years ago, just after he had stopped Joe Louis, he would have beyond doubt made ring history by regaining the title.

Another item you blithely refuse to face is this: Louis is a great puncher and great punchers are always very effective against washed-up fighters. Louis is, like Jack Dempsey, a sensational fighter—and as another man looks bad, so does Louis look better.

In the second fight against Schmeling he simply walked out and hit the German at will and with full force every time he tried. If you think the German, well in the thirties and a fighter type who has taken considerable punishment in his important matches, has the reflexes and the animal recuperation of his earlier years—then you surprise me.

It is very nice to give Joe Louis full credit, but under the circumstances, it is quite logical to contend that Schmeling, who participated in many gruelling fights over a long period of years, had left a good share of his fighting ability somewhere down the fighting trail.

Still another point you overlook (still blithely) is the undeniable fact that all of the good heavyweights of this time had come to the end of the rope when young Joe Louis came up. Braddock was too old altogether—and Schmeling the same. Baer, defeated by Braddock, was admittedly over the hump—and Carnera had received a brutal beating from Baer before he met Louis. As for the case of Jack Sharkey—well, Jack was only a good (though rather stout) bartender at the time he fought Louis.

So, Louis may be the world beater you say he is—personally, I think he is a great fighter—but on the other hand, Schmeling knocked him out when he was a younger (though then a bit ancient) man for the job, and Braddock, though beaten, showed enough to make one consider seriously the chances of a younger, better attuned, sharper hitting Braddock against Louis. Remember, Braddock had been out of the ring two years before tackling Joe.

In conclusion, may I say: don't use too many superlatives, don't wager too heavily on Louis to murder Bob Pastor if he meets him again, don't assume that you know exactly what occurs in every crisis (Schmeling's back injury, for instance,) and kindly remember that Schmeling has been the victor in many hard-fought and honest prize fights—and that the chances are about 100% strong that the biggest factor in the "new Louis" make-up was the fact that he was meeting a ring-worn veteran who was going to the well that one time too many.

I have read your magazine for fourteen years inclusive and I feel that you should publish this opinion, because I think that it portrays the opinion of numerous fight fans the world over.

Good luck, and although the top of the world may come off before this gets to you—still, try to think of Schmeling as a pugilist and not as a many-headed political demon. He deserves a better break than you have given him. He was always a credit to boxing—a manly fellow of splendid personality. Won't you agree with me on that?

"A LITTLE FAIR PLAY."

[*Editor's Note—Well, "Fair Play," here's your letter. I never discriminate. I never gloat over a man's misfortune. I always feel that I give all sides a fair deal. I cannot understand wherein you think that I have mocked or belittled Schmeling. He was a great fighter. I've always admired him as a fighter, but that's no reason why I should not give proper credit to Louis for his great performance. Suppose Louis had been beaten? Would you then have called Schmeling a fighter who long since had reached his peak? I doubt it. I think I was quite fair in my treatment of the fight. I always admired Schmeling's sportsmanship, but changed my mind when he raised the question of the "foul kidney punch." That was an "out" for him.*]

* * *

LET me congratulate you on your wonderful magazine, THE RING, which I look forward with interest to receive monthly. 'Tis true, it's very interesting and I highly appreciate same, but while I do, I think there are a few points that should be brought to your notice. These occur in various issues from time to time, and the most important ones are:

Much credit has been given to a few boxers whose performances looked rather impressive because of poor competition during their boxing careers, thus making them look like kingpins over their opponents. As for example: Jack Johnson, known as the best heavyweight of all time, gained recognition as such by knocking out Jim Jeffries in fifteen rounds in 1910, a most one-sided battle.

Jeffries' last fight previous to that with Johnson was in 1903, and up to 1905, there were no likely opponents to compete for the title. He then relinquished it, and gave it over to Marvin Hart, who was the most likely, but Hart lost it the following year, 1906, to Tommy Burns. That same Marvin Hart outpointed Jack Johnson in twenty rounds in 1905. Johnson then, in 1908, T.K.O.'ed Tommy Burns, who weighed 180 pounds at his best against his 220 pounds, another one-sided battle.

In 1910, Jeffries, a retired old man from the ring for seven years, whose speed and sight had gone, and whose muscles hung like flabby meat on his bones, was called upon to regain the title. He took a severe licking for his indiscretion.

Johnson was afterwards defeated by Jess Willard, whose speed made it difficult for Johnson's legs to support his body, and had to give in, in the twenty-sixth round.

Jack Dempsey was a very good slugger who possessed a very good right hand punch, and who was satisfied to take a punch from his opponent in order to deliver his death blow, defeated Jess Willard, an old man of thirty-six years, when he was twenty-four years old, again a one-sided match.

He then held the title for seven years, and defended it only five times against such men as Billy Miske, Bill Brennan, Georges Carpentier, Luis Firpo and Jack Sharkey (all mediocre fighters), until he met his Waterloo at the hands of Gene Tunney, a very clever boxer, who outpointed him for two consecutive years, and could have every day in a week, and no mention is made of him. Why? Because he was not very popular and did not knock his opponents cold with a single blow.

In a recent issue, there was an article comparing Henry Armstrong with the old-timers, and the majority still favors the old. Unfortunately for boxing, the record of a boxer's performance cannot be kept in a similar manner to that of swimming, running, weight-lifting, etc., which records have been broken from time to time, but I say this, that no boxer since the Marquis of Queensberry rules were put into effect on to Willard, could have beaten any of the ten best boxers in each division today, but because of keen competition, boxers' performances do not look so impressive.

R. ELLIOTT BAYNES,
Kingstown, St. Vincent, B. W. I.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Cyril Lee, London, England

Q.—I am 14½ years of age, weigh 103 pounds, my height is 5 feet 6 inches. How much will I be when I am 17? Will I ever be a heavyweight? If not, what weight will I be? Is Baer going to meet Joe Louis? What is Baer's address?

A.—Five feet eight inches and 130 pounds in weight. Not much chance of you becoming a heavyweight. You may build up to 160 pounds and stand 5 feet 10 inches at maturity. They may fight this year. Baer can be reached at Box 134, Route 1, Fair Oaks, Calif.

Clinton Payne, Newark, Ohio

Q.—My friend and I would like to obtain some information on Buck Crouse, the old-time middleweight fighter. Did he hail from Jersey City? Did he ever fight Jeff Smith? We also are interested in his present whereabouts and place of his birth. Could you give his size and description; in short, a complete biography?

A.—Our records do not show Buck Crouse ever meeting Jeff Smith. Crouse was born on December 22, 1891, at Pittsburgh, Pa. He was five feet ten inches in height and weighed 158 pounds. He was Irish-American. He started boxing in 1908. I think he is still located in Pittsburgh.

John Creighton, Johnsonburg, Pa.

Q.—Please send me the prices of the 8 by 11 inches photographs of boxers and wrestlers.

A.—$1.25 for each photo.

A Reader, Barre, Vt.

Q.—I am 15 years of age, weigh 140 pounds and stand 5 feet 9½ inches in height. Please tell me what my measurements will be when I am 21. Does sleeping without a pillow tend to lengthen one's neck? Where is Steve Hamas, and what is he doing?

A.—Six feet tall and weight about 170 pounds. Yes, it stretches and also strengthens the muscles in that vicinity. Hamas lives in Newark and is a boxing instructor for Catholic Youth movement in New York City.

Charlie Wilkerson, Efland, N. C.

Q.—What would be Max Baer's chances against Joe Louis and Max Schmeling? If Max Baer won the title, do you think he could defend it successfully? In Baer's fight with Farr, didn't you think he showed more science and boxing ability than in any other fight?

A.—Against Louis not so good but I think he'd whip Schmeling. Yes it was the best fight Baer ever made in New York.

John Grotzinger, Kansas City, Mo.

Q.—If a bout could be arranged between Henry Armstrong and Freddy Steele, who would be the likely winner? Would it be by the knockout route? Do you think Gene Tunney could have whipped Joe Louis when both were at their best?

A.—Too much weight difference. Steele would probably stop him in a few rounds. No.

Constant Reader, Kelso, Wash.

Q.—Who was the shortest heavyweight on record? What was his height? Why wasn't Henry Armstrong listed as the welterweight champion in the ratings for the month ending May 13? I am 19 years of age, weigh 162 pounds and am 5 feet 5 inches tall. What will my height and weight be when I reach maturity? My measurements are: Reach 69, chest normal 38, expanded 41½, neck 16½, waist 32½, thigh 23, calf 15, biceps 13, forearm 13½, wrist 7, fist 11 inches. Are my measurements better for a boxer or a wrestler?

A.—Tommy Burns. Five feet seven inches in height. Because he didn't win the welterweight title until May 31—too late for our issue, which goes to press on 12th of each month. One hundred and eighty-five pounds and 5 feet 7½ inches tall. I think that with your stocky build and measurements you would fit better in wrestling game.

Thomas D'Angelo, Auburn, N. Y.

Q.—Can you please give me the gate receipts of the Carnera-Sharkey championship fight? Also the receipts of the Carnera-Baer fight?

A.—Carnera-Sharkey receipts were $198,289. Carnera-Baer receipts were $428,392.

Bill King, Aliaona, Ala.

Q.—I am 15 years old, five feet six inches tall and weigh 141 pounds. What will my measurements be at the age of 20? Is there a life story on Max Baer? What are the prospects of Sammy Magro of Birmingham? What is Tommy Farr's address and Bill Boyd's?

A.—Five feet ten inches and 170 pounds. No story on Baer has been written. Magro is a coming lightweight prospect. Farr may be reached at Jimmy Braddock's Restaurant, 49th and 7th Avenue, New York City. Bill Boyd can be reached at the Main Street Gymnasium, Los Angeles, Calif.

Curklin Salley, 1470 East New York Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—I am 16 years old, six feet three-quarters inch tall and weigh 146 pounds. I am very anxious to become a professional boxer and have some boxing ability. I would like to get a manager who would become interested in my welfare and see that I get a chance. I would like to gain some weight. Would beer help me gain weight? Will beer hurt my wind?

A.—If you acquire amateur experience you might then qualify to start in the pro ranks, if you have the ability. Ale is very good for weight increase and strengthening. I would drink it moderately between meals.

Joseph Kalil, Utica, N. Y.

Q.—How many Syrian fighters and wrestlers are there today who are active?

A.—At the present time there is Petey Sarron, former featherweight champion, and King Kong Don George, among the wrestlers.

"Spider" Jim McHenry, Oakland, Calif.

Q.—I have been fighting for one year and a half with the Y.M.C.A. I am 14 years of age and will be 15 in a few weeks. My weight is 173 pounds and I am 5 feet 10½ inches tall. What will my measurements be when I am 21? When do you think I should start fighting in the Golden Gloves?

A.—Six feet three inches and weight about 195. I would not start until you reach 17 years of age.

"Ring" Reader, Santa Fe, N. Mex.

Q.—I am 14 years of age. I am 5 feet 2½ inches tall and weigh 110 pounds. How much will I weigh and how tall will I be at 17? And at 21? Who would you pick between Tony Galento and Joe Louis? Would Tony Chavez have a chance against Henry Armstrong?

A.—Five feet four inches and 120 pounds at 17. Five feet seven inches and weight 140 pounds at 21. Louis would win. Armstrong kayoed Chavez in their last meeting. Louis would stop Galento in two or three rounds.

Arthur Greenberg, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—I am 13 years of age, 5 feet 1½ inches tall, and I weigh 92 pounds. How tall will I be and what will I weigh when I am 17. When I am 20? Is it true that Henry Armstrong lost to Baby Arizmendi in 1934 and 1935?

A.—Five feet four inches and weight 110 pounds. Five feet seven inches and 125 pounds at 20. Yes. Arizmendi holds two decisions over Armstrong.

Bill Nealon, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—How many times did Henry Armstrong fight in Philadelphia, and who were his opponents?

A.—Twice—Benny Bass and Joe Marciente.

S. A. Upsher, Bristol, England

Q.—Please inform me the titles which were held by Mickey Walker. Also the dates of the fights and his opponents.

A.—Walker won the welterweight title from Jack Britton on November 1, 1922. He lost the title to Pete Latzo, May 20, 1926. He won the middleweight title from Tiger Flowers on December 3, 1926. He vacated his title in 1931 so he could fight heavyweight Jack Sharkey. Walker held two titles.

A Reader, Cleveland, Ohio

Q.—Could you tell me if Eddie Simms was ever knocked out, and if so, whom and where? What do you think of him? Do you have a victory scored by him over Chuck Crowell early this spring?

A.—Joe Louis knocked out Eddie Simms in Cleveland on December 14, 1936. It was the only time he was ever knocked out. Simms won a ten-round decision over Chuck Crowell on January 15, 1938.

Leopold Edmonds, Adelaide, South Australia

Q.—I am 34 years of age. Would I be too old for boxing or wrestling? I am considered good at a fast game of Rickety Kate. A cartilage has been removed from my knee and I am rather fond of beer. Would it be necessary for me to refrain from partaking of the latter? What is the procedure after a hard grind?

A.—Much too old for boxing, but wrestling would be all right. Beer is good when not in training, but during the training period you must abstain from it. A warm shower and a good rubdown.

James A. Bouland, Turlock, Calif.

Q.—I am 18 years of age, weigh 155 pounds and am 5 feet 9 inches tall. What will my measurements be when I am 21?

A.—Five feet eleven inches and weight about 170 pounds.

Jack Fourcade, Salinas, Calif.

Q.—Will you please send me the address of Lee Ramage and Abie Feldman? What were their last fights?

A.—Ramage, Main Street Gym, Los Angeles, Calif. Feldman, Stillman's Gym, 919 Eighth Avenue, New York City. Ramage was kayoed by Bob Pastor in nine rounds, while Feldman whipped Gene Bonin in six rounds.

E. A., Ireland

Q.—What is the heaviest a man can be and yet be allowed to fight in the light-heavyweight class? Can one 20 years and nine months old increase height 1½ inches in three months by height increase (spinal exercises)? Is 21 too old to train for boxing? What is the best way to increase one's weight? What are the detailed measurements of Max Baer and John Henry Lewis? These are not idle curiosity questions. I need the answers badly.

A.—175 pounds. Unlikely to increase height to that extent in three months. Twenty-one years of age is not too old. Strenuous exercises and solid food. Baer—6 feet 2¾ inches tall; weight, 205 pounds; reach, 80¾ inches; chest normal, 43 inches; expanded 46½; waist, 34 inches; biceps, 14; neck, 18½; wrist, 8¼; calf, 16 inches; ankle, 10 inches; thigh, 23 inches; fist, 14 inches; forearm, 13 inches. Lewis—Weight, 175 pounds; reach, 76 inches; chest normal, 39 inches; expanded, 42 inches; neck, 17 inches; forearm, 11 inches; biceps, 15½ inches; wrist, 7 inches; waist, 32 inches; thigh, 23 inches; ankle, 11 inches; calf, 14½ inches.

"Ring" Reader, San Diego, Calif.

Q.—What became of Hank Bath, Jack Kearns' heavyweight? What is the difference between New York and California rules? Who are the California state champions? Did Lee Ramage ever fight Art Lasky or Tony Shucco? Recently Johnny Romero made an invasion of the East. How did he make out? Who was Terry McGovern beaten by besides Young Corbett?

A.—He recently made another comeback in the Middle West. Very little. They are almost alike. Ramage was beaten by Lasky and Shucco. Romero won two decisions, scored two knockouts and was kayoed himself on his eastern invasion. McGovern lost on a foul in eleven rounds to Tim Callahan. Most of his bouts were no-decision. Little Dado is the flyweight and bantamweight champion of California. Pablo Dano holds the featherweight title. Henry Armstrong is the lightweight leader, while Ceferino Garcia is the welterweight title-holder. Maxey Rosenbloom is the heavyweight champion, while there is no one recognized in the middleweight and light-heavyweight classes.

Calvin Beegle, Hollidaysburg, Pa.

Q.—What is the difference between the various striking bags? What is Petey Sarron's address? Why have you discontinued the Ring Album?

A.—There is a fast light bag which is used for training the eye and accuracy of hitting. It might be a speed bag or a medium bag, depending on the kind of leather used and the weight. We have not discontinued the Ring Album. We have carried full page pictures in all issues, but not always under the head of Ring Album. Sarron is at Birmingham Boys' Club, Birmingham, Alabama.

Earven Barrow, Franklin, Pa.

Q.—Can a fellow increase his height two to two and a half inches in six months if he is 22 years old? Is the use of five pound dumbbells too much for training? Does the knee clasp exercise that boxers often do, strengthen the legs or what part? Does the Universal Boxing Course give all that is necessary for one to study boxing and can I, after completing the course, take up boxing? What exercises do you recommend for developing the shoulder muscles? I read a story about Danny McNichol of New Jersey who took up the Universal Course and was the first to complete it and go into boxing. Has he made good?

A.—I doubt it at your age. Perhaps an inch. Five pound dumbbells are not too much. Knee clasp exercises will help to develop the knees, legs and the abdomen. It is an excellent exercise for boxers. The course covers all that is necessary for beginners. You can take up amateur boxing a few weeks after completing the course. Box with other fellows in the gym. Best shoulder exercises are spading, shoveling coal, woodchopping, carrying loads on shoulder, chinning the bar. McNichol has had about 35 fights and has been beaten only a few times. He is one of New Jersey's best boys at his weight.

Russell Trombley, Marlboro, N. H.

Q.—Will you please tell me in what division the following men fought and what titles they held, if any? Johnny Risko, Vittorio Campolo, Albert Belanger, Harry Hill, D. Carstens, Gorilla Jones, Joe Scalfaro, Bobby Leitham, Al Brown, Newsboy Brown, Andre Routis, Cristopher Battalino, Al Singer, Emile Pladner, Eugene Huat, Roger Bernard.

A.—Heavyweight. Heavyweight. Heavyweight. Hill was a British flyweight. Carstens a South African lightweight. Middleweight champion. Bantamweight. Bantamweight. Bantamweight champion. Flyweight. Featherweight champion. Featherweight champion. Lightweight champion. Flyweight. Bantamweight. Lightweight.

Teddy Watts, New York City

Q.—I am 16 years old and weigh 170 pounds. What do you think my weight will be at 21? What is a good exercise to develop a left jab?

A.—Probably around 190 pounds. The light punching bag will develop a keenness of the eye.

Carl Lawton, Jamaica, B.W.I.

Q.—A friend told me that in a championship bout the challenger cannot win by less than five points. Is that correct? Who would be favored in a Glen Lee-Al Hostak bout? What is Tony Galento's height?

A.—He is all wrong. A challenger can win by one point, or half a point. Hostak. Five feet ten inches.

Charles Wyatt, San Quentin, Calif.

Q.—Will you please tell me if there has ever been a title fight called a draw? If so, who and where? How many retired undefeated champions of the world are there? If Henry Armstrong cannot make the weight to defend his featherweight title, will he go down in the records as the undefeated featherweight champion?

A.—Midget Wolgast and Frankie Genaro fought a fifteen-round draw in New York City for the flyweight title and Ben Jeby drew with Vince Dundee in a fifteen-rounder with the middleweight title at stake in New York City. Jack McAuliffe, Jack Delaney, Tommy Loughran, Gene Tunney, Benny Leonard, Louis Kid Kaplan, Johnny Dundee, Jim Jeffries.

R. A. Craighead II, Atlanta, Ga.

Q.—Is the professional wrestling game a frame-up? How many years of active competition can a wrestler engage in? Would 25 years of age be too old to start? How much does the average wrestler earn?

A.—They are billed as exhibitions. From ten to twenty years. No. Depends. Usually on a weekly salary of about $150. Men like Londos get $1000 a week or more.

Shirley Gray, Stuart, Fla.

Q.—I am 22 years old, weigh 165 pounds. I have exceptionally broad and strong shoulders, small waist and long, strong legs. I have had some minor scraps and always came through a winner. My Dad is quite a scrapper and wants me to go into the ring. I do not drink or smoke much. What would you advise me to do?

A.—Street fighting is entirely different from that of the ring. If you have any ring ability you can prove it in the gym where you will have to train and adapt yourself for the career of a boxer. It is a serious business and I would advise you to get a good trainer to see just what your prospects are. If you are promising, then I recommend amateur boxing from six months to a year.

Ray Hill, Wetumpka, Ala.

Q.—What is the best way to develop the midsection? When I fight a person who leads with his left, I can take care of myself, but when I box a person who leads with his right, I am beaten every time. I cannot land a solid blow, but he can land his left in my midsection regularly. I always lead with my left. What is the trouble?

A.—Stomach and mat exercises will strengthen your stomach muscles. Do wood chopping and spading. A good boxer seldom gets hit with a right hand. If you move to your right and away from your opponent's right hand, you won't get hit.

Peter C. King, Auckland, New Zealand

Q.—An argument started here after the result of the Louis-Schmeling fight. If a heavyweight champion enters the ring in a match or exhibition, is his title at stake or does he need the consent of the Boxing Commission to make it legal? If he loses in that match, does he lose the title doing so and is it recognized by the above authorities? How long was Tom Heeney, the New Zealander, in the top flight of heavyweight boxers, and did he have to eliminate all other contenders to secure the match with Tunney?

A.—The heavyweight title is at stake every time a heavyweight champion enters the ring, unless he engages in an exhibition with a sparring partner. The New York State Commission says that he must lose in a fifteen-round fight before his title is at stake, but that contention is the bunk. The commissioners are all wet. A champion can lose it if he lost a four-round decision in a regulation contest. Two years of constant battling with the various contenders earned the match for Heeney. He was given the preference over Jack Sharkey because Tunney picked him as his opponent and Gene had the right to name his opponent at the time.

Anthony Myers, Moline, Ill.

Q.—Can you tell me if Bud Dempsey, bantamweight, was ever rated as a contender? Claims to have fought Harold Smith, Fidel La Barba, Pal Moore, etc. I hear he was managed by Crowelly of Chicago. Did most of his fighting in this locality?

A.—Bud Dempsey was of championship caliber. He fought all the headliners in the days of Harold Smith and Joe Burman, but fought mostly as a featherweight. He was managed by the late Silvey Burns.

E. Mack, Memphis, Tenn.

Q.—What was the date of the McFarland-Gibbons bout held at Brighton Beach, N. Y.? Amount of purse? Promoter and referee? Did Terry McGovern ever fight at Coney Island, and if so, against whom and date?

A.—September 11, 1915. McFarland received $17,500 and Gibbons, $15,000. The promoter was Bill Marshall, and referee, Billy Joh. McGovern knocked out Tommy White on June 12, 1900, in three rounds at Coney Island.

G. W. Doubleday, Norfolk, England

Q.—How is it that Jimmy Wilde only held the world flyweight title, when, as you know, he fought and beat the world's best bantamweights, one, I believe, was the holder of the class? Did Bob Fitzsimmons hold three world championships at the same time or was it two? Do you not think that Peter Kane should have had another crack at Benny Lynch instead of Jackie Jurich?

A.—Wilde was a great little fighter but he was unable to give that much weight to capture the bantamweight crown. He whipped Joe Lynch before Lynch won the title. Fitzsimmons won the middleweight title. He left that class and won the heavyweight championship. After he lost that title, the light-heavyweight class was started and Fitzsimmons won his claim to the title when he whipped George Gardiner. He never held three titles at one time. Kane has outgrown the flyweight class and is confining his efforts to the bantamweight division. There is no question but that he was a worthy challenger, until he outgrew the class.

Maurice Johnson, Patten, Maine

Q.—Is George Jowett still teaching physical culture by mail?

A.—No.

Newark Reader, Newark, N. J.

Q.—I would like to become a professional wrestler. Can you advise me whom it would be best for me to see around Newark or New York City? Is there much money in it for a 160-pounder?

A.—Go see George Bothner, 226 West 42nd St., New York City. I am afraid that at your weight the pay would be very small.

Clyde Lewis, 424 S. Jackson St., Butte, Mont.

Q.—I have done quite a lot of hard, serious training but it seems impossible for me to get into good shape. I would appreciate it if you would give me some helpful hints. Training that is more than sufficient for other boxers does not seem to get me into condition at all. I keep regular hours and eat sensibly. I work eight hours a day. I do roadwork in the morning and box at night. I am 21 years of age, weigh 190 pounds and am 6 feet 2 inches tall. I have had one fight, which I won by a knockout. There are no heavyweights around here for me to fight or train with. Will you please advise me as to the best place to go and best people to contact in the boxing game?

A.—I think "Training for Boxers" will answer your problem satisfactorily. Fighters like Jimmy McLarnin, Tony Canzoneri, Lew Ambers and others of that caliber have followed the rules of the book to good advantage. It is hard to advise you because you are too far away. Why not consult Ben Hardin, matchmaker for the American Legion in Butte, and see what he can advise. You have excellent proportions for a heavyweight and there is no reason why you shouldn't make good progress.

Hugh Planz, Monroe, Wash.

Q.—What happened to Young Stribling? Who did he fight in his last fight? How old was he in his last fight? What was his nationality? How tall was he and what was his weight? Do you think boxing has a future for a young, aggressive lightweight? Where can I get an autographed picture of Max Schmeling?

A.—He died after a motorcycle accident on October 2, 1933. His last opponent was Maxey Rosenbloom. Stribling won the decision. He was 29 years of age. He was six feet tall and weighed 188 pounds. He was an American of Polish extraction. The boxing game can always use that type of fighter. Write to Joe Jacobs, Schmeling's manager, 745 Seventh Ave., New York City.

M. Spark, Johannesburg, South Africa

Q.—Would you please inform me what nationality Max Baer, Barney Ross and Jack Dempsey are?

A.—All Americans. Baer is of German-Jewish extraction. Ross is Jewish. Dempsey is Scotch-Irish-Jewish.

Reg Fallon, Sydney, Australia

Q.—I am 15 years of age and weigh 114 pounds. My reach is 71 inches and I am five feet five inches in height. Could you tell me what height, weight and reach I will have when I am 21? I should like to become a boxer very much. What would you suggest to be a good age for me to take up boxing?

A.—You will probably be 5 feet 8 inches tall and weigh 140 pounds. Your reach will be extended by about two inches. Eighteen is the proper age to begin boxing.

A Lowell, Mass., Reader.

Q.—How can I add three inches to my height? I have been working in a shoe shop and have not grown in two years. Do you think that eight hours sleep is sufficient? I am 18 years old and weigh 155. How tall will I be at maturity? I am now 5 feet 9.

A.—Yes, you should be able to put on three inches in four years. That should be easy if you follow outdoor work—do plenty of exercises that involve stretching—ball playing, tennis playing golf—each will help you. You should be 180 and six feet.

Archie McDonald, Reserve Mines, Nova Scotia, Canada.

Q.—I work in the mines and would like to develop myself. Would the Charles Atlas Course help me any? Would September be a good month to get started? The only sport I play is hockey.

A.—The course is a good one and is recommended highly. Yes, it would be a good time to get started.

A Reader, New York City.

Q.—I would like to know the procedure of getting an amateur fight in New York City? Is it necessary to have a manager and what is the age limit? I have had no experience whatsoever, so could you please tell me how I could go about getting a fight?

A.—The first thing you must do is register with the A.A.U. They are located at 299 Broadway. After that you should join an athletic club where you can train and learn the rudiments of boxing. I would advise you to go in training for four months before you take part in an amateur fight. No manager is necessary for amateurs.

Louis Bartusevich, Plantsville, Conn.

Q.—I am 20 years of age, weigh 130 pounds and am 5 feet 5 inches tall. I would like to enter boxing. I am in fine condition and am working on a farm. How do I get started?

A.—My advice would be to join the amateur ranks first. At least one year's experience as an amateur is worthwhile before you engage in a professional bout. Get my books—"Training for Boxers" and "How to Box," or better get my Universal Boxing Course.

R. M.

Q.—Do powerful back and shoulder muscles, such as Joe Louis has, contribute to the power of the punch? If so, how could I develop my back and shoulder muscles?

A.—They are developed through exercises such as chopping wood, digging, weight lifting.

M. Dowling, Dublin, Ireland.

Q.—If the following boxers were matched, who do you think would win? Gunnar Barlund vs. Bob Pastor; Jimmy Adamick vs. Bob Pastor; Max Baer vs. Tony Galento; Max Baer vs. Buddy Baer; Len Harvey vs. Al Gainer; Len Harvey vs. Gus Lesnevich; Len Harvey vs. Ambrose Palmer. As Harvey has never been knocked out I think he stands a good chance of going the distance with Joe Louis. What is your opinion?

A.—Barlund, Pastor, Baer, Max Baer, Gainer, Lesnevich and Harvey. Harvey would not go two rounds with Joe Louis if Joe extended himself.

Tim Blake, Southampton, England.

Q.—Will you please give me the weights of the following champions when at the height of their career—Jim Jeffries, Jack Johnson, Jess Willard, Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney? The weights of these men have varied in different accounts of their fights. For example, in The Ring of July this year, Johnson's weight is given as 222. But in the March issue of this year you have Johnson's weight as 192 in answer to a question.

A.—Jeffries 220 pounds, 220 pounds, 245 pounds, Dempsey 188 pounds and Tunney 183 pounds. These weights were taken at the peak of their career. Johnson weighed 192 at the early stages but gradually put on weight. You fail to take into consideration that at different times for different fights, the weights varied. When we discuss one period we take the weight of that period only.

G. Doubleday, Norfolk, England.

Q.—Do you class Jimmy Wilde as the greatest all-round flyweight and why did he not hold the bantamweight title when he met and defeated the world's best at the said weight? Did Bob Fitzsimmons hold two or three titles at the same time? I think John Henry Lewis will whip Galento and also go on to win the world heavyweight title. What is your opinion?

In the July issue on page 8 you say that on December 25, 1908, that Johnson won the title from Tommy Burns. That, of course, is all right but my reason for writing is that there were only six days left to end the year 1908 but yet you state that Johnson fought not only Victor MacLaglen in the same year but also with Jack O'Brien, Tony Ross and Al Kaufman. Don't you think that is quick going? Of course MacLaglen might have been in Australia but if Johnson went to Vancouver then I know there is a mistake. Please explain this to me?

A.—He undoubtedly was the greatest of flyweights. The American bantams at the time were a little too strong for Wilde. Fitz held one title at a time. Time will tell what John Henry Lewis can do. Johnson won the title from Burns in Australia on December 26, 1908. On March 10, 1909, he fought Victor MacLaglen in Vancouver, on May 19, same year, he fought Phila. Jack O'Brien, on June 30 he fought Tony Ross on September 9 he fought Al Kaufman and on October 16 he met Stanley Ketchel. All this took place the year after he won the title. That date was a misprint. Thanks!

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By MEYER ACKERMAN

HENRY ARMSTRONG is perched high on the lightweight throne, king of three divisions in the pugilistic whirl of things. Although a near capacity crowd paid $102,280.94 to see Hammering Hank just barely eke out a decision over game Lou Ambers in 15 heart-rending rounds, it was the Italian from Herkimer they remained to cheer as his pulse tingling rally from the brink of an early knockout defeat, just fell short of helping him to retain his title.

In the semi-final contest of six rounds, Sammy Luftspring, Toronto welterweight fighting out of the Ambers stable, scored a scintillating victory over the pleasing Baby Salvy Saban, after a brilliant display of boxing ability. Luftspring kept a continuous left hand in the face of the crowding Greenwich Villager, and crossed rapid-fire right hand counters to the head that kept Saban's oft-repeated charges from doing any damage.

Another six round fight furnished an upset when Chalky Wright, gangling California Negro and stablemate of Armstrong, nailed Al Reid at the outset of the fight and dropped the Bronx Hebrew in his tracks. Although Reid arose after a count, he never got over that first punch. He was dropped in the following rounds and the referee wisely stopped the bout midway through the fourth round as Al presented a helpless target for the sharp-shooting Negro.

In a third six round bout, Jimmy Garrison pounded out a decision over rough George Zengaras to score somewhat of an upset as the Greek was a pre-fight favorite. They stood toe-to-toe for the entire distance with Garrison's apparent ring generalship earning for him the award.

Small Montana's experience was too much for Tommy Forte of Philadelphia in another fight that rounded out the six round fights with the result that he was awarded the decision.

Pedro Montanez, Puerto Rican challenger whose bid for a title was repulsed last year by Ambers, returned to the wars after a protracted layoff and scored a three round knockout victory over Ray Napolitano in what was scheduled as the eight round feature event at the Queensboro Arena. In the semi-final bout, Augie Arellano knocked out Jackie Murray in five rounds—Lew Feldman, perennial Brownsville lightweight, defeated Jose Santos in eight rounds at the Coney Island Velodrome. Willie Nussbaum took the six round semi-final contest by whipping Tony Fernandez.

Al Davis continued on his winning ways. Although he could not score a knockout, his six round verdict over Al Ragone in the Long Beach feature kept his fistic escutcheon free from any losses. Tony Passaro whipped Davey Crawford in the semi-windup of six rounds—Jarl Johnson, Norwegian heavyweight prospect, whipped Mickey Alfano in the main event of eight rounds at the Fort Hamilton club. The semi-final affair was won by Jim Howell, who outscored the highly touted John Bill in six rounds—Harry Balsamo knocked down Young Terry four times in the first round before the referee would call a halt to the proceedings. It was scheduled for ten rounds as the main attraction at the Queensboro Arena. Bill Tweedie defeated George Karkella in the six round semi-final.

Vincent Pimpinella, from the stable of Tommy Dio and Lou Wyman, continued to show good form by making another good impression in his victory over Phil Furr at the Canarsie Stadium. The bout was over the eight round route. In a supporting six rounder, Seigi Lander kept his undefeated slate clean by whipping Jack Garcia—Irving Eldridge won a unanimous decision over Ray Ingram in the main event of eight rounds at the Long Beach Stadium. In a hard fought six round semi-final, Matt Perfetti scored over Baby Face Hall—Eddie Mader, veteran heavyweight, surprised by whipping young Jarl Johnson in eight rounds at Fort Hamilton. Yoshio Nakamura drew with Davey Crawford in the supporting six rounder.

Fritzie Zivic, hard-hitting Pittsburgh welterweight, lived up to his advance ballyhoo by knocking out durable Mickey Paul in the third round of a scheduled eight round main event at Long Beach. Eddie Alzek defeated Joe Lémieux in the six round semi-final bout—Enrico Venturi trounced Maxie Fisher in the eight round main event at Dyckman Oval. Johnny Rohrig knocked out Gerard DeLia in the second round of the six round semi-windup—In a return bout between Vincent Pimpinella and Phil Furr which closed Canarsie Stadium for the summer, the former was again returned the victor after eight rounds of battling. In a hard-fought eight round semi-final, Joey Wach trounced Willie Nussbaum with comparative ease.

Madison Square Garden featured Pedro Montanez and Orville Drouillard in a summer new talent show as the ten round main attraction and drew a gross gate of $10,484.75, constituting a surprisingly good turnout. Pounding Pedro won very much as he pleased as the Canadian offered very little in the way of resistance and folded up from body punches in the fifth round. Drouillard started back pedaling from the opening bell, apparently not relishing the Puerto Rican's incessant body attack. Pedro knocked him down for a count in the third round, and applied the finishing touches in the fifth session.

Al Davis, sensational Brownsville lightweight, appeared in the semi-final contest scheduled for six rounds and was awarded a technical knockout victory when Young Chappie failed to come out for the start of the fourth round due to a badly lacerated lip. Although there were no knockdowns, Chappie did not fight his usual slam-bang style, and came out to meet Davis from a crouch. However, young Al boxed prettily and raked Chappie with stinging left hooks that split his mouth and caused him retirement.

Walter Franklin stole the show by knocking out Frank Castiglia in the third round of a scheduled six rounder. In the greatest three minutes ever seen in a Garden ring, the boys stood in the center of the ring with their heads locked, firing broadsides of leather into each other's body and heads that sent the spectators into a frenzy. The fight was a sensation while it lasted and established Walter as a dangerous opponent for any of the middleweight youngsters around.

Baby Louis and Jimmy Lancaster went six rounds to a draw, while in four round bouts, Solly Gerstler whipped Frank Savia and Pee Wee Bonito stopped Vinnie Herbst in one.

In the closing show at Dyckman Oval, George Zengaras whipped Irish Eddie Brink in eight hard fought rounds. A great last round rally by Zengaras clinched the verdict. Johnny Rinaldi took the six round semi-final by outfighting Pinboy Salvino—Joey Fontana won the feature attraction at the Fort Hamilton club over Al Ragone in eight rounds. In the semi-final bout of the evening, Vincenzio Dell Orto whipped Sammy Garcia in eight heats—Enrico Venturi was awarded the decision over Johnny Rohrig in the ten round feature at the Queensboro Arena. Augie Arellano whipped Bobby Wilson in the six round semi-windup.

Joey Fontana boosted his stock sky high by blasting out an eight round victory over Ginger Foran in the main bout at Fort Hamilton. Knocked down for a count in the third round, Fontana weathered the storm and came on with a thrilling finish to earn the decision. In eights, Petey Scalzo trounced Vernon Cormier and Nickey Jerome won the verdict over George Karkella—Fritzie Zivic won as he pleased from Joe Pennino in eight rounds at the Coney Island Velodrome, while in the six round supporting fight, Frankie Terry whipped Johnny Iannone—Yoshio Nakamura headlined the Long Beach card and was awarded with an eight round duke over Joe Marcienti. Matt Perfetti was held to a draw in six rounds by Dom Barone.

In an eight round main event at the Queensboro Arena, Irving Eldridge trounced Phil Siriani. Augistine Gonzales was given a draw in his six round semi-windup with Oliver White—Tommy Tucker, promising young light-heavyweight who won seven fights on the Coast without a setback, is back East ready to start a campaign he hopes may lead him into fights with the topnotchers in the 175-pound class—Mickey Farber, New York lightweight who also campaigned with success in California has also returned home.

Kid Frattini, Italian claimant to welterweight honors, clashed with Andre Jessurun in the main event of eight rounds at the Fort Hamilton club and the former walked off with the honors after a hard fought battle. Frattini's harder punching ability stood him in good stead as he gained the eyes of the officials. In somewhat of an upset in the eight round semi-final contest, Eddie Alzek won the decision over hard-hitting Pete DeRuzza—Charley Cook, President of the National Sports Alliance, has moved his offices from the Markwell Hotel to the Strand building—Sid Bogad, the likeable young man who sends out the publicity for the Ridgewood Grove, is the reason that the Brooklyn club is getting so much into the local papers.

Freddie Brown is the reason that Bob Pastor continues to hound the trail of heavyweight champion Joe Louis. This conscientious East Side lad has certainly made his mark in the gloved pastime and remains one of the top trainers in the fistic field today. The writer is of the opinion that Brown has no equal in the sour science of the study of pugilistic styles—Another meeting between Al Davis and Bernie Friedkin, the Brooklyn lightweights, is inevitable. There is a big demand for this return match, which may be put on again next month as another co-promotional venture by Johnny Attell and Max Joss and Sammy Richman.

Nat Fleischer, the Editor and Publisher of THE RING, has the whole country steamed up with his heavyweight elimination tournament. Promoters should get in touch with him. Chris Dundee, with headquarters in the Piccadilly Hotel, has changed Tony Ciaccio's fighting name to Tony Cisco. The change will be easier on the fans—Irish Eddie Dunne has won seven in a row since switching to Dundee—Walter Woods is wanted for several fights in Australia. The clever East Side middleweight however, may pass up the trip as he is one of the highest priced fighters in the game today—Al Barnett, manager of Jim Howell, voices a complaint that none of the big fellows want any truck with his charge.

Joe Pasco, who claims the world bag punching record, has been giving exhibitions around New York. He teaches the science of self-defense through the medium of bag punching. Joe holds the world record for consecutive punching, eight hours. He is open to a challenge from anyone who is willing to meet him. He plays tunes on the bag and has a troupe of girls touring the country with him in bag punching exhibitions. He has a place in Ravenhall Park, Coney Island—Walter Woods, popular New York middleweight, is a definite hit in Syracuse and neighboring towns where he has consistently broken attendance records although none of his bouts have been past the six round limit.

Jarl Johnson and Steve Dudas opened winter boxing at the Ridgewood Grove arena in an eight round main event which was called a draw. In the semi-windup affair, also over the eight round route, Maurice Arnault, French importation, made his American debut and went to a draw with trial horse Jimmy Murray—New matchmakers in the field of pugilism for the winter months are Sammy Aaronson who will operate at Jamaica Arena and Joe McKenna who has left the Bronx Coliseum for White Plains—Jackie Kid Berg went to the Coast to visit his wife. The former Whitechapel Windmill has not lost a fight in New York in his last twelve starts. Zeigi Lander, Palestine lad, is undefeated in eight professional encounters.

Tony Canzoneri and Kid Berg are a possibility at the Coliseum with a raise in prices to assure a $20,000 gate—Jimmy Grippo is ready to offer John Henry Lewis a guarantee of $20,000 to put his title on the line for Melio Bettina to shoot at.

Bob Pastor suffered a deep leg injury while in training at Saratoga Springs, when an ax with which he was chopping a tree, slipped. He required twenty stitches.

With the New York Hippodrome out of the way, the promoters of the smaller clubs in New York City should have a banner year. Talent that ordinarily would be used in the Hippodrome, will not be available for the other promoters.

Promoters in New York were trying hard last month to get Barney Ross to reconsider his decision to retire and come back for another shot at Tony Canzoneri, but without avail.

THE RING'S FISTIC RATINGS

By MEYER ACKERMAN

(Batting for Eddie Borden until his return from Australia)

THE crowning achievement of the month was attained by Henry Armstrong when he added the world lightweight title to his string of championships by whipping Lou Ambers in 15 torrid rounds at Madison Square Garden. After holding the three crowns for a few weeks, Henry vacated the featherweight title. John Henry Lewis engaged in an overweight match and knocked out Dom Ceccarelli in three heats. Fred Apostoli scored a tenth round knockout victory over Mike Payan in his first battle since an appendectomy.

Felix Wouters retained his German welterweight championship by boxing a fifteen round draw with Gustave Eder. Several new faces broke into the ratings, notably Chalky Wright who surprised by knocking out Al Reid, and Joey Fontana who surprised by whipping Ginger Foran. Tony Galento is well on the mend after an attack of pneumonia caused a postponement of his bout with John Henry Lewis and laid him on the sidelines for several months.

Buddy Knox led the heavyweight division by scoring a victory over Bob Olin. Lou Nova knocked out Phil Brubaker in the first round. Al McCoy kayoed Gene Bonin in four heats. Nathan Mann drew with Eddie Blunt. Jimmy Adamick whipped George Sutka. Big Boy Bray decisioned Frankie Androff. Larry Gains whipped Harry Staal. Al Ettore drew with Matt Raymond who was also beaten by Gus Dorazio.

George James stopped Alec Bell in three. Patsy Perroni kayoed Johnny Erjavec in two rounds. Steve Dudas drew with Jarl Johnson who was whipped by Eddie Mader. Ben Foord trounced Jim Wilde. Willie Reddish scored over Jim Whitest with a five round kayo. Jack London kayoed Charlie Bundy and Joe Zeman in three rounds each. Bill Boyd stopped Bill Nichy and Jake Friedman in two and one rounds respectively.

Junior Munsell stopped Kayo Clements in the second. Buck Everett knocked out Murray Kanner in five and also stopped Al Massey. Freddie Fiducia stopped Joe Wagner in the seventh. Frank Rowsey trimmed Paul Hartnek. Tony Musto whipped Art Oliver. Heinz Lazek defeated Santa De Leo. George Brackey knocked out George Burke in two. Roy Lazar stopped Mickey Dugan in the seventh. Alex Kettles and Sandy McDonald drew. Salvatore Ruggirello defeated Domingo Valin.

John Henry Lewis grabbed the light-heavyweight spotlight with his three round overweight knockout victory of Domenic Ceccarelli. Tiger Jack Fox whipped Yustin Sirutis. Melio Bettina stopped Buck Everett in one. Tiger Warrington knocked out Nick Rabin in five. Dave Clark stopped Pete Georgi in two and Steve Carr in four rounds. Marty Simmons won on a foul in nine rounds over Red Bruce. Buddy Ryan beat Roxy Forgione and Frank Donofrio. Ray Miller whipped Frank Zamoris who drew with Basher Dean. Stanley Hasrato beat Tom Henry. Bert Courage kayoed Eric Lawson in the first. Ralph Chong whipped Tommy Freeman.

Fred Apostoli broke into the fistic spotlight by kayoing Mike Payan in the tenth round. Solly Kreiger stopped Dale Sparr in seven. Walter Woods whipped Ralph DeJohn. Ron Richards kayoed Claude Nichols in eight and won on a foul in twelve over Syd Brown. Ken Overlin and Atilio Sabatino was declared a no-contest in the seventh round. Overlin was then whipped by Lloyd Marshall. Ben Brown stopped Tony Fisher in six, Tony Celli in the same round, and Petey Mike in the first. Al Bernard kayoed Gene Brooks, whipped Tony Bruno, and was declared winner on a disqualification in the second round of his fight with Stanley Hasrato. The latter in turn whipped Tom Henry and was in turn trounced by Bruno.

Joey Parks beat George Burnette and Ralph Chong. Carmen Barth scored over Red Farmer. Billy Soose beat Freddie Lenn. Billy Celebron defeated Tony Zale. Emil Calcagni stopped Larry Esposito in six. Harry Balsamo kayoed Young Terry in one. Eddie Pierce drew with Darkie Ellis. Jesse Pierce stopped Johnny Rossi in five rounds. Milton Shivers beat Vincenzio Triano. Angelo Puglisi stopped Johnny Lasinski in three and beat Red Lewis. Bobby Jones beat Bob Turner. Honey Jones beat Rudy Marshall. Dai Jones whipped Elfryn Morris by a four round kayo. Wendall Bubp stopped Pinkie Goodman in two.

Felix Wouters drew with Gustave Eder in the welterweight ranks. Mike Frattini beat Andre Jessurun who was also whipped by Gene Buffalo. Saverio Turiello bested Paul Rebel. Billy Deeg decisioned Kenny LaSalle. Charley Burley won over Cocoa Kid, who was stopped in eight by Sammy Jackson, but who in turn defeated Howell King and George Martin. Fritzie Zivic beat Joe Pennino and knocked out Steve Kahley and Mickey Paul each in three rounds.

Steve Mamakos defeated Georgie Abrams. Jimmy Leto whipped Young Peter Jackson. Enrico Venturi trounced Maxie Fisher and Johnny Rohrig. Sammy Luftspring trounced Baby Saban. Jack Portney defeated Pete Galiano. Bobby Pacho trounced Tony Petroskey. Andy Callahan decisioned Ralph Zanelli. Bill McDowell beat Kid Azteca. Ernie Roderick kayoed Johnny Clements in two and Jock McKnight in three heats. Tommy Bland won from Leon Zorrita.

Vincent Pimpinella twice defeated Phil Furr. George Odwell stopped Evan John in the second. Steve Halaiko bested Mickey Serrian and drew with Pete Koloff. Lew Raymond whipped Ralph Vona and Charley Gordon. Buster Carroll defeated Eddie McGeever. George Davis stopped Jack Powell in two. Clever Henry decisioned Otto Blackell who in turn drew with Johnny Dias. Eddie Alzek beat Pete DeRuzza and drew with Joe Boscarino. Chester Rudy whipped Johnny Dean. Augie Arellano stopped Jackie Murray in five. Johnny Rinaldi stopped Gerard De Lia in the second.

Henry Armstrong won the lightweight championship from Lou Ambers. Pedro Montanez stopped Ray Napolitano in three and Orville Drouillard in five. Davey Day defeated Harvey Woods. Tommy Cross drew with Eddie Cool and whipped Gene Gallota. Sammy Angott technically stopped Leo Rodak in the first. Wesley Ramey defeated Chino Alvarez and Eddie Brink who was also beaten by George Zengaras. The latter was beaten by Jimmy Garrison. Tippy Larkin beat Frankie Wallace and Red Cochrane, while the latter in turn stopped Pete Mascia in three.

Kayo Castillo bested Paul Junior. Johnny Rohrig beat Billy Beauhuld. Lou Lombardi defeated Joe Ghnouly. Jimmy Tygh bested Norment Quarles. Carl Guggino beat Johnny Mack, twice. Joey Ferrando scored over Joe Boscarino. Lew Feldman won over Jose Santos and Paul Lee. George Latka whipped Jimmy Vaughn and Kui Kong Young. Maxie Berger won over Joey Greb. Irving Eldridge trounced Ray Ingram and Phil Siriani. Nick Camarata whipped Jack Sheppard. Yucatan Kid bested Joey Raymond. Georgie Crouch stopped Andy Scrivani in nine. Wally Hally drew with Babe Brandelli. Baby Breese drew with Georgie Hansford.

Howard Scott stopped Vic Finazzo in six while the latter in turn defeated Buckey Taylor. Al Davis whipped Al Ragone and stopped Young Chappie in three. Lew Massey beat Billy Maher. Solly Levison stopped Paul De Bella in the fourth. Joey Greb whipped Nunzio Bisogno. Johnny Stevens defeated Bobby McIntyre. Jimmy Buckler stopped Kid Brock in seven. Tod Morgan stopped Mick Leonard in the eighth. Willard Sharp defeated Joey Alcanter. Sammy Nagro kayoed Baby Manuel in one. Mike Piskin decisioned Benny Berman and Tony Greb.

Freddie Miller leads the featherweight class with a victory over Johnny King. Chalky Wright stopped Al Reid in the fourth. Johnny Hutchinson beat Jack Sheppard and drew with Joey Silva. Jackie Wilson kayoed Babe Brandelli in the second. Joey Fontana defeated Ginger Foran and Al Ragone. Pete Scalzo decisioned Vernon Cormier. Everette Rightmire whipped Lloyd Pine. Spider Kelly whipped Tommy Hyams who in turn won over Len Wickwar on a foul in the fifth. Kelly was then defeated by John Cusick. Joey Archibald scored over Tony Dupre.

Johnny McGrory drew with Dan Caplan. Kui Kong Young stopped Pee Wee LaSalle in two, Danny London in six, and Umio Gen in two, while the latter was also whipped by Tomboy Romero. Joey Wach trounced Willie Nussbaum. Bobby Green stopped Ted Christie in four, whipped the latter, and also trounced Harry Gentile. George Marsden drew with Billy Elwood and Tommy Shaw. Dan McAllister beat Frank McCudden. Vincenzio Dell Orto defeated Sammy Garcia who was also whipped by Salvatore Bartolo. Matt Perfetti beat Baby Face Hall and drew with Dom Barone. Yoshio Nakamura whipped Joe Marcienti. Nickey Jerome beat George Karkella.

In the bantamweight class, Sixto Escobar returned to the wars to beat Lou Transparenti in an overweight match. Lou Salica continued his climb by beating Pablo Dano and then stopped Joe Roche in eight. Henry Hook drew with Jimmy Webster, whipped Jimmy Urso, and was in turn defeated by Jackie Callura. Kid Tanner beat Teddy O'Neil. Indian Quintana whipped Billy Passan. Mickey Miller won over Speedy Cabanella.

Baby Yack trounced Spider Armstrong. Johnny King kayoed Hal Bagwell in the fifth. Johnny McManus stopped Jack Mussen in four and whipped Len Hampston. Red Transparenti defeated Lawrence Gunn. Harry Gerson won over Katsumi Morioka. Mark Southern defeated Bobby Magee.

Small Montana beat Tommy Forte. Tut Whalley whipped Pat McStravick. Tiny Bostock stopped Johnny Griffiths in seven. Pierre Louis beat Rafaelito Valdes. Joe Curran whipped Jackie Patterson on a foul in four rounds, whipped him in another match, defeated Seaman Chetty who was also whipped by Billy Tansig. Patterson was also whipped by Tommy Stewart. Pat Palmer drew with Goff Williams.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Hal Bagwell, Gloucester.
Bantamweight—Charley Brown, Belfast.
Featherweight—Abe Denner, Boston.
Lightweight—Roy Boon, England.
Welterweight—Walter Johnson, Ohio.
Middleweight—Killer Parchman, New England.
Light Heavyweight—Johnny Denson, Indianapolis.
Heavyweight—George Last, Plaistow.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending August 10.

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	World's Champion Al Hostak	World's Champion Henry Armstrong
1—Max Baer	Al Gainer	Young Corbett	Ceferino Garcia
2—Gunnar Barlund	Tiger Jack Fox	Fred Apostoli	Mike Kid Frattini
3—Pob Pastor	Gus Lesnevich	Solly Krieger	Felix Wouters
4—Tony Galento	Melio Bettina	Glen Lee	Holman Williams
5—Tommy Farr	Len Harvey	Walter Woods	Gustave Eder
6—Maxie Rosenbloom	Ambrose Palmer	Ron Richards	Charley Burley
7—Max Schmeling	Jock McAvoy	Fred Henneberry	Saverio Turiello
8—Buddy Knox	Ralph De John	Ossie Stewart	Fritzie Zivic
9—Lou Nova	Eddie Wenstob	Lloyd Marshall	Frankie Genovese
10—Alberto Lovell	Young Herrera	Ken Overlin	Steve Mamakos

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Henry Armstrong	World's Champion Henry Armstrong (Retired title now vacant)	World's Champion Sixto Escobar	World's Champion Jackie Jurich
1—Lou Ambers	Freddie Miller	Kayo Morgan	Small Montana
2—Baby Arizmendi	Leo Rodak	Lou Salica	Speedy Dado
3—Pedro Montanez	Dave Castilloux	Pancho Villa	Tut Whalley
4—Davey Day	Johnny Hutchinson	Georgie Pace	Tiny Bostock
5—Tommy Cross	Jackie Wilson	Benny Lynch	Pierre Louis
6—Sammy Angott	Joey Archibald	Peter Kane	Jim McStravick
7—Tony Chavez	Tony Dupre	Kid Tanner	Pierce Ellis
8—Wesley Ramey	Chalky Wright	Henry Hook	Paddy Ryan
9—Tippy Larkin	Mike Belloise	Johnny Gaudes	Valentin Anglemann
10—Yucatan Kid	Joey Fontana	Aurel Toma	Mickey O'Neill

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

JACKIE JURICH, of California, World's Flyweight champion, gave a masterly exhibition of boxing when he met Phil Milligan of Oldham, in a contest of 10 rounds at the Belle Vue, Manchester. The American boy won practically every round. Although Milligan made a few spurts during the last two rounds, he found a master tactician in Jurich who finished with plenty to spare.

Jackie Brown of Manchester, reversed a previous decision, when he beat Battling Hayes of Leeds, on points over 10 rounds.

Pierce Ellis of Manchester, scored a K.O. over Willie Smith of Margate, in the 3rd of a 10 rounder. Smith came in as a last minute substitute.

Johnny Houlston, of Cardiff, former Amateur Welterweight Champion of Wales, won the professional title, when he outpointed the holder, Jackie Moody, of Pontypridd, over 15 rounds at Newport, Mon.

A crowd of 10,000 gathered at Veitch Field, Swansea, to see Ben Foord, of South Africa, outpoint Jimmy Wilde of Swansea, in 12 hectic rounds. Some of the crowd did not agree with the referee's decision.

Billy Masters of Glasgow, proved no match for Ronnie James of Swansea, in a scheduled 10-rounder, but two rounds were fought at a fast pace, and Masters took considerable punishment, until the towel was skied, as a token of defeat.

Tommy Jones, of Derby, late Wales, shared the honors with Billy Jones, of Treorchy, in a hard hitting 10-round bout.

Dudley Lewis, Welsh flyweight champion, could not give the weight to Eddie Davis, of Rhondda, and was outpointed over 10 rounds.

Nelson Parks, of Monmouth, was knocked out in the first round by the St. Atham Giant, Trevor Evans, who scored with a terrific right swing to Parks' jaw, at Jenner Park, Barry. Trevor Burt, of Ogmore Vale, despite a splintered bone in his right elbow, bravely continued to outpoint Billy (Darkie) Williams of Gelligaer, over 10 rounds. Nobby Baker, of Trelaw, outpointed Matt Powell of Abergavenny, over 10 rounds.

Rufus Enoch of Tonyrefail, punched too hard for Joe Douglas of Cardiff, over 10 rounds at Joe Gess's Pavilion, Cardiff, and won well on points.

Charlie Bundy, of Treherbert, won a farcical contest with the Austro-American, Karl Dane, in the first round, at Brigend. Dane took three counts, in the 50 seconds the bout lasted.

A better contest was seen between Sid Worgan, of Llanharan, and Cuthbert Taylor, of Merthyr, with Taylor the winner on points in 10 rounds.

Ken Jones of Tonyrefail scored a peach of a K.O. over Wyndham Lewis of Abervrave in the ninth at Ebbw Vale.

I must congratulate Editor Nat Fleischer on his wonderful new publication *Black Dynamite*. I read the first volume dealing with Tom Molyneaux's father, who fought in the Virginia Army, in the American War of Independence, and right through to Peter Jackson.

Readers, don't miss this first volume. I am looking forward to the second volume on the lives of Joe Louis and Henry Armstrong and I predict that these volumes of *Black Dynamite* will prove one of the best sellers in bookland. They sell for 6 shillings.

Al Lyttle, the Smart Young Belfast Lightweight, won the Northern Ireland Lightweight Championship, when he outpointed Patsy Quinn of Belfast over 15 rounds at Grosvenor Park, Belfast, before a crowd of 5,000.

A smashing bout was that between Charlie Brown, fast improving bantam from Belfast, and Joe Connolly of Glasgow over six rounds, with the former getting a close decision after a good battle.

A large crowd witnessed the show at Stockton-on-Tees when Joe Tierney of Manchester scored a good points victory in 12 rounds over Kid Vengan of South Africa.

George Last of Plaistow won the novice Heavyweight Competition at the Crystal Palace by defeating Gunner Watling of Wills when the referee stopped the contest in the second round.

George Davis of Notting Hill stopped Jack Powell of Sheffield in the second at the Mile End Arena.

George Smith of Jarrow had all his work cut out to outpoint Mark Southern of North Shields, in 10 rounds at North Shields.

Ike Pratt of Thornaby made a return to the ring at Stockton-on-Tees after a lengthy layoff, and was beaten by Charlie Cury of Wheatley Hill on points in 10 hard rounds.

Teddy Baker of West Hartlepool, suffered his first defeat as a professional when he lost on points over 10 rounds to another local lad in Kid Rich at West Hartlepool.

Billy Shinfield was responsible for the successful charity tournament on behalf of the Markham Colliery Disaster Fund, and the results were as follows: Norman Trorgen of Coventry beat Alex Jackson on points over 10 rounds.

Billy Masters of Glasgow defeated Tommy Shaw of Coventry over 10 rounds and Harry Reeve of Alfreton outpointed Billy Kane of Stockton on points, the latter, it is interesting to note, was one of the rescue party in the colliery disaster.

Kid Vengan of South Africa gets plenty of work in Northern rings, although he does not always come out on top, but he always gives value for money to the fans. At Middlesborough he boxed a 10-round draw with Peter Miller of Gateshead, which the fans again enjoyed.

Ken Robinson of Canada broke the run of success of Harry Moore of Methley at Morecombe when he forced the latter to retire in the sixth, when he received a badly cut mouth.

Eddie Jones of Blackburn registered a close win over Jackie Walsh, Ulster's Welterweight Champion, at the Belfast Arena when the referee awarded him the decision at the end of 10 rounds.

I must disagree with Editor Nat Fleischer and Eddie Borden for rating Jackie Jurich as World's Flyweight Champion because Benny Lynch failed to weigh in at 112 pounds for his world's title contest at Glasgow. It was through my efforts and protests in the British press for fully twelve months that caused the Montana-Lynch to be decided as to who was the rightful holder of the title. America claimed it for Montana, and Europe for "Wee Benny" Lynch. Everyone knows that Lynch beat Montana at Wembly Stadium and was therefore recognized as champion throughout the world.

The rules distinctly say that a title can be *lost* on the scales but *won* only in actual combat in the ring, and as Jurich was fighting under the rules that are carried out in Great Britain we can only claim him as first contender, and when he meets Peter Kane of Golbourne, who has been elected as contender, the winner will have the right to declare himself the official flyweight champion of the world.

Nat Josephs of Belfast and George Dingley of Glasgow (sounds like fighters) joined forces to promote a show at Tolka Park, Dublin, and a crowd of 14,000 turned out to see the show, which proved a success. Tony Shucco of Boston handed Dom Lydon of Mayo, Ireland, his first defeat as a professional, when he outpointed the latter over eight rounds. It was no disgrace for Lydon to be outpointed by such an experienced fighter as Shucco. "Spider" Kelly of Derry was again outpointed by John Cusick of Manchester over 10 rounds.

Johnny MacManus of Glasgow outpointed Len Hampston of Hull after a great bout of 10 rounds. Dan McAllister of Belfast defeated Frank McCudden in another eight-rounder that was chock full of thrills.

I write about a young Glasgow flyweight that will bear watching by the name of Jackie Patterson, who in his third professional bout knocked out Pat MacStravick of Belfast in the eighth round at the Parkhead Arena, Belfast.

Bob Gates of Coxhoe gained a smart win over Tommy Hardcastle of Barnsley whom he knocked out in the fourth round at Stockton-on-Tees.

Peter Clayton of Southall, who has recently returned from the U.S.A., was outpointed by Dave Penfield of Chatham in 12 rounds at the Mile End Arena.

Teddy O'Niel of Glasgow and Battling Hayes of Leeds furnished a splendid scrap at Parkhead Arena, Glasgow, over 12 rounds before the former was declared the winner.

Ginger Stewart of Glasgow punched too hard for Tommy Boylan of Barrow and the latter was counted out in the first of a 10-round bout.

Jack London of West Hartlepool delighted his followers with his hard punching display, when he met Joe Zeman of Cleveland, Ohio, at West Hartlepool, before a crowd of 8,000 people. Zeman took considerable punishment, and was counted out in the third of a scheduled 12-round bout.

Jim Mount of Greenock came in as a substitute for Charel Baert and outpointed Battling Charlie Parkin of Mansfield in a 10-round bout at North Shields.

Phil Fay, the well-known Bournemouth sportsman, staged an open-air show at Boscombe football ground, in conjunction with the Westover Ice Rink. Eddie Pierce of South Africa and Darkie Ellis of Bridlington fought a 12-round bout to a draw.

Tiny Bostock of Leek stopped Johnny Griffiths of Wales in the seventh of a 12-rounder when Referee Moss Deyong intervened to save a game lad unnecessary punishment.

Freddy Mills of Bournemouth was credited with a K.O. win over Moe Moss of Mile End, in the fifth, when the referee refused to heed to the claims of Moss's seconds and the crowd of a foul blow. George Pook of Torquay defeated Stan Jehu of Wales on points and Jimmy Jury of Barnstaple stopped Mike Kavan of Ireland in the third round when the latter suffered a damaged ear.

Dai Jones of Ammanford successfully defended his Welsh middleweight title when he K.O.'d Elfryn Morris of West Bromwich in the fourth of a 15-round bout at Carmarthen.

Tommy Elliot of Belfast lost to Frank Parkes of Nottingham over 10 rounds at the Arena, Belfast.

George Odwell of Camden Town knocked out Evan John of Wales in the second at Leeds.

Billy Tansey of Manchester gained a decision over Seaman Chetty of South Africa after 12 hard rounds.

Jack Robinson of Nottingham stopped Jim Trainor of Ireland in two rounds the latter being outclassed.

Sonny Lee made a welcome return to the ring by outpointing George Bunter of West Hartlepool on points over 10 rounds.

Jim Brady of Dundee and Southern Area bantamweight champion, can be considered unlucky to lose his contest with George Marsden of Nottingham at the Mile End Arena, for after being well in the lead, a right meant for the body in the fifth went low and Referee Jack Morris ruled him out.

Tommy Enoch of Tonyrefail and Dave Lapping of Bargoed fought a sterling battle over 12 rounds with the former winning narrowly on points at Pontypridd.

Eddie Davis of Cymparc outpointed Billy Jones of Pontypridd over 10 rounds at Bridgend.

Kid Tanner of British Guiana, who is out with a claim for the Empire, Fly and Bantam, and Featherweight titles, goes on from success to success. His latest win was at the expense of Ernst Weiss of Austria, and the Austrian Bantamweight champion, who was the receiver general for the 10 rounds but gamely lasted the distance. Rinty Monaghan of Belfast proved himself a classy flyweight when he outpointed Joe Curran of Liverpool over eight rounds.

Capt. Prince-Cox staged a successful open-air show at Gloucester when he gave the young local, Hal Bagwell, a chance to meet the British Bantamweight Champion, Johnny King, over 10 rounds, but it was asking too much of the youngster, who outclassed and counted out in the fifth of a scheduled 10-rounder.

Joe Curran of Liverpool won a great contest when he defated Seaman Chetty of South Africa in 10 rounds that had the fans shouting from first to last gong. Both came in for a big hand at the end of the bout.

For the second time within two months, a champion (European and British) has lost his title on the scales, with the place the same, Glasgow. First, Flyweight Champion Benny Lynch scaled 6½ pounds overweight, and now Johnny McGrory, erstwhile European and British and British Empire Featherweight champion, jumped on the scales when defending his titles against Benny Caplan of St. Georges, London, and tipped four pounds overweight. After being allowed one hour to reduce, he claimed he would go up into the lightweight division and the contest was rearranged at catchweights. Caplan, weighing 126 pounds, put up a stubborn contest for 15 rounds which ended in a draw.

The same question arises as in the Lynch-Jurich case. "Will Benny Caplan be proclaimed British Featherweight Champion?"

My answer is the same as I wrote earlier in this column, and is parallel with the Lynch-Jurich (championship) contest.

The weight sensation brought the crowd down from an expected 20,000 to a mere 6,000 and the promoters suffered a big loss which will be discussed by the British Boxing Board of Control when they meet.

In the supporting bout, Kid Tanner, the all-action Fly and Bantam Champion of British Guiana, kept up his unbeaten certificate when he well outpointed Teddy O'Niel, Scottish Bantam Champion, over 10 rounds.

Ernie Roderick of Liverpool made short work of Johnny Clements of Glasgow in their scheduled 10-rounder at the Stadium, Liverpool, in the second round, when the referee intervened when Clements was in a bad way.

Johnny Houlston, Welsh welterweight champion, outpointed Johnny Lafferty of Glasgow after a good contest over 10 rounds.

Larry Gains, former Empire Heavyweight Champion, had no trouble in outpointing Harry Staal, Heavyweight Champion of Holland, in 10 rounds at Jersey, Channel Islands.

Jack London of West Hartlepool added a smart win to his record when he knocked out Charlie Bundy of Treherbert in the third at West Hartlepool.

At Market Harborough, Tommy Shaw of Nuneaton caused a surprise by holding George Marsden of Nottingham to a 10-round draw.

Pat Palmer of Battersea and Goff Williams of Chatham fought a sparkling eight-rounder to a draw in the chief contest at Mile End Arena.

Jackie Patterson of Glasgow was unlucky to only share the honors with the local Tommy Stewart at Belfast over 10 rounds as he seemed to have had the best of matters at the end.

Mick Egan of Manchester won a great bout on points at the end of 10 rounds when he outfought Ginger Leckey of Belfast in the latter's home town. Al Sharpe of Belfast stopped Joey Jacobs of Manchester in four rounds when the referee intervened.

Jack Walsh, Ulster's Welterweight Champion, gained a narrow points win over Young Armour of Belfast after a keenly fought bout in 10 rounds at Belfast.

George Kendricks of Manchester gained a fine victory when he outpointed Gordon Hesketh of Chorley in 10 rounds at Leigh.

Sammy Holmes of Salford gained a points victory over Johnny Houghton of St. Helens in a clever 10-round contest.

Johnny Kilburn of North Shields proved too clever for Pat Burns of Glasgow, winning comfortably on points at the end of 10 rounds at North Shields.

Tommy Knight of Darlington returned to the ring after a long absence and optpointed Arty Smith of Burnley, over 12 rounds at Stockton-on-Tees.

Jimmy Britt of South Africa gained a points victory over Joe Quigley of Ireland in a hard hitting eight-rounder at Jersey.

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IN BELIZE, BRITISH HONDURAS
By MIKE GARBUTT

BOXING has picked up here considerably during the past two months. If the patronage continues, Belize will stage several good shows during the coming tourist season. Boys from New York will be imported. The local promoter is considering putting on a series of fights to determine the leading contender for the welterweight championship and then pit him against Pal Silver, the champion, who recently knocked out Kid Silvers in 2.25 of the second round.

The Kid had just returned from a successful tour of England and the quick kayo was a huge surprise. It is possible that the Editor of The Ring will be asked to present a belt for the welterweight championship fight for which he will be asked to visit the island and make the presentation.

Kid Boiler and Al Brown met at the Palace in a return bout and Boiler gained the verdict by two to one.

Young Jim Flowers continued his progress by defeating Kid Dominica.

BOXING IN LIMA, PERU
By PROF. WILFRED STEPHENSON

PROFESSIONAL boxing in Lima is on the swing with Promoter Ruggero de Santis entertaining the fans to a show each week. Roberto Carrillo, local lightweight and a big card, fought Simon Guerra of Chile a few days ago. The Chilean won seven violent rounds of the ten. The Manco Capac Stadium was packed to overflowing.

Ignacio Ara from Spain, who is over here under contract with de Santis, met Armando Cueva of Cuba in a 10-rounder. The fight was rather one-sided, Ara winning from the start and knocking out his man in quick time. In the semi-final, Che Cuevo, middleweight, from the Argentine, was stopped in the first round by Santiago Carty, ex-South American amateur champ. Ara's second fight was also crowned with success. He kayoed Victorino Andrade, Chilean fighter. Andrade fell four times in the three rounds he lasted. The semi-final between Mario Verano, lightweight, and Manuel Valcarce, a Spanish slugger, was won by the former.

Bonbon Jose Coronado, colored Peruvian lightweight, who is giving a good account of himself, won the decision from Manuel Valcarce in an eight-rounder.

The Panamanian boxers, Battling Nelson, Kid Foster and Young Shadow, who have been taking part in the present season, have not been successful in the local ring. Nelson's first bout was against Mario Verano, who took home the decision after a brisk battle. Foster was kayoed by Zacarias Flores, who knocked him down five times in four rounds. The bout lasted only five. Young Shadow was stopped by Manuel Casares of Ecuador in the fifth stanza.

Raul Carabantes, Chilean scrapper and clown boxer, commonly known as the Valdivian Express owing to the swiftness of his legs, scored a well earned victory over Armando Foglia, Italian welter. In the semi-final, the young Ecuatorean, Oswaldo Casares, knocked out Manuel Leon.

Continuing his winning ways, the Spaniard, Ignacio Ara, won a very sensational fight over the Chilean champ, Fernandito, who holds the South American titles in the welter and middleweight divisions. There was a very big attendance. The champion was floored six times. Ara was very effective, and his superiority was evident from the third round. In a return match fought by the above mentioned pair, the Spaniard again scored by a wide margin over the Chilean, who is now convinced that his opponent is the better man.

The preliminaries were up to the mark, Jose Avalos winning over Manuel Argote, while Modesto Villanueva lost to Marcial Lenz, who displayed very good form.

Jose Alejos, brilliant Peruvian featherweight, gave Oswaldo Casares, Ecuadorean lightweight, a beating.

The long wished for battle between Manuel Casares of Ecuador and the Chilean king, Simon Guerra, holder of the South American title in the lightweight division, took place recently. It was a vicious, bloody battle. Guerra won. The Italian veteran, Luigi Marfurt, gave a fine display of technique aand skill and beat Zacarias Flores.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

ALEX YANES, former Cuban featherweight champion, who has just turned twenty-one, has come to life again, an improved and sensational boxer. After his recent knockout victory over Young Zouval, lightweight champion, Alex turned the tables on Conrad Conde, emerging an easy victor in 10 rounds. Yanes, right now, is the popular ringster in Cuba. I have no doubt that he will soon be crowned the new Lightweight Champion of Cuba. His manager is Manolo Fernandez.

Kid Juancito drew in eight rounds with Baby Chichi, and Rayito del Ring drew in six tough rounds with Zurdo Torres, another sterling performer. Armando Delgado, Cuban featherweight, outpointed Pancho Villa in another interesting six-rounder.

Pincho Gutierrez, Cuba's leading boxing man, one of the members of the Cuban Boxing Commission, was given a big ovation during a recent celebration at the Malibu Cafe. All the local notables were present, including newspapermen, prominent boxers, and members of the Boxing Commission.

Kid Chocolate is preparing for a series of bouts for the coming winter season. In recent workouts, the Keed looked to be in good shape. He should draw some big houses during the coming tourist season.

Golden Glove contests still continue, and the finals are about to be held.

IN HAWAII
By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

CRIS CRISPIN is now officially crowned the bantamweight champion of Hawaii. In his two years of fighting he has won 15, lost only one and drew in three of them.

Otto Blackwell faced probably his toughest foe so far in his local showing when he nosed out a slim draw against Johnny Dias in a ten rounder. Both slugged out with no quarter taken.

Fighting Carlos took a lucky draw over Adolph Samuels. Samuels had excellent chance of finishing his opponent but exhausting his strength in the early rounds made him too tired to deliver the coupe de grace.

Johnny Ware, of the Philippines made his territory debut with a seventh round T.K.O. victory over Huerta Evans, who suffered a mean gash over his right eye. At the time the bout was halted, Evans was easily leading in points with his fine infighting.

Activity in professional boxing seems to be upon a firm footing after a lapse of a few months. Indication of boom was seen when a fine turn-out for the last Auditorium card proved beyond doubt that a well-balanced card will attract cash customers in droves.

Despite the withdrawal of Otto Blackwell, Los Angeles Negro with a slight injury a few days prior to the fight, a capacity crowd of over 4,500 fans saw Ben Ahakuelo in place of him. Ben put up a fine performance against the clever Filipino Ace, Clever Henry. The Hawaiian boy went into the fray after a long lay-off and with limited amount of training, but the type of fighting he showed against Henry won him many admirers. Henry impressed the gallery that he is a clever boxer and a socker of no mean ability. This was Clever Henry's debut.

Cris Crispin, the boy who climbed from the preliminary rank to the bantamweight throne added another kayo victim on his long list. Isamu Nambu, reputed Japan bantam king and former N. Y. Golden Glover, went out in the second round. He didn't show much nor try to fight back—maybe he was too ill as he claimed after the bout.

The best boxing card of the year as Promoter James Low would say, and I believe it was. The card that attracted the cash to the box office was the bout between Fighting Carlos and Joey Ledesma and not Little Pancho and Adolph Samuels fiasco. A full house of over 3,000 witnessed the super card at the Volcano Arena.

Pancho and Samuels fought a close bout with the former getting the nod in an eight-rounder after being extended and hard pressed all the way.

Fighting Carlos had too much on the ball for the Hilo pride, Joey Ledesma, and took an easy eight-rounder. He showed boxing ability and plenty of TNT in his mitts winning easily without much of a sweat. Game to the core. Ledesma took quite a punishment but kept fighting back as is his custom. Hilo fans will welcome Carlos to show again for he made a decided hit.

At last Otto Blackwell of Los Angeles met his conqueror in the person of Clever Henry of the Philippines when he dropped a decisive 10-rounder at the Auditorium before a packed house of over 4,500 fans. Weighing only 137 to his opponent's 142, Clever Henry left no doubt as to his superiority over the Negro battler, winning nine of the ten rounds exhibiting his clever defensive tactics.

Johnny Dias took the show when he scored an upset knockout victory over Johnny Ware, a recent importation from the Orient in the fourth heat. Ware went down once in the second for no count but a right swing for the jaw floored him for keeps in the fourth frame ending the bout.

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ONTARIO, CANADA, NEWS
By G. A. M. TUTTY

HENRY ARMSTRONG may be master of Lou Ambers, but "Spider" Armstrong of Toronto, Ont., is not by any means the master of "Baby" Yack, Canadian bantam champion. In the second bout between this pair, Armstrong thought that he was weakened, making weight. But it was not weight, but heart, that Yack showed the superior ability to retain, in the last fight in Toronto, For three rounds the Spider kept Yack at long range. But in only those rounds did Armstrong show superiority. After that the Baby worked in close, and took every round after the third.

Yack, open for a right-cross, quite often during the bout, was allowed to escape, this opening by the Spider Yack seems to be again coming to the top, as he has shown in the last few fights the old aggressiveness and may soon take on Villa or one of the leading bantams.

Escobar has been suggested quite a number of times as a headliner in the Queen City, if not with Yack, with some other top-notcher. Boxing has come back with a bang, but it will have to be good headliners, otherwise it will die on the promoters' hands again. A good lineup of the Canadian bantams would be worth while, and as Georgie Pace is named as No. 1 challenger for Sixto Escobar's title, the outstanding Canadian should be matched which would draw a good crowd.

Angelo Callura of Hamilton, Ont., was a mighty lucky boy to receive a decision over Mike Martyk of St. Catharines, Ont. Mike has just returned from England. Callura was a long way back, and had been well beaten, when his hand was raised in victory. It was some time before the booing died down.

Jackie Callura took the points route victory over another favorite, Henry Hook, but he knew he had been in a fight all the way. This card was a good one, about 4,500 fans taking it in, which is a drop from the 10,000 some weeks ago that viewed boxing in the Queen City. A local against a ranking fighter in his division, from the U.S.A., means a good house, but an opponent must carry a good rep to draw the crowd.

Playfair Brown's card during the Canadian corps reunion proved a flop, but Frankie Genovese proved the master of the boy that last defeated him, Andrea Jessurun, and at no time did the latter seem within a block of beating the Canadian welter champion. He threw some hefty rights and lefts, but Frankie poked him off with some clever straight lefts that carried plenty of "moxie" and Genovese was an easy winner.

Sammy Luftspring has steadily improved since he joined the Lou Ambers stable. He would give Genovese a good run possibly for the title now. They have a lot of support here, with the Italian and Jewish supporters in abundance in this neck of the woods. Brown's promotions here have been unlucky, why, it's hard to say, but Jack Corcoran seems to present the cards that draw the fans.

Len Wadsworth of Hamilton, Ont., former middleweight champion of Canada, who as champion always fought a preliminary bout—why we don't know—has just won back his championship from the boy who dethroned him—Ray McIntire of St. John, N. B. The bout, staged at Timins, Ont., was over the 10-round limit.

George Burke, or Bird, of St. Catharines, Ont., on his last showing shared the same fate as the Paul boys, who came to Toronto, with a great reputation, after touring England. Burke has also just returned from "Blighty" but did not do anything but stop a few choice ones from George Brackey, 231 pounds, of Buffalo, N. Y., and was K.O.'d in the second round.

Vancouver, B. C., is stepping out. They have a good local boy, Sonny Jones, doing well at the Coast. Ted Moore, a contender some years ago for the middleweight crown, is staging some very real scraps. Gordon Wallace, former welterweight champion of Canada, is on his way back there, having fought out all his opponents on the prairies.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

OLIVER SHANK firmly established himself as Canada's outstanding heavyweight by smashing Tommy Osborne, Montreal's idolized pride and joy of the ring, to a sensational knockout defeat halfway through the second round of their "natural" at the Forum. More than 5,000 fans were enthralled as the former Alberta lad, now a Montrealer, chased Osborne around the ring, showing utter disdain for the much-advertised dynamite lurking in the mitts of the only Canadian to win a British Empire Games boxing crown. Shank finally trapped him against the ropes early in the second round to score a spectacular and cleancut knockout.

The sudden ending left the fans stunned. Osborne, after being carried to his corner and administered treatment, was still glassy-eyed and rubber-legged when assisted from the ring. Shank's impressive display put him in line for bouts with Al McCoy, Buddy Knox, Bob Olin and others of that type and indications point to the youngster becoming a big ring attraction in Canada.

Buddy Knox, rising Dayton, Ohio, heavyweight, scored a close, unpopular victory over Bob Olin, rugged New York veteran and former lightheavy champ, in the 10-round feature that followed the Shank-Osborne fracas. Knox put on a surging finish in the last two rounds to swing the tide after trailing most of the way but the fans were mostly convinced that Olin deserved the edge. Your correspondendent's opinion, whatever its worth, is that a draw would have been the fairest verdict. It was a good, gruelling battle but suffered in comparison with the tornadic battle waged by the local youngsters immediately previous.

Maxie Berger, Montreal's Canadian lightweight king who is forging an upward path among the welters, turned in an impressive display in his one-sided victory over Joey Greb, Pittsburgh, in the other 10-rounder. Berger had too much of everything for the stocky Greb except in the capacity of "taking" in which Greb excelled while Berger was practically unmarked. Maxie floored Greb in the early rounds and looked to have him ready for the finish but Greb, a battling gamecock, kept going and made it fairly interesting to the end.

Harry Gerson, Montreal's classy Jewish bantam, notched up another win on his list over Katsumi Morioka, fiery little Vancouver Jap. Gerson, packing the advantage in weight and artillery as well as height and reach, had it over the Jap most of the way though Morioka put on a spirited finish that roused the fans. Gerson had drawn and beaten Morioka in previous skirmishes so his superiority is now established. Desse Greene, colorful local flyweight, scored a close win over Vianny Gauthier, his local rival, in the six-round opener. Green scaled 117½ while his rival weighed in at 123. However, Greene sportingly ignored the difference in poundage. It was a good show staged by Jules Racicot and hit $5,000.

STRAY SHOTS . . . . Harold "Babe" McLeod, colorful Montreal Irish lightweight, faces the most severe threat to his unbeaten record as we go to press . . . .McLeod meets Paul Doucet, popularly known as Kid Lulu, Maritime lightweight king, in a 10-round feature at Bathurst, N. B., which is Lulu's home tome . . . . the bout is billed for the Eastern Canada title and the winner will be ranked as the foremost contender for Maxie Berger's Canadian title . . . .

Promoter Jack Carroll was expecting a capacity crowd . . . . Al Shank, brother of Oliver, drew with Bill Sparks, big colored Amherst lightheavy, at Amherst, N. S. . . . Shank put on a blazing finish . . . . Bob Olin made a good hit with the fans and would be welcomed back . . . . it looks as though the boxing game will keep on going right through the winter at the Forum with pro and amateur shows . . . . it is about time this came to be . . . . amateur game getting fine build-up with odd international shows featuring boys from New York and Boston . . . . Joe Murphy, welter, and Johnny Greco, bantam, are the best prospects here and the best drawing cards among the simon-pures along with Jon Gagnon, the Dominion's best bantam . . . . well, I guess we'll have to say cheerio and get going on our vacation.

IN THE NORTHWEST
By DAVID CAVADAS

MAXIE ROSENBLOOM stole the show on the coast this month when he held the highly rated Bob Pastor to a draw at Gilmore stadium in Los Angeles.

Rosenbloom, the "old man river" of pugilism, admits to 34 years and is rumored to be a bit older than that. Maxie has a night spot out on Beverly Boulevard, where he does a song and dance every evening. He is also becoming a character actor of note and is under contract to Warner Bros. Unless something like a title bout shows up we have probably seen the last of Rosenbloom as a fighter.

Rosenbloom is not the only fighter in the night club business. Bud Taylor has a spot on Washington Boulevard in L. A. Joe Rivers and Bert Colima are bartenders. Pete Sarmiento manages a Filipino night club in Stockton, Calif., and Speedy Dado serves in the same capacity at Pismo beach. Joe Roche has a restaurant in San Francisco.

Jackie Fields and Mushy Callahan are both in the employ of M.G.M. studios. Young Jack Thompson is a greeter in L. A.'s little Harlem district of Central Avenue. Strangler Ed Lewis, former wrestling king, has a nice place in Glendale where he serves A-1 chicken dinners.

Seattle's new middleweight champion will not fight under the banner of Mike Jacobs. Hard hitting Al Hostak will face Glen Lee in a non-title bout in Al's back yard this fall and then he will face Young Corbett in defense of his title at San Francisco. Fred Apostoli seems to be left holding the sack for the present. An Apostoli-Hostak match would be a Seattle gigantic and every effort will be made to bring them together.

Solly Krieger, New York middleweight, waged two impressive battles at Oakland, stopping "The Ace of Spades," colored scrapper from the Midwest in four rounds and then repeating against Dale Sparr in six. Solly is vastly improved since his last coast appearance.

Kenny La Salle, a native son who is without honor in his own country but is welter champion in Texas, had to return to the Lone Star state. In beating Young Peter Jackson in a one-sided battle at Los Angeles Kenny fought himself right out of a job. The boys want no part of him and a goodly number of coast fans think "The Great" La Salle will end up with that welter crown if he can ever get within punching distance of Armstrong or Garcia.

Chuck Crowell, hard hitting heavyweight prospect, won in a thriller from Big Boy Bray at the L. A. Olympic auditorium. Chuck survived two knockdowns to win one of the best heavyweight fights seen out this way in years.

Lorenzo Pedro, the highly touted big boy from Brazil, caught a tartar at San Diego and was decisioned by Archie Moore.

The new Legion stadium at Hollywood will be one of the finest fight arenas in the world. Built at a cost of $250,000 the Legion bowl has many novelties and retains the homelike atmosphere which so aided the popularity of the old building.

The best prospects on the coast now are Chuck Crowell, heavyweight. Georgie Crouch, welterweight, Babe Brandelli, lightweight and Richard Lemos. Crowell has just turned 21 and in spite of the disadvantage of his great height he rates as one of the best young heavys in the country.

Glen Lee seems to be jinxed in all his recent California appearances. Last week he was given a draw with Al Romero and had to extend himself to get it. This draw affair was preceded by losses to Ceferino Garcia and Young Corbett. Al Hostak is a good bet to be the first to put Lee on the floor and keep him there.

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IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

PUTTING on a display of the hardest punching seen in a middleweight match here in years, Walter (Popeye) Woods, pride of New York's Gas House District slugged out a six round decision victory over Ralph De John before a crowd of 4,000 roaring fans at Municipal Stadium. Woods floored De John twice in the first round with smashing rights to the jaw, Ralph taking a count of nine on his first trip to the canvas, but was up without a count, although wobbly, after being dropped a second time.

De John fought carefully, giving a gallant show of gameness to weather the round, but took a brutal beating around the head as Popeye tried in vain to get over a finale punch. An old cut over Ralph's eye was reopened in the third, but by calling on all the boxing science at his command, De John brought the fans to their feet by coming back and shooting stiff lefts and straight rights at Woods as the Gotham Irishman tore in. Woods lost the fourth round as Ralph made him miss and scored with jabs to the face, hooks to the head and a fast right to the chin.

Coming out for the fifth Woods again slugged De John with both fists. Ralph falling into the ropes where Popeye belabored him with heavy blows to the head. Boxing cautiously in the sixth, De John kept Popeye from landing a haymaker, but was driven into the ropes time and again as Woods made a desperate attempt to cut him down.

Woods had scored a three round knockout over Ralph in their first meeting last spring at the Arena, but found De John a much improved boxer in their return match. Staged outdoors on a chilly night, three weeks after the original date planned, Labor Day night, and being only a six rounder instead of eight or ten round bout, the fight lured only $5,083.50 worth of paying guests.

A lively set of prelims preceded the windup, in which action was just as abundant. Joe Boscarino, New York lightweight, member of Gabe Genovese's stable, fought a bristling six round draw with lanky Eddie Alzek of New York in the semi-final. This was a give-and-take Donnybrook from scratch. Steve Halaiko, Auburn Ghost outpointed Mickey Serrian of Scranton in a thrilling toe-to-toe punch orgy. In the last minute of the sixth and final round the two traded wallops without a letup. Joey Kushner, Syracuse featherweight kayo king, registered his 7th consecutive knockout triumph by bombing Eric Bismann, Germany, to sleep in two. Jeff Furrone, Syracuse lightweight outpointed Norm Cordaro of Batavia to win in six; while Benny Odell, Baldwinsville heavyweight beat Wade Lumpkin, Buffalo Negro in the four round appetizer.

Al (Weskitt) Weill, manager of Lou Ambers, former lightweight king, was an interested ringside spectator, and kept the sports scribes entertained with humorous yarns between rounds.

Making his second professional start at Utica, Belting Bert Courage knocked out Eric Lawson of Tampa, Fla., in 29 seconds of the first round before a crowd of more than 3,000 fans who paid well over $2,200 to see the sensational Hobart College light-heavyweight in action. The bout was staged at Braves Field, and while short and sweet, revealed the terrific hitting powers of Courage, upstate's biggest and best box-office attraction.

Pete Koloff, Doc Moore's rugged Bulgarian welter and Steve Halaiko, Auburn veteran battled to a savage draw in the six round semi-final. Koloff unloaded some wicked punches, forcing Steve to resort to defensive tactics in the early rounds but as the bout progressed Halaiko's generalship and counter thrusts earned him an even break. Larry Kellum, Oneonta middleweight was awarded a close duke over Joey Kolba, Utica boxer in another six; Benny Odell, Baldwinsville heavy kayoed Johnny Wisnie of New York in three; Joey Kushner, Syracuse's fast rising feather chalked up his 6th kayo by administering the sleep potion to Frankie Graham of Utica in less than a round. Dick Scardinia, Utica bantam outpointed Joey Belmont, Syracuse Negro in a fast four round opener.

LEFT-HOOKS: Pro boxing under the Olympic banner will move indoors for the fall and winter season the shows being presented in the big Coliseum on the State Fair Grounds . . . . The Coliseum has a seating capacity of more than 12,000 . . . . Rochester has a newly licensed pro club, the Monroe A.C., of which Mike Christy is matchmaker . . . . They inaugurated their season with Teddy Yarosz vs Jimmy Clark on top . . . . Teddy was offered $1,000 with a privilege of 25 per cent of the gate to box De John here, but Yarosz held out for $2,000 and didn't work . . . . His end at the percentage at the time the offer was made would have been better than two grand. Our matchmaking office is located at 403-405 Eckel Theater Building in Syracuse . . . . Baby Salvy Saban is training at Brady's gym and due for an early unveiling here . . . . Irv Robbins is trainer and advisor for Belting Bert Courage who cleaned up $2,600 in two pro fights . . . . De John trained for the Woods bout at Trumansburg, N. Y. where he prepared for his duels with Risko and Courage.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

THE announcement of the issuance of the first professional boxing license for Rochester in nearly ten years, met the good burghers of this fair city in a good state of mind. Much enthusiasm greeted the headlines making the announcement. Rochester, a great boxing center in the past, certainly rated a license of its own, and much credit is due the new Monroe County Sporting Club officials, who in turn, have won over the many fans in this city by their manner of approach, in that no inkling of what was transpiring leaked out until the A.P. wires reported the approval. Mike Christie was named matchmaker of the new outfit.

In the club's first offering, Mike scored a "bulls-eye" when he signed Teddy Yarosz, former middleweight king, to meet Jimmie Clark of Jamestown.

In the last amateur show in Rochester, an attendance of 2,900 saw a show under a new amateur license. Tom Barba, the club matchmaker, got together a show that was worthy of a larger audience. The results of his card were:

Bill Eddy, Flint, Mich., defeated Jim Curly, Toronto, K.O., one round; Eddie Kazole, Detroit, won over Harris Blake, five rounds. Joe DeCarlo beat Mike Sibiga of Tonawanda: Carl Erne, Rochester, kayoed Tony Ancona, Detroit, fifth round; Henry Smith defeated Francis Mullane, five rounds; Paul Columbo, Batavia, won over Frank Cicala, T.K.O., third round and Eddie Smith, Rochester, scored over Joey Stefano of Rochester, in five rounds.

Newsy tidbits around town: Phil Verde in the used car biz., as is Mike Marcells. Incidentally, Mike is applying for a second's license . . . . Joe Atta a beautician . . . . Irving Robbins will lose a meal ticket when Bert Courage leaves for a Southern College, where he intends studying for the ministry . . . . Al Traino, Rochester's "toy bulldog" getting plenty of offers . . . . Wanted in Syracuse the fifth, Utica on the twelfth, but due to prior date, will box in Rochester on the night of the twelfth . . . . Steve Halaiko is sought for Traino . . . . Plenty of activity around with the announcement of new pro club . . . . Sam Meyers to open gymnasium formerly operated by Ruby Cohen on Clinton Avenue North.

The Elks club will open their swats emporium with a show on September 19th. The matchmaker is Johnny Burba. The Elks club sells out each week, as club members and amateur fans combine to take up all the reserved seats each week, leaving no room for late customers.

THE RING magazine can be purchased in Rochester at the newsstand at the corner of Clinton and Main. Refer all communications pertaining to Rochester conditions to writer at 181 North Union St., Rochester, N. Y.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

BILLY MITCHIE, manager of George Burke, Canadian heavyweight, reports an offer of $1,500 for Burke to meet Ben Foord in London, England. Mitchie spent six months in England with his fighters last year where Burke piled up an envious record.

Burke flattened Al Walker, Negro heavy, at St. Catherines, Ont., and made a good impression with the spectators. On the same card, Mike Martyk, featherweight, stopped Marve Cicero in the fifth round. About 2,500 fans saw the show.

Playfair Brown, promoter of Toronto, Canada, is eager to get Burke in the ring with some well-known heavyweight. Brown recognizes that in Burke he has a splendid drawing card and hopes to develop the young St. Catherines lad next winter.

Some phony posing as Jimmy Slattery was fined $5 in Washington, D. C., police court. Newspapermen paid the fine and did not discover they had aided an imposter until press wires carried the story to Buffalo. Slattery, meanwhile, was at Crystal Beach, Ont., where the writer saw him on the night he was supposed to be in Washington. Poor "Slats" has been in enough jams without having any additional credited to him.

The writer appreciates copies of newspapers from various parts of the British Empire . . . . Address Hugh Shannon, 144 Wallace Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Anson Green, husky Homestead, Pa., Negro middleweight, plans to make Buffalo his headquarters in the future. Anson was in town recently showing clippings of his great fights with Jock McAvoy, British middleweight star.

Green brought on the word that Dick Loadman, dynamic featherweight of a dozen years ago, is working the Homestead steel mills and doing well. Dick is married and has a fine family. Buffalo knew Loadman as a good club fighter and near-champion.

Jimmie Mack, ace trainer of professional athletes, who formerly looked after the training of Jimmy Duffy, Dick Loadman and other luminaries of the ring, is now trainer for the Newark Bears, champions of the International League. "The Owl," as Mack is known to intimates, certainly proves his ability when it comes to getting the players in shape and keeping them in tip-top condition.

Good boxers of all weights, particularly heavyweights, middleweights and bantams, who are desirous of locating in an A-No. 1 boxing town, should write to Hugh Shannon, Crescent A. A., 144 Wallace Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. Boxers should be free from managerial contracts and alliances.

Rudy Stiller, the east side's crack young light-heavyweight, will blossom forth in the heavyweight class this season. Manager Tommy (Gray Eagle) Timlin assures your correspondent that Stiller will be stronger and better than ever during the coming fall campaign. Stiller bounced into popular favor by soundly whipping Lou Presto in a sizzling bout at the Auditorium last spring.

Bert Finch has been taking things easy all summer but will be active in the ring game soon. The popular heavyweight manager is assembling a stable of new faces and may open a gymnasium in the downtown sector.

HERE AND THERE—Some faker is using Frisco Grande's name down around Dallas, Texas . . . . Grande quit the prize ring long ago and is working for the WPA on the new Civic Stadium here . . . . Jimmy Goodrich, one-time world's lightweight champion, is a candidate for the New York State Assembly . . . . Jimmy is a licensed referee in this state . . . . He also runs a night club in nearby Snyder, N. Y. . . . . Jimmy Duffy, great lightweight of other days, has been appointed a deputy sheriff in his home town, Lockport . . . . Don Eddy, Niagara Falls ex-amateur, is doing pretty fair ring work in Texas . . . . Syracuse seems to be enjoying a boxing boom . . . . Good matches has the town talking fights again . . . . The Salt City was always a corking good fistic center when things were right . . . . Tommy Moore expects to build up the pro game in Jamestown, and if anyone can do it, Tommy is the man . . . . For years he gave Jimtown big league boxing at minor league prices and developed a string of dandy scrappers . . . . Mayor Tom Holling is leading the battle to get a new Municipal Auditorium for Buffalo . . . . The city needs a modern hall as the old Broadway auditorium is not suited for big conventions.

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UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES
By TOM EPHREM

LEW DIAMOND takes issue with the statement that appeared in the column "Under Southern Skies" in the October issue. to the effect that Pinkie Lou Masters owns the contract of Chino Alvarez. Says Lew: "I own the contract of Alvarez which runs until October 9, 1939, and no one has purchased his contract from me. I am still handling his business and shall continue to do so."

A recent addition to the stable of Pinkie Lou Masters is Jack Stribling, clean-cut and capable young light-heavyweight. Am informed that Jack holds three wins over Carl Knowles and two over Eric Lawson. Such wins are impressive and should not be overlooked.

Atlanta, Georgia, and Pensacola, Florida, having two of the Southeast's finest amateur boxing teams, met in an inter-city duel in the former city, with the Georgians scoring a close victory, three wins against the invaders' two.

In a letter received from Mr. Ira Pommells of Belize, British Honduras, Mr. Pommells states that he would like to have American fighters show their wares there. If any boxer with good merits would like to try his luck, please write me at the address below.

Ben Brown, Southern middleweight, who was going good a year ago, is heading right back where he started. Two heart-breaking losses at the hands of Gus Lesnevich and Ralph Chong, did not dampen his spirits any. He went right ahead, and is now piling up some victories.

Happenings in Jacksonville, Florida:

If everything works out tip-top, the local fistic followers will have the opportunity to see the latest sensation in the heavyweight ranks. Moon Mullins, in action here soon. This youngster, who hails from New York, is under the tutelage of "Pa" Stribling, who needs no introduction in Southern fistic circles.

Promoter Art Riley is negotiating with "Pa" Strib, and methinks we all will see the "Moon" gracing the local square.

Jacksonville possesses an amateur mitt slinger, Chicken Dedmon, who draws 'em in at the Arena. Chick has captured eight city titles, five district diadems, two-time of the state crown, was runner-up in 1933 for the bantamweight championship of the Southeastern A.A.U. tourney held at Charleston, S. C., and won this same title the following year, enabling him to enter in the National A.A.U. tournament at St. Louis, in which he placed third. At that same time, Joe Louis, the present heavyweight champion, was a participant in the light-heavyweight class. Dedmon has turned down several flattering offers to turn pro, but after the next Olympics—well, we'll see.

Art Riley's Amateurs:

Marvin Cumbie, 122, lost to Fritz Ard, 124, but got revenge in their second meeting . . . . Lewin Williams, 118, improved his record in winning decisions over Paul Platt, 119, and Pat Paschal, 120 . . . . Truby Permenter, 149, decisioned tough Jimmy Stebbins, 138 . . . . Maxie Coleman, 120, gained the nod over Jackie Stebbins, 122, in a thriller . . . Freddie (Uppercut) Goodwin, 149, put Frankie Mitchell, 147, away in the second and followed with an easy victory over Bob Scott, 154 . . . . Chick Dedmon, 126, Art Riley's best bet for amateur honors, decisioned Fritz Ard for the second time . . . . Jimmy Brown, 133, lost to Morris Futch, 135.

Thisa and Thata—Middleweight Tommy Beck is more earnest than ever in staging a comeback . . . . Ray Boree, home for a visit . . . also Jimmy Bowden . . . . Jimmy Leto and Carl (Red) Guggino, both Florida boys, making good in northern rings . . . . Sure miss Ken Ferguson's column in THE RING . . . . Jacksonville's Tom Sharkey, a larrupin' middleweight in Uncle Sam's Navy, proudly adds the title of "Daddy" to his belt . . . . Ditto Charlie Battle . . . . Wonder who will open the Armory doors in Jacksonville to professional boxing? . . . . Where can you find a "heaven" for boxing besides Texas? . . . . Savannah, Georgia, produced a capacity house for the Chino Alvarez-Wesley Ramey scrap . . . . Chino suffered one of his very few losses.

Last Month's Performances in Southern Rings:

At Dallas, Texas—Hard-punching Chino Alvarez put the skids on Lew Jenkins in a lightweight duel; Chester Rudy won the nod over Billy Deeg. At Houston—Ralph Chong rocked Freddie Eiler to sleep in the sixth; Cowboy Owens kayoed Chet Gideon, also in six; Stanley Hasrato kayoed Joey Parks in the third, outpointed Tom Henry in 10, but received a setback with Tony Bruno in 10; Billy Deeg knocked out Pancho Villaverde in three; Jim Bowden outpointed Buddy Scott in a tenner—both middleweights—and Joey Parks came back to decision Ralph Chong in 10. At Corpus Christi—Billy Deeg outpointed Ted Garcia in 10; Bill McDowell triumphed over Kid Azteca, 10 more, and Julio Izequierda outpointed Perc Watson, also in 10. At Galveston—Sammy Musco defeated Frankie Graham in 10. At Washington, D. C.—Lew Feldman won over Tennessee Lee in eight.

Joey Archibald decisioned Mike Belloise in ten rounds. Steve Mamakos, local star, beat Ivan Nedomatsky in an eighter and also won from George Abrams in a tenner. Joe Green outpointed Joe Sole in eight. Bill Boyd, protege of Jack Dempsey, kayoed Billy Nicky in two.

At Miami, Florida—Yucatan Kid won from Joey Raymond in 10; Clarence King won from Dub Bowen in a sixer; Manuel Flores blasted Henry Raymond out of the picture in the seventh; Pete Sumpter won an unpopular decision over Lou Gendel in a whirlwind affair.

At Baltimore—Howard Scott T.K.O.'d Vic Finazzo in six, while Finazzo outpointed Bucky Taylor in 10. Sammy Finazzo kayoed Russ Baker in one. Eddie Finazzo knocked out Charlie Hopkins in two. Chester Ruby kayoed Pete Powell in three. Irish Eddie Dunne won over Howard Scott in 10. Paulie Walker kayoed Vince De Angelo in the first. Mike Frattini decisioned Holman Williams in 10.

At Atlanta, Georgia—Ben Brown kayoed Tony Celli in six and gained a T.K.O. over Tony Fisher in six more. At Hahira—Jose Estrada kayoed Jimmy De Witt in three.

At Louisville, Ky.—Emil Joseph kayoed Al George in nine, and Johnny Folio won from Nick Nicholson in 10. At Ashland, Ky.—Johnny Stevens trimmed Bobby McIntyre in a tenner.

At Greensboro, N. C.—Texas Joe Dundee decisioned Buster Perry in 10. At Asheville—Ben Brown stopped Steve Kahley in seven. Sewell Hipps defeated Texas Joe Dundee in 10. At Fort Smith, Ark.—Ralph Chong upset Tommy Freeman in 10, and at Pensacola, Florida—George Murla T.K.O.'d Dewey Cannon in five. Clyde Kirkpatrick and Doug Gibson drew in a sixer.

To all promoters, please send in your notes before the 15th of each month. My address: Tom Ephrem, 605 West Forsyth St., Jacksonville, Florida.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

BOBBY LITTLE, Holyoke, Mass., middleweight, technically knocked out George Walters of Woonsocket, R. I., in the fourth round at the Valley Arena. Billy Campanelli of Worcester, Mass., won over Johnny Dugwillo of Grafton, Mass., in the third round, by a technical K.O. in what was to have been a six rounder.

Jackie DuPont, Granby, Mass., lightweight, stopped Al Tachereau of Woonsocket, R. I., in the first round. Jimmy Stathis of Springfield won the decision from Tony Burke of Worcester, Mass. Leonard Izzrow of Athol won a first-round knockout over Teddy Saunders of Woonsocket, R. I. Domingo Montario, Holyoke, unanimous decision over Henry Flazo of Athol.

Al Gauthier of Ludlow, Mass., won over Gene Gregory of New Haven, Conn., in a six-round bout. Snooks Lacey, New Haven, Conn., featherweight, won in six rounds over Alex Verdt of Brockton, Mass.

Frankie Young of New Haven won on a technical K.O. from Frankie Blair of Albany, N. Y., in the fifth round of a scheduled six. Richie Gibbons of Springfield won over Battling Buck, Longmeadow, Mass., in four. Jimmy Jones won over Dave Duquette of Ludlow.

Bobby Connors of Brockton won a technical K.O. from Joe Villa of Albany in the second round. Tom Dyke of Albany beat Al Wallach, Holyoke. Al Castonguay of Holyoke drew with Tommy Russell of New Haven. All were three-rounders.

Gussy McCellan of Canada won the Maritime feather title. Gussy is well known to the boxing fans of Holyoke, where he appeared many times. Gus also fought a draw with Ruby Bradley of Holyoke in the Maritime Province. McCellan will invade Boston again, after he gets his chance at the Canadian crown.

The Meadowbrook A. C. has staged bang-up fights in North Adams, Mass., with Jimmy Quinton as Matchmaker and Billy Guerin and Bill Craven, promoters. New talent shows have been going over big. Snooks Lacey beat Johnny Dube of Haverhill, Mass., in a six-round bout. Bobby Hagen of Brockton knocked out Stonewall Jackson of Lynn, Mass., in two. Bobby Martinez of Boston technically K.O.'d Joey Dillon of New Haven in the third. Jimmy Jones of Brockton knocked out Joe Dawson of Roxbury, Mass., in the fourth. Young Inky of Adams, Mass., fought a draw with Tommy Ross of New Haven, in three. Vince Driscoll of Pittsfield, Mass., drew with Eddie Remera of Haverhill in three. Young Villa of North Adams fought a draw with Ernie Dundee of Brockton, three rounds.

Fiore Marucco, North Adams middleweight, knocked out Bobby Little of Holyoke in the fifth at the Meadowbrook Arena. The bout was one of the best seen in the new talent shows held this summer in the Meadowbrook Arena. Irish Jimmy Canney of Boston was given the decision over Romeo Ducharme of Easthampton, Mass., in six. Eddie Goodman of North Adams K.O.'d Mickey Ryan of Springfield in the first. Tommy Burns of Springfield drew with Danny Devine of Haverhill.

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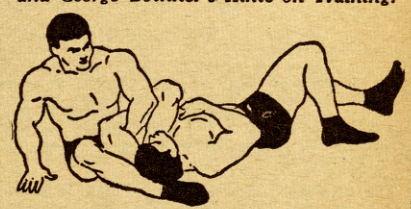

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IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA
By GENE VINASSA

BOBBY EVANS has developed a good middleweight card in San Francisco. His name is "Red" Farmer. Northern California critics claim he is about ready for Young Corbett and Fred Apostoli, the two aces who are gunning for Al Hostak.

Farmer is the slugger type. As we sent in this column, Farmer registered 13 knockouts in a row at Evans' Dreamland Arena. Best knockout win was the night Farmer flattened the rugged Allen Mathews in the City by the Golden Gate.

He boxed on the Lou Nova-Bob Pastor card in San Francisco and stole the show. Farmer stiffened Bobby Yannes that night.

Patsy Perroni had little trouble knocking out Johnny Erjavec in three rounds at Denver. Manager Henny Andrews headed East after the fight. Perroni is booked for several matches in Cleveland. The Italian, who broke Joe Louis' knockout streak, is slated to box on Ed Bang's all-star Xmas fund show during November in Cleveland.

A painter of portraits and a mangler of muggs is Jackie Wilson, soft spoken Negro lightweight of Cleveland. Like Benvenuto Cellini, who combined master craftmanship with master swordsmanship, Wilson combines his ring wizardry with skillful portraiture. Wilson, protege of Walter Melrose, Los Angeles sportsman, has whipped every man he has faced in the ring. (He is not to be confused with the Pittsburgh, Pa., Jackie Wilson.)

As an amateur, he won 50 of his 51 fights. The solitary loss on his record occurred in the Olympic Games of 1936 at Berlin when a bad decision deprived him of the world's amateur bantamweight title. Wilson proved that he was victimized a few months later at Madison Square Garden, New York. In the international matches, he annihilated the battler who was given the decision over him in Berlin.

The new Hollywood Legion Stadium is a pip. The arena seats 6,000 people. The old shack seated 4,400. The farthest reserved seat from the ring is 45 feet. The farthest gallery seat from the ring is 71 feet. The ring is sunk nine feet from the ground level.

Bobby Burns, old-time bantam, who fought such top notchers as Pal Moore, Georgie Adams and Zulu Kid, and E. L. Wilson have taken over the management of Frankie Frontino, promising Los Angeles Italian lightweight. Frontino is main event timber.

Gig Rooney, who steered Jackie Fields to the world's welterweight throne, has bobbed up with a corking young heavyweight, Joe Hill . . . . He is a deaf-mute, and how that kid can SOCKO!

A "natural" between Georgie Crouch and Baby Arizmendi looms for Olympic fans this winter. Crouch, in his last two starts at Suey Welch's big arena, stopped Joey Milo of Detroit and Andy Scrivani, the CYO kid from Chicago. L.A. sports writers call Crouch the "Black Ice Cube."

The Los Angeles Negro is the best compound of everything it takes to make a good fighter since Henry Armstrong came off the Central Avenue board walk.

Crouch has color. He has class. He can hit and he has speed to spare.

Hot off the griddle—Frank Bachman, who handled Maxie Rosenbloom for many years, is now managing Wally Hally, tough lightweight . . . . Lou Salica, Hymie Caplan's hard hitting bantam, is plenty hot in Los Angeles since knocking out Emilio Magana. Prior to that bout the boys were booming Magana as an opponent for Henry Armstrong. Salica blasted Magana right out of the picture . . . . Art Martel has a good looking featherweight in Eddie Marcus, unbeaten as a pro.

George Ades was in Los Angeles several weeks booking a crew of Eastern fighters, including Johnny Gaudes, Tommy Bland and others.

Big Boy Bray had little trouble beating Frank Androff, the Minnesota heavy, at the Olympic . . . the towering Negro, who is going places, won eight of the ten rounds . . . . Suey Welch is drumming up a Bray-Bob Pastor match for the Olympic during November.

Joe Waterman resigned as co-matchmaker at the Olympic to assume the post of boxing and wrestling promoter at Salt Lake City . . . . good luck, "Sailor Joe!" . . . . The Mormon City gets a corking matchmaker in Mister Waterman . . . . Big Boy Bray, Georgie Crouch, Red Farmer, Al Hostak and other stars have agreed to box for Waterman at his new club.

Militia Theodorescu has made a hit in gym workouts at Roxie Eisen's Main Street Club . . . . Gus Wilson is the manager of the Rumanian champion.

Bob Nestell will be ready for action early in December, says Wilson . . . . In his last start, Nestell knocked out Frank Rowsey at Gilmore Stadium.

Babe Hernandez has turned pro to fly the colors of Jack Wilson, Los Angeles businessman-sportsman . . . . Jim Jeffries, former heavyweight king, predicts the young Mexican welterweight will prove a sensation in the pro ranks.

Bus Breese, older brother of Baby Breese, is boxing on the coast.

Jimmy McDaniels, Irish welter, is leading in the $1,000 Olympic fistic derby . . . . the veteran Georgie Hansford whipped Andy Scrivani at Gilmore . . . . Hansford is fighting in rare form . . . . his draw bout with Baby Breese at the new Hollywood arena was a wild mill of leather and blood.

The veteran Frank Rowsey beat Paul Hartnek of Omaha in a sixer on the Baby Breese-Hansford show. . . .

More hot news—Chas. MacDonald would like to bring back Sammy Luftspring at his Hollywood Club . . . . The Jewish welter from Toronto went over big at Gilmore Stadium when he knocked out Hoyt Jones. Jimmy Leto punched out a convincing victory over Peter Jackson in ten heats at Gilmore . . . .

Dave Cavadas reports that boxing is booming in Vancouver, B. C. . . . The likeable Greek boy assists Promoter Ted Moore with his shows in the western Canadian metropolis. . . . Fight managers may contact Cavadas at 1296 Hastings street, East, Vancouver, B. C. . . .

Hayden (Young) Stuhley is back on the Coast with his manager, Eddie Stanton . . . . Stuhley will box Al Hostak soon at Seattle in an overweight bout . . . . Keep an eye on Lloyd Marshall, Negro middleweight of Sacramento . . . . most recent win was over Ken Overlin in San Francisco. . . .

"Poppy" Zazker is booking the crack Texas lightweight, Lou Jenkins, in California. Jenkins showed a lot of stuff licking Zeke Castro in his debut at the Olympic . . . . with Herman Holsborg, Zazker co-directs the ring affairs of Georgie Crouch.

Jimmy Vaughan has left for Cincinnati to box three times for Promoter Herman Katz. . . . one of Vaughan's fights will be against Johnny (K.O.) Stevens.

Kui Kong Yung, the Chinese featherweight whom Charley Miller brought over from Honolulu, registered a two-round knockout over Umio Gen at Dreamland arena . . . .

This column is picking Ceferino Garcia to knock out Henry Armstrong.

Boxers, who are not under contract to anyone, can get action on the Coast with Gene Vinassa, care of the Barbara Hotel, 6th and Westlake Aves., Los Angeles.

IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO
By SHERIDAN BROWN

SOCKING Solly Krieger of Gotham is a welcome addition to Northern California's star-studded middleweight society which is headed by Young Corbett III and Fred Apostoli, and numbers among its charter members topflighters Lloyd Marshall, "Red" Farmer, Larry Derrick and Dale Sparr, all of whom toss a mean glove.

Caplin's Krieger made his debut in this sector at Oakland's Municipal Auditorium and he punched holes in the Ace of Spades, Milwaukee colored boy, the contest being stopped in the fourth of ten scheduled rounds.

Two weeks later Solly appeared at Oakland again, paired with Dale Sparr, Day Carlin's rugged ex-sailor battler. Sparr is tougher people than the Ace of Spades but he met the same fate as did that worthy, being stopped in the sixth round after he had absorbed a merciless shellacking.

Lloyd Marshall, colored, 160 pounds, born in Cleveland, O., and developed fistically in Sacramento, Cal., served notice on the bigwigs of the middleweight division when he whipped Ken Overlin, top-ranking Virginia boxer, in a ten-rounder at the Civic Auditorium. Overlin was a 2 to 1 choice to outbox the heavy hitting dark boy but Marshall displayed unexpected boxing skill, which, coupled with superior punching powers and untiring aggressiveness, gave him a clear right to the decision which he received. Overlin, crafty, elusive ringman that he is, made a running fight of it, retreating throughout and using every trick in his repertoire, but Marshall was just too tough and ambitious.

Marshall appeared here for the first time about a year ago, knocking out Freddie Graham in three rounds. He flattened Pietro Georgi in two and then dropped a decision to Johnny Romero, the San Diego Mexican. He transferred his activities to Sacramento and after being held to a draw by "Swede" Berglund, really began to go places, piling up more than a few impressive victories, over such opposition as Charley Coates and the aforementioned Romero, whom he floored seven times to win a decision. Marshall is young—conservative—a pulverizing puncher—good boxer—fast—takes it well—and is going places in a hurry unless the boys go into their sidestepping act.

Young Joe Roche, a lad of 118 pounds, who comes from famous North Beach, San Francisco, had his titular aspirations blasted apparently beyond repair by Lou Salica of New York who scored a technical knockout win over the little pisano from the beach in eight rounds of their meeting at Dreamland Auditorium. Crafty, a wicked puncher for his size, Salica dropped the dead-game Roche three times before Referee Jack Downey intervened in the eighth.

Another ten-rounder was also cut short when Kui Kong Young, heavy hitting Chinese southpaw, got the range on Umio Gen's whiskers and dropped the Japanese featherweight for keeps in the second round with a terrific left hook. Young spilled Gen four times before applying the finisher.

George (Lancer) Latka of San Jose bids fair to do right well for himself in the lightweight division. The former amateur star from State Teachers' College has been winning steadily since turning to the pro ranks, and during the month he added another pair of impressive victories to his already lengthy string of wins.

George Latka turned in a beautiful boxing exhibition to decision the experienced Jimmy Vaughn of Cleveland over ten rounds at Dreamland Auditorium and came back a fortnight later to cut short the winning streak of Kui Kong Young, dangerous Chinese southpaw, in another Dreamland tenner.

Vaughn was rated a favorite over Latka but the San Jose boy completely outboxed his foe, taking an edge in seven of ten rounds.

Young, a wicked puncher, had Latka on the deck in the fifth round of their bout but received a pasting in the latter half of the battle and was a well-whipped China boy at the last bell.

Latka lacks anything resembling a knockout punch but the boy is unusually clever, knows his way around a ring and might eventually figure in the national lightweight picture. As this is written, he is matched with Newsboy Joe Gavras of this city, one of the better youngsters, and should he cop that one, the Lancer from San Jose will be in demand throughout the state.

Ernest "Red" Farmer, the brick-topped ex-soldier boy from Hawaii who is just about the toughest piece of humanity seen in these parts since the days of the Durable Dane, Bat Nelson, has apparently fought himself out of opposition as far as Northern California's middleweight select are concerned.

Sydney Brent, colored boy whose star has never risen above special-event status, was put away by Red in one round with a belt in the tummy.

Jack Hibbard, was next. Hibbard folded up in round three without having so much as spoiled the part in Red's mop.

HERE 'N THERE—Billy Conn, Pittsburgh middleweight who has split a couple of decisions with our Young Corbett, is matched with Ray Actis of the Excelsior District for a Civic Auditorium tenner in the near future . . . . Pat Guglielmi, another Excelsior District product, is going ahead in great fashion since deserting the amateur ranks . . . . During the month he pounded out a T.K.O. win over tough Carl Christy in four innings on the Marshall-Overlin card . . . . Joe Ybarra, El Cerrito Mexican, went eight rounds to a draw with San Francisco's Lester Marston at Oakland and then blew a six-round duke to Johnny Marquez at the Civic Auditorium locally . . . . Johnny Fasano whipped Dave Chacon, Los Angeles Mexican, in eight and Jimmy McCready, Presidio soldier, in six rounds . . . . "Tomboy" Romero, Mexican featherweight from Sacramento, outwalloped Umio Gen in ten thrilling chapters at Stockton . . . . "Sunny Jim" McVey, colored lightheavy from West Oakland, iced "Red" O'Malley of San Diego in the initial episode of their Oakland engagement . . . . Al Citrino, North Beach Italian, stiffened Manuel Plazza, Marysville lightweight, in the third round of a National Hall headliner . . . . On the same program, Owen Hinck, local bantam, was awarded a disqualification victory over Jimmy "Babe" McCusker in the fourth.

Kui Kong Young, the Chinese Chiller, stopped Danny London, veteran New Yorker, in six rounds at Dreamland and wound up a busy month by squelching Pee Wee LaSalle in two at Los Angeles . . . . "Little Tiger" Wade, transplanted Peoria, Ill., colored welter, kept unbroken his string of local victories by punching out Frankie Santos, tough San Josean, in four rounds of their National Hall top spot . . . . Lester Morris, Milwaukee middleweight, won a close sixer on the same program from Carl Christy . . . . Tino Derma, a former Golden Glover from Los Angeles, battled six to a draw with Jimmy Boullard, Fillmore District lightweight, at National.

Jack Root, the old light-heavyweight champion, visited San Francisco during the month and spent some of his time chin-festing with the boys at the Ryan Gym . . . . Sixty-two years young, Root is the picture of health.

Fred Apostoli returned to the wars after a long layoff due to an appendectomy operation and the former bellhop stretched Indian Mike Payan, shopworn San Diego middleweight, in two rounds at San Jose. Payan was floored three times before Jack Downey stopped it.

The Diamond Belts, piece de resistance of San Francisco's amateur boxing curriculum, came to town again and after two nights of heavy warfare, the following eight received gold buckles emblematic of their superiority:

112 lbs.: Ceferino Robleto, Los Angeles, Cal.
118 lbs.: Lou Menney, Fresno, Cal.
126 lbs.: Gene Mock, Burbank, Cal.
135 lbs.: Tom Moyer, Portland, Ore.
147 lbs.: Terry Orchard, Salt Lake City, Utah.
160 lbs.: Ray Thompson, Bakersfield, Cal.
175 lbs.: Tommy Garland, Ocean Park, Cal.
Heavyweight: Bill Radunich, San Jose, Cal.

IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

DAVEY DAY, one of the ranking lightweights of the world reconciliated with his co-pilots, Sam Pian and Art Winch, and in his first combat in a period of four months encountered Harvey Woods of St. Paul, Minn., over the ten-round route. For the first two rounds, Woods scored with hard rights, but in the third heat, Day found the range, stabbing accurately with his left, slipping right-hands and countering with the same type of blow. Woods' face soon became a crimson red from Day's rapid firing left-hand. In the tenth and final chapter, Woods opened with a flurry, but it was short lived as Davey countered with jabs, hooks and right crosses to place Woods in a state of perplexity. In the semi-windup, Alex Kettles, South Bend, Ind., protégé of Pian-Winch, was supposed to have a soft touch in Sandy McDonald, from Ogden, Utah. McDonald utilized his left hand in *stingaree* fashion to receive an eight-round draw.

On a program consisting of four eight-rounders the first to be presented in this fashion at the Marigold Gardens Arena, Harvey Woods of St. Paul, lightweight, beat Johnny (Twin) Helstrom in six-rounds. Emil Joseph, 138-pound boxer from Pittsburgh, Pa., enthralled the Marigold enthusiasts with his ring generalship against such a competent opponent as Tommy Pallatin, from South Bend, Ind., to gain a decisive victory via the use of his left hand. Alex Kettles, South Bend heavyweight kayoed Harold Ullmer of Milwaukee in 2 rounds. The opening eight-round affair brought together Eddie (Twin) Helstrom and Tommy Howell, heavy-hitting welter from Danville, Ill. Eddie won their first fray but this time Tommy won in 2 rounds . . . . Sammy Angott, Louisville's ranking lightweight contender opposed Nick Camarata, two-fisted New Orleans 135-pounder in a ten-rounder here. Angott did everything but kayo the game Camarata, loping overhand rights with deadly accuracy to be planted on Nick's vulnerable chin in this instance. Angott throughout the engagement swarmed all over the New Orleans stylist, with the result that Sammy landed repeatedly, leaving Nick practically on the defense in every round. In the semi-attraction, Frankie Agnes, Danny Spunt's red-headed Irisher, outpunched Gene Spencer in a fast five-rounder to be awarded a just decision. Henry Wacker, colored heavyweight protege of Izzy Kline, turned in his second professional win along the ten toll route, kayoing Frank Bonura, cousin of Zeke, the Washington first baseman and former Chi. White Sox star, in the second canto. In the two other slated fours, Dick Kist, welter from Danville bested Alex Pug in an interesting four-setto and Frankie Kainrath, '37 and '38 Golden Gloves champion, made his professional debut opposite Andy Canal, South-side colored feather, scoring six knockdowns in all to triumph in an auspicious fashion for his fight career . . . . Leo Rodak, master featherweight boxer of Chicago, and recognized by the N.B.A. as the 126-pound champion upon his recent win achievement over Jackie Wilson, was catapulted by Sammy Angott of Louisville in round one. A ten-round featured headliner in the middleweight division in the State of Illinois, brought together two of the hardest clouters in the 160-pound division anywhere, in Billy Celebron, Rockford kayo artist and Tony Zale, pulverizer from Gary, Ind., their second appearance together within a month's time, the first ending in a draw. Celebron on this occasion left no doubts as to his supremacy over Zale, shellacking the Gary Pole with telling effect. In the semi-windup, Jimmy Sheppard of Peoria, put the pressure on Billy Sal, from Milwaukee, blasting the right-hand swiper, out of the picture in the third chalker; Frankie Kainrath, the twin Golden Gloves champion, met Lou Lauri, 1936 United States Olympic flyweight champion in a special four-rounder. Kainrath's superior hitting ability won a unanimous verdict. Kainrath is a product of the C.Y.O. Another representative of this organization, Chester Rutecki, 1936 Golden Glove champion in the welterweight ranks and a United States Olympic champ in that same division, entered the professional ranks a week previous to Kainrath, winning over Jimmy Sheppard and then battling on the same card that offered Kainrath. He hooked up against Sherman Edwards, who extended Rutecki in a sizzling scrap for four innings. In the opening fray, Georgie Markos of LaCrosse, Wis., outscored George Kotrodimus, in a lightweight chin-dig.

Tony Musto was pitted against his nineteenth opponent in his eleven months of profisticuffing, meeting Art Oliver, of Chicago. Musto won in ten. Bob La Monte punch-absorbent 150-pounder from Chicago, was catching them aplenty for two heats at the hands of Lefty Thomas, whence Lefty, not familiar with La Monte's durability, especially in shape, decided to lace Bob from the orthodox position whereupon he received in turn for his imaginable ability, a complete reciprocation, La Monte bouncing Thomas to the canvas six times before referee Paul Spica called for the termination of this fiasco in the fifth heat. Everette Simington, who put on the skids against Tommy Howell in the "Windy City," was paired with Eddie Jackson, a Chicagoan with a preliminary status of four rounds, was whacked to the floor for keeps by Simington, in the third round of a scheduled six-round embroglio. Tony Petroskey, free swinging Muskegon Pole, after he had beaten Phil Furr, veteran New York 147-pounder, received the opportunity of a lifetime as far as his progress was concerned, being pitted with the pugnacious Mexican, Bobby Pacho. Pacho won the decision.

The semi-windup paired Tom Keneally, C.Y.O. heavyweight campaigner and Johnny Denson, Indianapolis puncher, for five-rounds. For two rounds Denson traded punch for punch with Keneally and in the third, Keneally blasted a left hook off of Denson's jaw, dropping the Indianan for a nine-count. The remainder of the biff was all Tom's. Eddie Lander, clashed with Petroskey's stablemate, George Clutchey, and whipped him in a four-rounder. Dick Kist, stopped Sammy Terry in one heat. The opener offered Eddie Dempsey, 1938 Golden Gloves champion in the featherweight ranks opposite Earl Gibbs, an amateur club fighter in the past. Dempsey was fortunate to obtain a draw for his efforts. Georgie White, smiling Irish welter from the westside lost to Joe O' Signac at Benton Harbor, on a hometown variety—six-rounds.

FIGHT FINDINGS AROUND TRAFTON'S GYM, ETC.—Bill Jensen, likeable fight mentor, has left for the coast and as a stop-over had his welter Ace, Chet Rudy, mingle in a pair of tens at Dallas, Tex. In his opening tenner, Rudy bashed Billy Deeg, State champion for the time limit and in his other appearance, secured a creditable triumph over Irish Johnny Dean . . . . Frankie Covelli, great little feather has split with manager Jimmy O'Grady and gone back to Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . . Emil Nanny, manager of foreign talent, has announced the arrival of Leone Eprati, featherweight from Rome, Italy . . . . Sam Abruscato, genial fight promoter, has opened up the White City Arena, 63rd and South Park Ave. on a fifty-two weeks basis. Izzy Kline, fight-manager and trainer announced that he will promote boxing affairs at the Park Casino, Madison and Hamlin. Yours truly is in cahoots with Norman Reissman and Jack Tousin in offering an All-Sports magazine to the public in Chicago and Suburbs called SPORTWAY.

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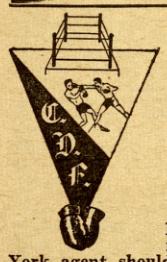

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KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

CHANUTE, KAN.—Les Showers, ace of amateur boxing directors of the Middle West, reports a sellout at Scotts Bluff, Nebr., in his mammoth three-day amateur boxing tournament. Casper, Wyo., is the next spot where showers will direct a tournament.

Neodesha, Kans.—Results of one-night amateur show at C.C.C. Camp Bogue: Attendance 4,000. Floyd Pruitt knocked out Judy Widhelm in two. Bill McCarthy beat Fred Upton. Manuel Vasquez beat Doodle Dunham. Harvey Stover knocked out Kid Hennen. Gyp Bartholomew beat Kenneth Kelly. Red Ramsey knocked out John Frasee in two. Charles Rosenberry beat Floyd Sykes. Dennis Kelly beat Tom Weaver. Everett Nutter knocked out Bob Hensen in one. Ervin Penn knocked out Ray Stover in the first round.

Parsone, Kans.—The V.F.W. staged a two-day amateur tournament and had a fair turnout and some mighty entertaining fights were witnessed by the fans. Louis Hefley directed the show for the vets.

Neodesha, Kans.—Results of one-night amateur show at Camp Bogue: Harvey Stover beat Ollie Bird. Bill McCarthy beat Curtis Bingham. Max Pixley beat View Sigler. Floyd Pruitt knocked out Judy Widhelm in three. Manuel Vasquez beat Bob Hensen. Gyp Bartholomew beat Ken Kelly. Ray Stover beat Carl Padley. Bob Wade knocked out Bud Moriarty in two. Buddy McGowan beat Tiny Osborn. Harvey Stover knocked out Dale Smart in three rounds.

Tulsa, Okla.—L. M. Ladet announces he will hold weekly amateur boxing shows in this city at the Fairgrounds. He will develop local talent and bring in boxers from surrounding territory.

Wichita, Kans.—Jack Slattery has been selected to stage the big amateur boxing show, an outdoor affair held at Heller's Grove, at the Shriners' annual convention.

IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER
By I. Q. GROSS

TIPPY LARKIN, as we predicted, was matched for the fifth time with Red Cochrane, Elizabeth slugger. Even though Larkin had won four decisions in four fights, Cochrane insisted on another battle. Larkin won the verdict for the fifth time when he outpointed Cochrane in a 15-round battle at Newark before a crowd that paid $4,300. Both men suffered from cuts and it was a gory affair. That should end the Larkin-Cochrane series!

Three sons of former fighters appeared on the same show and they all won impressively. Billy Miske, Jr., St. Paul, son of the former heavyweight star who met Jack Dempsey, scored a knockout over Ted McCoy, Trenton, in the first round. Bobby Burns, son of Frankie, outpointed Vince de Lio, New York, in four and Bobby Ruffin, Bridgeport, Conn., son of Teddy Hubbs, surprised by winning a six-round decision over Frankie Conn, Lyndhurst featherweight. Ritchie Carangelo and Jim Cogman went six sizzling rounds to complete the card.

Both Larkin and Cochrane won battles previous to their fifth meeting. Tippy again proved he is topnotch material when he scored a good win over Frankie Wallace, Cleveland veteran, in ten rounds at Newark. Angelo Pucci's fighter had Wallace on the verge of a knockout in the last round. The show drew $1,700. In the sixes, Frankie Conn stopped Al Lopiano, New York, in the fourth, and Dan Munroe, Cedar Knolls, decisioned Brown Thunderbolt, Detroit. In the four Bobby Burns, Jersey City, stopped Billy Simmons, Trenton, in one; and Ernie Krahnert, Elizabeth, made a hit when he technically knocked out Bob Farley, Newark, in three.

Cochrane prepared for the Larkin battle by scoring a three-round technical knockout over Pete Mascia, Brooklyn, at Elizabeth. Mascia sustained a shoulder injury and was unable to continue.

The writer welcomes letters from fans in all parts of the world if self-addressed, stamped envelopes or foreign coins are included for return postage. We cannot answer letters that don't include stamps or coins. We shall be pleased to help any fighters who are not now under contract. New Jersey can use good, willing battlers in all weight classes who are willing to pay their own traveling expenses here. Send picture and complete fight record to I. Q. Gross, 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J.

Harry Friedlander has a good lightweight prospect in Glabe Tee, Montclair. In his last fight, Tee stopped Johnny Phillips, Paterson, in two. Tee is a devout member of the Holy Rollers. . . . Buddy Ryan, Hughie Gartland's rough light heavyweight, defeated Frankie Caris, Roxie Forfione and Frank Donofrio, in his last three fights . . . Teddy Loder, local welterweight, stopped Petey Mike, Southampton, N. Y., in two at Keansburg.

Don't be surprised if Tippy Larkin, rated tenth leading lightweight last month by Eddie Borden, invades England to meet either Roy Boon or Dave Crowley . . . . To the unidentified reader who sent us a newspaper from Wellington, New Zealand, many thanks. We should also like to hear from other readers.

Ben Brown, who had already technically knocked out Fisher in Coral Gables, Fla., met Maxie Fisher again and stopped him in the sixth.

Mike Piskin, Freehold farmer boy, managed by Paul Kiernan and Angelo Pucci, whipped Lope Berman, Paterson, in ten rounds at Long Branch. Berman was a substitute for Maxie Fisher, Newark Jewish lightweight, who was slightly injured after losing a disputed decision to Enrico Venturi in New York four days before the scheduled fight with Piskin.

Gene Galotto, Somerdale, lost a 10-rounder to Tommy Cross, Philly, at Atlantic City. In the semi-final, Johnny Hutchison, Philly, and Mexican Joey Silva, Los Angeles, went eight rounds to a draw . . . . The writer has a list of matchmakers and promoters in New Jersey which will prove valuable to all boxers and managers. Send to I. Q. Gross, 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J.

We thought Young Terry, Trenton middleweight, was smart enough not to try another of his periodic comebacks. But he did it again. This time he was belted out in one round by Harry Balsamo in New York . . . . At Atlantic City, Young Gene Buffalo, Philly, outpointed Andre Jessurun, New York, in 15 rounds, their fifth fight . . . . Billy Beauhold, Jersey City lightweight, is slipping. He lost a 10-rounder to Johnny Rohrig, Clifton, at Garfield . . . . Lou Lombardi, Jersey City, continued his winning streak by outpointing Joe Ghnouly, St. Louis, in eight at West New York.

Roy Lazar, the clever Paterson Jewish lightweight, flattened Mickey Dugan, San Francisco, in the seventh at Long Branch. In the semi-final six, Freddie Fitzgerald, New Brunswick, scored a technical K.O. over Seaborn Ashley, Bayonne, in five. Joe Babley, Long Branch life guard, stopped Red Valent, Lyndhurst, in two; Jim Murphy, Trenton, floored Red Rice, Elizabeth, for the count in four and Lindy Hop Johnson, Asbury Park, stopped Jimmy Paganelli, Lyndhurst, in four.

Charley Gordon, Orange, lost a ten round bout to Lou Raymond, Baltimore, in a benefit show at Belmar. Johnny Phillips, Paterson, scored a technical knockout over Sailor Born, Atlanta, Ga., Born having sustained a cut eye in the fourth. Sam Rose's clever featherweight, Irish Teddy Dalton, Newark, stopped Dinty McMorrow, New York, in the second and Phil Johnson, Bayonne, flattened Mike McMann, New York, in one.

Freddy Cochrane was given credit for a three round technical knockout when Pete Mascia, Brooklyn, suffered a shoulder injury in their bout at Elizabeth in another charity show conducted by John Hall, sports editor of the Elizabeth Journal. Mickey Walker refereed the semi-final in which Bobby Ruffin, Bridgeport, Conn., decisioned Willie Skidmore, Newark, in six.

Joe Wagner proved a gamester but was stopped in the seventh round by Freddy Fiducia at Newark in a bout heading a Milk Fund show. The receipts were $4600. On the same card Fritzie Zivic, Pittsburgh, bowled over Steve Kahley, Hazelton, Pa., in the third. Pat Comiskey, Paterson, and Johnny Morschini, Elizabeth, fought six close rounds as did Bobby Ruffin and No-No Cuebas, Puerto Rico.

John Henry Lewis, light heavyweight champion, appeared at Nutley where he knocked out Dominick Ceccarelli, Italy, in the third round. The Italian drove Lewis to the ropes in the second. In the semi-final six rounder, Basher Dean, Jimmy Kelly's hard punching heavyweight, fought a draw with the popular Frank Zamaris, Orange battler, who is handled by Johnny Seavone. In one of the fours, Joe Grace's brilliant prospect, Danny Tauriello, knocked out Joe Timpenaro, Bayonne, in the second.

In an all star card at Newark John Rohrig, Clifton, stopped John Mirabella, New York, in the second; Larry Lane, Trenton, whipped Al Zappala, Jersey City, in eight; Lope Berman, Paterson, decisioned Eddie Guerra, New York, in an eight rounder, and Red Cochrane, Elizabeth, won an eight round decision over Phil Baker, Norwalk, Conn.

Bobby Jones whipped Bob Turner at Atlantic City. . . . At Mt. Freedom, Irish Teddy Dalton, managed by the popular Sam Rose, floored Chang Collura, Newark, three times but lost a six round decision. . . . Talking of hard luck, Nunzio Bisogno, Newark, lightweight, dropped Joey Greb, Herkimer, N. Y., seven times at Long Branch but Greb got the verdict. . . . On the same show Lou Raymond decisioned Ralph Vona, Asbury Park, eight rounds.

LEST WE FORGET—Frankie Burns, great fighter of other years, is boxing inspector in Hudson County and runs a tavern. He is also interested in the development of Bobby Burns, his fighting son . . . . Paul Cavalier, Paterson heavyweight, who licked Tony Galento, is busy as a referee . . . . Joe LaGrey, former New York armory fighter, has a tavern in Passaic . . . . Mike Sankovitch, ex-Passaic heavyweight, is a special cop in Clifton and Freddy Polo, the former Belting Beauty, holds a similar position in Belleville . . . . Frankie Genaro, former flyweight champion, operates a gasoline station in Bergen County . . . . Jack Rapaport, great welterweight who fought out of South Orange, is doing well in business in the same town . . . . Al Fisher, brother of Maxie, is in charge of his own cleaning and dyeing shop in Newark, assisted by brother Mickey, who once starred in the amateurs . . . . Vince Dundee, former middleweight champion, owns an automobile repair shop in Union.

The writer has profiled Jack (Kid) Berg, Al Hostak and Evil Eye Ben Finkle for the *Topical Times* of London . . . . Tony De Santo, Jersey City, stopped Frank Mayo, Tom Ross' importation from Philadelphia, in the second at Jersey City . . . . Freddy Wilson, Pompton Lakes protégé of Doc Bier, won a close eight rounder over Tiger Hall, Trenton, at Long Branch. Glabe Tee stopped Johnny Phillips in the third for the second time. In other sixes, Tony Maglione, Trenton, defeated Deacon Cooper, Summit; Marcel Stanford, New York, outpointed Bill Walters, Newark; and Tony Nigra, Asbury Park, stopped Sam Corti, Trenton, in the second of an opening four.

Charley Weinert, one of the great heavyweights in New Jersey history and now a tavern proprietor in Newark, was a second for Billy Miske Jr., when the St. Paul youngster fought his second bout in Newark. It brought back memories of the days when Billy Miske Sr. defeated Weinert in Newark . . . . Vince Dundee, former middleweight champion, has received his referee's license and the best wishes of many fans are with him as Vince deserves a break. Vince, who lives at 118 Fairway Avenue, Belleville, N. J., says he is willing to give advice and boxing pointers to aspiring youngsters in the boxing game but regrets he cannot send pictures . . . . Sam Rose, the popular Newark manager, is making a brilliant comeback by developing two good prospects, Irish Teddy Dalton and Paddy Kelly, two featherweights, the latter hailing from Beverly, N. J. Sam is looking for some more willing battlers. He can be reached through this writer.

Hollywood studio releases advise us that Abie Bain, our former Newark light-heavyweight who fought Maxie Rosenbloom for the title at Madison Square Garden, appears in the Robert Taylor picture, "The Crowd Roars" in the gym scene . . . .

Newark boasts of one of the best trainers in the country in Dick O'Connor . . . . Jerry Rothberg, Irvington impresario who has yet to promote his first fight, may take over the management of Teddy Loder . . . . The first annual convention of Ringside Battlers will be held at Harry Gross' Casino, 53 Fleming Avenue, Newark, N. J., starting December 1. Fight fans desiring to join this organization should write to that address.

Hope you'll be with us again next month in the New Jersey corner!

IN NORTH CAROLINA

PETE DI MIZIO staged a show at Salisbury, N. C., on August 18 with Dewey Kimrey losing the decision in 10 rounds to Hardrock Harden. The bout was for the state heavyweight championship. Boxing seems to be taking again in North Carolina with regular shows at Salisbury, Greensboro, Asheville and Durham being staged. There are some fine prospects here in this part of the country.

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UPS 'N' DOWNS IN MIAMI
By KEN FERGUSON

THE lengthy midsummer pugilistic drouth is at an end and with the advent of Fall come the first scattered influx of winter visitors to Florida's sunny shores and the boxing game, dormant for lo these many months, will begin to show a punch.

Most startling to many Florida fans was the Associated Press dispatch emanating from Houston, Texas, to the effect that one Wishy Jones, a Louisville lightweight, had whaled the tar out of Wesley Ramey, the champion's Watch Dog, in ten rounds, skyrocketing the Kentucky kid to Eddie Borden's ninth ranking world lightweight position. Wishy was a vastly under-rated performer in South Florida last winter, although he did win all his fights. Jones has now whipped Orville Drouillard, Georgie Hansford, Sixto Morales, Irish Johnny Dean, Ted Garcia, Midget Mexico, and Wesley Ramey to mention a few. Promoters in Australia, South Africa, or in South or Central America who would like to use Wishy Jones, currently ranked ninth in world lightweight division, can contact him through the writer, Ken Ferguson, Box 448, Hollywood-by-the-Sea, Florida. Wishy is an Irishman who scales 135 pounds.

Jack Larrimore, sensational young Miami Beach welter, continued his victories with one over Paul Westbrook whom he stopped in less than four rounds. Larrimore is being carefully handled by Garner Johns, Bill Gore's Man Friday at the Miami Beach gym, and the youngster should develop into one of Florida's top scrappers ere many suns have set over Biscayne bay.

Sabino Islus, another promising preliminary kid, fighting his fourth professional fight, took the fans by storm in polishing off Jimmy Gresham, Miami featherweight, in one round. Islus, a nineteen-year-old Mexican, moved in and out with the grace of a veteran. Hub Bowen, Miami welter, stopped Johnny Miller, a durable Baltimore boy, in three rounds. Earl Newby, 129, Miami, defeated Frankie McKenna, 124, Baltimore, in four rounds and Charles Roberts, 149, Miami, boxed Jimmy Buck, 144, Redlands, to a draw in another four.

Sportsdom was saddened not long ago with the news that a grand old trouper of the resin and hemp named Benny Ray had passed away. Benny succumbed to a heart ailment in Chicago where he had accomplished a bang-up job as matchmaker for Marigold Gardens and it is our humble opinion that Benny Ray was one of the squarest shooters and the best matchmaker in the United States.

Another fatality remotely distant from Chicago occurred in Kingston, Jamaica, British West Indies, when Willey Eley, New York middleweight, died in a hospital from injuries suffered in a bout with Buzz Barton of Jamaica. Eley was so badly stunned when he got to his feet after a second knockdown in the tenth and final round that the referee awarded Barton the victory on a technical knockout. Examination revealed a brain hemorrhage.

Our good friends "Puckoo" DeSouza, Jamaica promoter, and the clean-cut Buzz Barton, who recently returned from a successful European invasion, will be deeply grieved at the turn of events. It is significant that the referee stopped the struggle after the second knockdown. Visiting fighters are treated royally in Kingston and the game is on a high plane. The fatal injury was just one of those unavoidable quirks of Fate.

Texas Joe Dundee, St. Augustine lightheavy, won a 10-round decision over Buster Perry of Gaffney, S. C., at Greensboro, North Carolina. Dundee gave Ben Brown his toughest southern opposition.

We've been asked to repeat this one anent Tiger Flowers, former world's middleweight champion, who had returned to his native Georgia after an initial foray into New York. A friend inquired how he liked the North. Quoth Tiger, who was managed by Walk Miller:

"Ah laks it fine . . . Ah laks de cullud gals . . . . and ah laks de tall bildins . . . . but whut ah duzzunt lak is de 'ducks'!"

His friend was curious. "De 'ducks'? What's de 'ducks'?"

Flowers scratched his head.

"Waal, when Mistah Walk comes to me after de fight . . . . he says . . . . 'Tigah, dis is de money' . . . .

"Den he takes his pencil . . . . and he say . . . . 'We got to deduck so much for dis . . . an' so much for dat' . . . . An when Mistah Walk git tru wit de 'ducks' dey ain't no money left!"

The boxing trails are long and tedious and they twine and twist ever anew, even to the veteran old ringsider who has followed the leather wars for years. Styles have everything to do with confounding the "experts." Last winter Miami ringsiders saw two young men in action here, although never against each other, who furnish us with this month's prize problem. One was Stanley Hasrato, New York lightheavy, who won and lost against mediocre competition in Miami. Hasrato was never mentioned in the same breath with Ben Brown although Stanley was a promising boy.

The other was Gus Lesnevich, currently ranked third among world lightheavy challengers, who barged into a Coral Gables Coliseum ring and burst the Ben Brown bubble in a great fight. Lesnevich was fresh from a ten-round draw with young Joey Parks in St. Louis and now we learn that Stanley Hasrato kayoed Joey Parks in three rounds at Houston, Texas.

No wonder sports writers go mad, stark, raving mad.

Wo don't like to boast . . . but we must say that "we told you so" in picking Messrs. Louis and Armstrong over Messrs. Schmeling and Armbers. And now we go out on the limb with our little saw and select Ceferino Garcia to blast Henry Armstrong out of the welterweight puzzle-picture when and if they meet.

It won't be many weeks before West Palm Beach, St. Petersburg, Tampa, and Sarasota will re-open their weekly arenas to the professional prize ring, and with it will come the annual trek south of some of the nation's best fighters. Miami will have two weekly clubs. Fighters without managers will do well to send pictures, records, and weights to Ken Ferguson, Box 448, Hollywood-by-Sea, Florida. Bantams lightweights, middleweights, and lightheavys are particularly desirable.

The writer would also like to furnish promoters in the West Indies and Central and South America with the best American talent. Promoters may write or wire the writer at above address.

Will the professional boxing promoter in Lima, Peru, contact the writer immediately?

Our attention was called to the generous compliment in I. Q. Gross' fine New Jersey column in THE RING, September issue, for which we thank I. Q. sincerely. We have enjoyed reading of Tony Galento's hilarious doings in the Gross corner.

Recently in Detroit, Nick Londes, a local promoter, dressed up one of his recent shows at the Naval Armory by engaging Joe Louis as referee and another by importing James J. Braddock to second Charley Massera against Dave Clark.

It is, of course, a mere coincidence that a competing promoter, Eddie Lewis of the Arena Gardens, advertised his weekly program shortly after with handbills bearing in heavy black lettering the words:

"Jack Dempsey will NOT referee.

"Mae West will NOT be at the ringside.

"But we will have FIGHTS, great fights and nothing but fights."

Will the boxing promoter in Puerto Rico contact the writer immediately? Write Ken Ferguson, Box 448, Hollywood-by-the-Sea, Florida.

WESTERN CANADA RATINGS

Here are the ratings of boxers in the west as issued by the Western Canada Boxing Federation, ruling body of the professional sport:

HEAVYWEIGHT—Title vacant; 1, Eddie Wenstob, Edmonton; 2, Jack Tebo, Fairview; 3, D'Arcy Clayton, Bluffton; 4, George Shanks, Athabaska and all of Alberta.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT—Champion, Eddie Wenstob; 1, Chuck Nickason, Vancouver, B. C.; 2, Sunny Buxton, Victoria, B. C.

MIDDLEWEIGHT—Title vacant; 1, Kid Dalke, Moose Jaw, Sask.; 2, "Young Tunney," Lust, Medicine Hat, Alta.; 3, Sailor Goodland, Sundre, Alta.; 4, Gordon Grayston, Edmonton, Alta.; 5, Jim Wilson, Saskatoon, Sask.

WELTERWEIGHT — Champion, Gordon Thompson, Black Diamond, Alta.; 1, Billy Evans, Regina, Sask.; 2, Mickey McGuire, Paynton, Sask.; 3, Robin Carrington, Calgary, Alta.; 4, Johnny Loftus, Lestock, Sask.

LIGHTWEIGHT—Title vacant; 1, Gordon Thompson, Black Diamond, Alta; 2, Ray Kaiser, Calgary, Alta.; 3, Al Ford, Lethbridge, Alta.; 4, Bill McCrae, Calgary, Alta.; 5, Sam Chapman, Vancouver, B. C.

FEATHERWEIGHT—Title vacant; 1, Billy Buxton, Vancouver, B. C.; 2, Harvey Bailey, Edmonton, Alta.; 3, Eddie Ryan, Vancouver, B. C.

BANTAMWEIGHT—Title vacant; 1, Jimmy Boyce, Winnipeg, Man.; 2, Bobby Mercer, Vancouver, B. C.; 3, Barney O'Connor, Edmonton, Alta.

FLYWEIGHT—None.

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IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

ONE of the largest Golden gloves tournaments ever staged in Northwest Iowa will take place in Sioux City early in December, when the *Sioux City Journal* sponsors their annual show. Their tournament is one of the earliest staged, owing to the fact the profits are turned over to a Xmas fund for poor kiddies. For the first time sectionals are being lined up in the four states that are in the Sioux City territory. Following towns assured are Carroll, Spencer, and Le Mars, Iowa. Minnesota will be represented by Pipestone, while South Dakota will have Rapid City, Mitchell, and Yankton in the meet. Nebraska will also be represented by several teams. In another year it is the hope that the sectional setup will be expanded so there will be at least a dozen towns in the tourney. Though sectionals will send teams to Sioux City, open entries also will be received from youngsters who want to compete direct in the *Journal* meet, but they will be advised to go through sectionals, however, in order to have expenses assured. For further information interested readers are advised to get in touch with Dan Desmond, c/o *Sioux City Journal.*

In one of the best professional bouts of the month staged at the Riverview park arena in Sioux City, Andy Miller, state light heavyweight champion, gained a close decision over Tiger Jack Payne, veteran Omaha Negro. Calvin McGraw, Seattle, Wash., welter, won over Buddy McCrae, in six; Wilbur DeCora, Winnebago Indian middleweight, punched out a kayo over Ray Watson of Reno, Nevada, in four; Jack Harding, Sioux City welterweight, won by a kayo in one round over Izzy Levine of Minneapolis; Young Newsboy Brown, Sioux City lightweight, sent his stock up a notch when he defeated Joe Harsha in six.

THE LAST BELL. Thomas Chandler, 81, who once claimed the world's middleweight boxing title after defeating Dooney Harris in a 33-round bare knuckle bout in San Francisco in the early 60's, died after a long sickness at Davenport, Ia. Chandler was at one time a sparring partner and very close friend of John L. Sullivan.

Paul Hurley, well known Sioux City, Iowa, sportsman, has one of the largest stables of fighters in this section, with his ace being Young Newsboy Brown, a lightweight, who has been coming to the front in recent starts. Boxers seeking a dependable manager in this section would do well to get in touch with Hurley, c/o Hurley Cigar Store, Sioux City, Ia.

Riverview Park Arena, Sioux City, Ia.—Before the largest crowd of the season, Everette Rightmire, Sioux City featherweight, punched out a 10-round decision over Lloyd Pine, of Akron, Ohio. Pine nearly had the fight on even terms in the closing round, but a strong finish by the Sioux Cityan gained for him his margin of victory. Andy Miller, Sioux City light heavy, won over Tuffy Dial, also of Sioux City in six; Tiger Jackson, Ogden, Utah, welter, won in six over Buddy McCrea of Omaha in six; Calvin McGraw, Seattle welter, scored a one-round kayo over Young Terry of Akron, O.; Eddie Reynolds, Le Mar, Ia., featherweight, won a close one over Young Scotty of Cincinnati, in six.

Des Moines, Ia.—Johnny Paychek of Des Moines, Ia., knocked out Al Globe, Los Angeles, heavyweight, in five rounds. It was Paychek's tenth straight win, but in winning this one he nursed an injured right hand which, Promoter Pinkie George said would keep him out of the ring for a month.

Riverview Park Arena, Sioux City, Ia.—Andy Miller, Sioux City light-heavyweight, stopped George Dixon of Kansas City in six; Tommy Corbett, Omaha, and Wilbur DeCora of Winnebago fought to a draw in six; Calvin McGraw, Seattle welter, won in six over Curley Martin of Kansas City. Leo Amber of Ann Arbor, Mich., scored over Art Stokes, Sioux City lightweight in six; Henry Mel Rice, Winnebago, Nebr., Indian lightweight, scored over Eddie Reynolds of Le Mars, in six.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS: The writer regrets to announce that during the past month his car was broken into and a brief case containing many letters, contracts, and other matter pertaining to boxing sport were taken . . . . The result, several letters received will go unanswered, and readers wishing to write again are urged to do so . . . . Perhaps your letter was in the missing lot . . . . Frank Sanders of Rapid City, South Dakota, is training several good prospects . . . . Under his wing are Mickey Dahlberg, Rudy Jaskela, Fred Sankey, Mickey Rogers, and Nick Sat.

The "Ace of Spades," Minneapolis middleweight, was stopped in four rounds by Solly Kreiger at Oakland, Cal. . . . Several good leather pushers are being turned out of Omaha this season, and if space permits next month we are going to give our readers more fistic news from this center. . . . Boxers and managers are urged to mail all news of interest to the writer at 2206 Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Ia. Will see you next month.

FANFARE FROM MISSOURI

By ROBERT D. DANA

PETE FABRO used Tony Musto, Chicagorilla, to headline two shows in St. Louis. Tony beat Leonard Bostick into submission at the Coliseum and several weeks later hopped over to the Auditorium and took a 10-round decision from Art Oliver. Musto's unorthodox style of warfare made a big hit here and in all likelihood he will be seen frequently during the months ahead.

Red Bruce and Marty Simmons headlined Larry Atkins' card at the Auditorium. It was a dull affair and caused Referee Harry Cooke to throw Red out of the ring. Then, things livened up considerably. Why did Cooke wait until the ninth round to give Bruce the heave-ho? Or, why did he throw out Red instead of Simmons. The going was about even when the rift occurred.

The semi-final between Joey Parks and Burnette was a dandy. Parks won on a photo-finish and the decision was scored vocally and editorially. Unbiased observers, however, admitted that what edge there was, no matter how microscopic, belonged to Joe.

Clarence Jones, three-time Golden Glove champion, is the best looking prospect we have seen hereabouts since Archie Moore turned pro. Here is one of the Jones boys who looks better every out.

Colored fans here were piqued when Henry Armstrong spoke of his home town, Los Angeles, following his defeat of Ambers. It's an old story to St. Louis. Armstrong was born here and attended both Vashon and Sumner High Schools. But as a fighter he is the property of California. Take the case of Bill Beauhuld. Though born and bred here he is always billed as a Jerseyite. And now, we read that there is a fighter from La Jolla, Calif., named Archie Moore. All St. Louisans, to be sure, but none of them ever got a tumble until they left town.

POINT, COUNTERPOINT: There is still as much fighting outside of the ring here as in it . . . . Benny Greenberg hit Larry Atkins over the noggin with his rodney . . . . the rodney broke . . . Kid Bandy went up in the *Globe-Democrat* offices and slugged Maurice Shevlin as the latter sat at his typewriter . . . . Pugilist Parks was with him. It had been our opinion that Shev had been a little less than fair to Parks in the past but not half as much so as Bandy, by his action, is at the present . . . . Walter Heisner is one of the game's noblemen and one of the really great referees of this country . . . . Len Franklin was introduced in the ring here with Larry Amadee . . . . They say he is a whale of a fighter . . . . Another is Elza Thompson from the environs of Indianapolis . . . . Both are colored heavyweights.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS

By BILL DAVEE

THE local promoter's war seems to be definitely over, with the announcement that Jimmy Wayne has folded. Wayne, who ran something like a dozen shows, drew on an average of approximately $300 per show, losing money on each. Promoter Hugh Benbow, who built the game up here with a program of good fights and fair dealings to the fans and fighters alike, proved that he will indeed be a hard obstacle for other ambitious promoters to overcome. For the good of the game, we sincerely hope that it is a long time before we have a recurrence of the bitter rivalry that has marked the past summer's promotions.

"Terrible" Tony Bruno, slugging Italian middleweight, once more is the outstanding fistic star of these parts. Bruno thoroughly trounced Stanley Hasrato, shortly after that young man had crashed the Houston fistic picture with a sensational three-round knockout over Joey Parks and an easy victory over Young Stuhley. Tony had recently beaten Al Bernard, hard hitting New Yorker, but lost a return match to Al, when he received a nasty cut. Bruno and Bernard are matched for the rubber meeting and shall have settled their feud, ere this appears in print.

Belting Billy Deeg, San Antonio's contribution to the fistic world, took the Texas welter title from the brow of Kenny LaSalle in a blistering 15-round battle. It was one of the fastest and most fiercely contested fights this section has seen in years. Inasmuch as they have met three times with honors even, we respectfully suggest another meeting between this pair of wildcats.

Other results down here follow:

Wishy Jones beat Don Eddy. Sammy Musco defeated Frankie Graham. Graham trounced Cullen Williams. Al Bernard flattened Gene Brooks. Bobby Seigel decisioned K. O. Barrado and Red Hutchins fought a draw. Joey Parks slaughtered Ralph Chong . . . . Fighters and managers wishing to show in Texas should contact Promoter Hugh Benbow, 214½ Main St., Houston, Texas. The writer's address, *Houston Press,* Houston, Texas.

IN THE COAL FIELDS
By JOE BRADY

THE past month was a very bad one for the fistic fraternity from a local stand-point. In the entire Anthracite Region, boxing fans went without a professional boxing program. Local promoters in Scranton, Hazelton, Wilkes-Barre, Pottsville and Shenandoah, are lining up fistic material for what appears to be a "banner" indoor season, however. Hazelton already has lined up their first "big-time" show, featuring Al Ettore, one-time heavyweight threat, paired with Nick Young, up and coming star from Camden, N. J. Young holds a decision win over the popular Coal Region heavyweight champion. Matt Raymond, protege of Tommy Loughran. This will mark Ettore's first showing in a Coal Region ring.

Arthur Thomas of Nanticoke, Pa., manager and trainer of Bill Speary, National Flyweight and Bantamweight Amateur Champion, is considered by ring experts the best simon-pure fistic coach in the business. Besides handling and developing Bill Speary, Thomas pilots such good amateurs as Fred Lewis, Dickie Powell, Mal Lewis. Len Konabrokie, Joe Kelly, and numerous others. All of the above gladiators are champions, either in local, national or state-wide competition.

A BIT FOR ALL—Eddie Brink, classy Scranton lightweight, met defeat twice the past month, first to Wesley Ramey, in ten rounds at Grand Rapids, Michigan. Then again at the hands of Georgie Zengaras at Dyckman Oval, in New York, in eight rounds . . . . Another Scranton lightweight who met defeat the past month is Clarence Gillespie's "Irish" Eddie McGeever, who traveled to Nova Scotia to lose a 10-round verdict to Buster Carroll . . . .

Matt Raymond of Mt. Carmell drew with Al Ettore and lost to Gus Dorazio in ten rounds at Philadelphia. The Dorazio encounter was a return affair, the first being won by Raymond . . . . Johnny Snyder, Wilkes-Barre light-heavyweight, reports to be in great shape and challenges the best in his division.

It was a bad month for Coal Region fighters in out-of-town rings . . . . Sam Porcelli, Rochester, N. Y., fight-manager, looms as the next matchmaker for the newly organized pro boxing club in that town. Sam knows the game and should bring the town out of the doldrums. New promoters would do well by getting experienced men to handle the match-making department. Lack of fistic knowledge was the cause of many clubs folding up in these parts the past in-door season.

"Irish" Joe Nealon, rugged Scranton two-fisted lightweight, is ready for the best. Nealon, who boasts of a record of ninety-seven pro battles in the past seven years, without ever being on the canvas . . . . Training daily at St. Pat's gym in Scranton are Johnny Vandurek, Joe Nealon, Midget Mickey Walker, Luke Beattie. Paulie Griffiths, Chester Palutis, Jack Munley, and Jimmy Young.

Fighters wishing to show their wares in Coal Region rings should contact the writer of this column, as they will surely get connected. Any managers of high-class fistic material wishing to show their proteges hereabouts are also urged to get in touch with the writer. You can contact me by writing Boxing Enterprises, Scranton, Pa. With two pro clubs going in Scranton, there will be plenty of work for out-of-town scrappers.

Wrestling hit a new low mark in Scranton when Promoter Hank Stezar drew one hundred and eighty-six dollars gross, in a five-bout program. The local fans don't seem to go for the grappling pastime any more. Maybe after a few months lay-off, Stezar will be again packing them in at his "grunt and groan" shows.

WHAT THE EX-FIGHTERS HEREABOUTS ARE DOING: Pete Latzo, former world's welter champ is managing a restaurant in Philadelphia . . . Pete Susky, former leading middleweight contender is on the W.P.A. as a physical instructor. In the same capacity as W.P.A. Physical Instructors are Danny Dempsey, ex-featherweight star . . . . Petey Brelish, featherweight of prominence of the "bootleg" era . . . . Tom Josephs, former heavyweight, is a swimming instructor on the W.P.A. Tommy Connors, crack middleweight of twenty years back, is the Burgess of Dunmore. Tommy Ginty, crack lightweight of twenty-five years ago is a checker on the W.P.A. recreation program . . . . Mickey Barron, leading featherweight of recent years is a "straw-boss" with the W.P.A. . . . Looks like the fistic fraternity is well represented in W.P.A. circles.

Matches that look good for Scranton and vicinity that should be made: Jack Munley vs. Tony Rock, for Scranton; Eddie Brink vs. Steve Gacha for Wilkes-Barre; Eddie McGeever vs. Rex Fallabell for Hazleton; Johnny Sayers vs. Paulie Griffiths for Shenandoah or Pottsville; Chester Palutis vs. Al Ettore for Scranton; Jack Munley vs. Jesse Pierce for Scranton; Wildcat O'Connor vs. Al Traino for Scranton; Al Traino vs. Joe Sweeney for Wilkes-Barre; Joe Nealon vs. Steve Gacha for Wilkes-Barre or Scranton; Matt Raymond vs. Nick Rabin for Pottsville or Hazleton. Ninety-eight per cent of the above fighters hail from the Coal Fields.

What the fans want is local interest. Any local fighter that shows promise, matched with a name fighter, is a sure sell-out for the promoter.

THE RING is on sale on newsstands throughout the Coal Regions. When in Scranton you can purchase THE RING at Spec's book-shop, corner Linden and Wyoming Avenues.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

FRANKY GILMORE, young Cincinnati lightweight, sits on the Ohio roost as kingpin of the Buckeye 135-pounders. Fred Batsche's promising lightie sprang into national prominence at Columbus, Ohio, when he dethroned Al George as lightweight champion of the state.

In his first appearance since winning the title, Gilmore defeated a pair of sparring mates in exhibition matches at the annual festival of St. William's church, Price Hill, in Cincinnati under the promotions of Eddie Gerhardt.

The southern counties' Ohio heavyweight title, in unison with the Greater Cincinnati crown, held for two years by Joe Mueller also changed hands, in a Katz promotion at Parkway Arena in Cincinnati. Mueller was relieved of his throne-garb by Young Harry Wills, the Negro heavyweight sensation.

Johnny Stevens met Charlie Burns of Johnstown, Pa., and won an eight-round technical knockout decision over the Quaker boy at the Parkway arena. Stevens also stepped through to a ten-round duke over Bobby McIntire in an Armco show at Ashland, Ky. Herschell Joiner, highly touted local Negro featherweight ran into a Tartar on the Stevens-Burns show when Russ Brock, the hard punching Louisville star, outpunched and outboxed him to gain a six-round verdict.

At Dayton, O., Buddy Knox kept on his winning ways by dishing out a lacing to George Nicholson of New York to win a 10-round decision. In the semi-final match, Tiger Carsonia of Indianapolis drew in 10 rounds with Pennah Randozella, the Mexican star.

Jenkins, Ky.: Johnny Denson, Indianapolis, knocked out Tom Owens, Georgia, in five rounds. Denson returned to knock out Johnny Scaff of Ashland, Ky., in four rounds. In another feature at Jenkins, Frankie Hughes, the veteran Clinton, Ind., welterweight, had to step on all four cylinders to win a 10-round decision over Walter Johnson, promising looking Indiana youngster.

Around Fountain Square with the Pilots and their Punchers . . . . for tops as trainer, page Eddy Johnson, Fred Batsche's right-hand man . . . . Bill Brown of Dayton, O., is touting the prowess of Jack Goldick, a six foot, 190 pound heavyweight . . . . Brown also has Sonny Hatsme, Filipino bantam who stepped out with a winner over Harry Keller of Batavia, O., in his last time at ringside . . . . this writer has inaugurated a semi-monthly fight result service from all over the nation which is a handy andy for managers and promoters for their desk work . . . . complete details can be secured by addressing this writer . . . . Jimmy Amann, 1144 Dayton St., Cincinnati, O. . . . . Bobby McIntire, the busy Detroit lightie, gave Johnny Stevens a near five-pound swing in the weights and then made Stevens work like a Trojan to win a close decision in their Ashland, Ky., Armco match . . . . Frankie Canzoneri, hustling manager of Gene Buffalo has just concluded a nation-wide vacation and is back in the big town . . . . there are a few more copies of my Boxing Promoters Guide for distribution at 50 cents per copy . . . . nearly 400 fight promoters all over the country are listed in the Guide . . . . you can secure your copy by enclosing fifty cents in cash or money order to Jimmy Amann, 1144 Dayton St., Cincinnati. O. . . . . Harry Streiber of Ashtabula bulletins that his middleweight, Sam Grippo, is about ready for the stars of his division . . . . this writer is anxious to contact southern Ohio promoters who are in service for a series of amateur boxing bouts during the coming season . . . . the writer is now acting as agent for over 160 good preliminary boys from all over southern Ohio . . . . complete details can be secured from yours truly through the address aforementioned . . . . Mickey Brown topped George Hahn in 10 heats and Tommy Brown knocked out Johnny Crater in three sessions . . . . and thus at a close, until next month.

Whitey Morrett's Columbus shows are building up gradually and the Capitol City fans are getting some real treats in the line of fisticuffs.

During the current weeks, Morrett's results are as follows: Franky Gilmore, Ohio lightweight champion, defeated Charley Bell of Columbus in 10 rounds; Charlie Banks bested Joe Gainor in six rounds and Gene Luker knocked out Marsh Morrison in four rounds.

Gene Luker of Cincinnati kayoed Kayo Lee of Macon, Ga., in four rounds; Al Hamilton stopped Larry Hollenbeck in three and Herb Gilmore, Ohio's top bantamweight, won a six-round decision over Larry Gwynne of Columbus.

New Richmond, O.—Jack Curso, New Richmond, drew with George Hahn of Columbus in 10 rounds. Franky Curso, New Richmond, won decision over Shamrock Kid, Georgia, in six rounds.

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CONNECTICUT NEWS

By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

ON Promoter Dick Gray's professional show at the White City Stadium, Carl Red Guggino, former Hartford fisticuffer, battled his way through 10 rounds to win a close decision over Johnny Mack.

In the entertaining six-round semi-final fray, Wally Banola, New Britain mauler, outslugged his rival, Sam Maltempo, Willimantic light-heavyweight, to gain the award.

Back after a lengthy layoff, Tiger Jack Renault, a club fighter from New Haven, made his return by punching Frank Thomas into submission in the second chapter.

In the six-round battle, Bobby Cummings, colored New York clouter, and Unknown Morgan, favored the boxing fans with a sensational slugging bee in which Cummings won.

At the completion of a stirring four-round bout, Referee George Proto awarded the decision to Jack Martin, Torrington knuckle pusher, over Jackie Alexander.

Body blows landed by Eddie Mays brought Freddie Pease, Willimantic welterweight, crumbling to the canvas for keeps in the second stanza.

The official draw decision rendered by Referee Billy Taylor, at the end of a 12-round go between Johnny Mack and Honey Mellody at the South Park, Hartford, was anything but popular with the fistic followers. It was their second fight and each time a draw verdict was given.

In the eight-round semi-final, Pat Foley, Worcester glove tosser, stopped his foe, Fred Foran, in the sixth round on a technical knockout.

Wally Banola, New Britain lightheavyweight slugger, chalked up another triumph when he hammered away with both hands to gain the six-round decision over Sam Maltempo in their return bout.

Paulie Warren, Meriden's two-fisted slugger, scored a quick kayo over Joe Callahan in the first frame.

Bobby Ivy, featherweight from Hartford, carried too many guns for Joey Rosier, forcing him to quit in the fifth of a billed six.

Seven thousand ardent boxing fans came out at the Donovan Field, West Haven, to watch Nathan Mann send Steve Carr to the cleaners in the second round of a scheduled 10-round star attraction. Employing his slashing style, Mann hammered Carr with a storm of blows to the jaw and terrific hooks to the body. Four years ago Carr beat Mann.

The summaries of the undercard follow: Roy Kelly, Boston ringster, smashed out a six-round victory over Al Boros. Snooks Lacey conquered Tony Stareggeri by outpunching him in six rounds. In the four-rounder, Frankie Young, slugging warrior, was declared the winner over Tony Gouvia, New Bedford, on a technical knockout. A six-round verdict was scored by Julie Kogan, New Haven lightweight, over Sailor Born, New York battler.

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HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

AFTER being in the "dog house" for a while, Jimmy Adamick returned to active competition, battling George Sutka, Wyandotte favorite, at Arena Gardens. Adamick won the fight in rather handy fashion but George was the one who drew the plaudits of the crowd. Sutka was not expected to go over four rounds, but he stayed in there with the terrific hitting Adamick who outweighed him eleven pounds, and when the final bell rang Sutka was still on his pins.

K. O. Morgan, Detroit's uncrowned bantam king, has made another trip abroad.

Wesley Ramey, Grand Rapids lightweight, turned in another sparkling performance when he whipped Irish Eddie Brink, Scranton, Pa., in a 10-rounder at Grand Rapids.

Nick Londes has been running regularly at the Naval Armory and drawing some fair houses. He had Dave Clark in there twice, the first time stopping Pete Georgi of Pittsburgh in round two, and then winning by a wide margin over the veteran Charley Massera. At this writing he is matched with Steve Carr.

Louis "Kid" Cocoa of New Haven, Conn., performed on one of Londes' shows and looked very good in winning over Howell King, classy Detroit welter. King was dropped twice in the early rounds, but he came back to make a fight of it all the way. On the same card Milton Shivers didn't look too good in whipping Vincenzo Triona of Italy.

Johnny Whiters, Pontiac colored heavy, defeated Eddie Simms, Cleveland, in one-half of a double windup at Arena Gardens. In the other 10-rounder Bobby McIntire, Detroit lightweight, edged Kid Sila of Cuba in a hard bout.

Joe Sutka, Wyandotte middleweight, put Lansing back on the map when he headlined a card there, outpointing Carl "Sunnyboy" Akers, Kansas City, in the 10-round windup.

Walter Sharp has been running featherweight elimination bouts at Mack Park, and has wound up with Gene Barrett, Flint puncher, as the State 126-pound champion. Gene stopped Eddie Scott in seven rounds to take the title, and later scored over Bert Artt, who had been fighting in fine form. Artt stopped Eddie Fehler his last time out.

Tiger Billy Bengal, hard hitting Detroit middleweight, dropped Ward Snider four times in the process of winning a six-round bout, and then in a rematch cut Snider's eye so the bout had to be stopped in the fourth.

Bobby McIntire gave away almost five pounds, and made a big hit, though losing a close decision to Johnny "K.O." Stevens, Cincinnati southpaw socker at Ashland, Ky.

Henry Hook, the Hoosier Hurricane, turned in a splendid performance in winning handily over Jimmy Urso at Arena Gardens. Hook is a very smart battler and is well liked wherever he goes.

George Burnette, Dave Knight's fine colored middleweight, has been taking things easy lately, but will start back soon. By the way, we wonder how Alabama Kid can be fighting for the colored middleweight championship, when he lost his title to Burnette in Fort Wayne some time back, Burnette later defending it against Sammy Christian.

Joey Miehielove returned from the Coast and beat George Riley. Manager Chuck Woods expects big things from Joey, who is one of the best 140-pounders in this section.

CLEVELAND CHATTER

By SPARKY RUDOLPH

GEORGIE PACE, Cleveland's bid for bantamweight title honors, has run into a little snag, in his attempt to knock the crown off of Escobar. It looks as though Lou Salica is going to be the stepping stone for Georgie. On August 17, the New York State Boxing Commission accepted Tom Stanley's check for a Thousand Dollars for Pace's challenge, but now the Commission has ordered a Pace-Salica bout just to determine Escobar's opponent. It is the feeling of the fight fans in the Middle West that Pace is a worthy contender due to his record in the last eighteen months and he should have gotten first call.

Dan Merritt, Cleveland's National Amateur Heavyweight Champion, turned pro in Pittsburgh, losing a very close duke to George Hughes of Los Angeles. The fans, as well as the newspapermen, thought Dan could have received the decision.

Al Sutphin has consented to give Walter Taylor twenty-five dates in which to run either wrestling or boxing at the Arena, so there should be a little more life in the boxing game around here this winter.

Ed Bangs, sports editor of the *Cleveland News* plans to use Henry Armstrong on his Christmas Fund show to be held the first part of December.

Eddie Simms is back around Cleveland. He says he is now with Apple Meyers of Pittsburgh and Long Beach, Calif. In his first fight under the new management, he lost to Johnny Whiters.

JABS FROM CAULIFLOWER ALLEY—Jimmy Vaughan is back in California . . . . Mike Gamiere is back from the coast and is boxing around New York . . . . Frankie Wallace has opened a beer parlor and is doing O.K. . . . Johnny Risko is also in the saloon business, only John moved to Florida . . . .Lou Laurie is around Chicago and doing all right . . . . Jerry Sachs is coming back to Cleveland to open his old gym . . . . Phil Soloman is the proud father of a baby boy . . . . Send your notes to Sparky Rudolph, 714 E. Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

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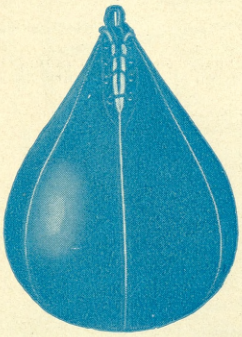

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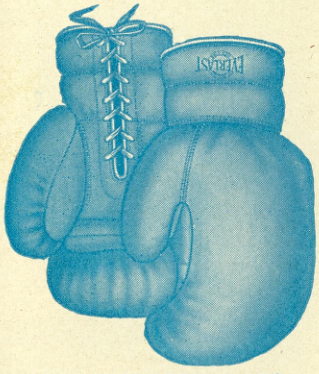

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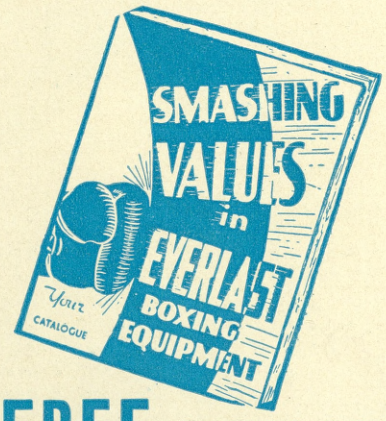

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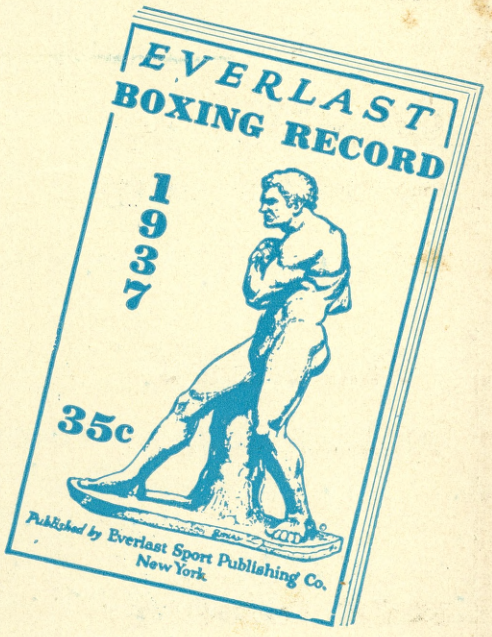

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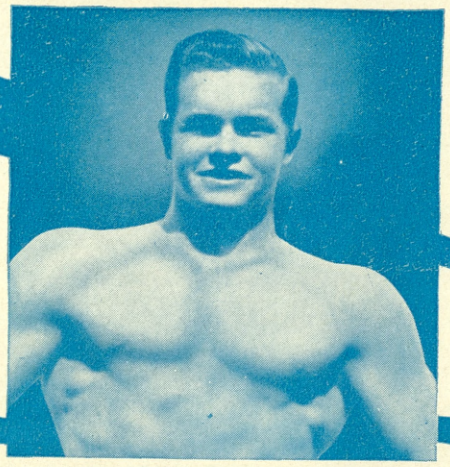

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